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- ART. I.—1. *Les Guerres de la Révolution*. Par ARTHUR CHUQUET. Couronnées par l'Académie Française et par l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. 12 vols. Paris.
2. *Scharnhorst*. Von MAX LEHMANN. 2 vols. Leipzig: 1886.
3. *Erinnerungen aus dem Leben des General-Feldmarschalls von Boyen*. Aus seinem Nachlass im Auftrag der Familie herausgegeben von FRIEDRICH NIPPOLD. 2 vols. Leipzig: 1889.
4. *Memoiren über meine Verhältnisse zum preussischen Staat und insbesondere zum Herzog von Braunschweig*. Von dem Obristen VON MASSENBACH. 2 vols. Amsterdam: 1809.
5. *Opérations du Troisième Corps, 1806–1807*. Rapport du Maréchal DAVOUT, duc d'Auerstädt, publié par son neveu, le Général DAVOUT, duc d'Auerstädt, avec portrait et cartes. Paris: 1896.

IN a former article in this Review* we discussed the career of Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, up to the moment when, in August, 1792, he assumed the command of the allied army which was about to invade France, with the view of restoring order in Paris and maintaining Louis XVI. upon his throne. We now propose to follow his later career, which was as much marked by misfortune as the former part of his life had been distinguished by uninterrupted success, and we propose more particularly to examine the vexed historical problems associated with

* July 1897.

the campaign of 1792, and the reasons which caused the reputation of the Duke, notwithstanding the failure of that campaign, to remain on the whole unimpaired, and to lead to his being again appointed to the command in 1806 in the final struggle with France. To the elucidation of this part of the life of the Duke a valuable contribution has been made by the recent work on the early 'Wars of the French Revolution' by M. Chuquet, the name of which stands at the head of this article: a work of thorough impartiality and showing great research, not only into the military events of the time, but also into the political causes which so largely influenced them. It further has the advantage of being founded upon a careful study, hitherto comparatively rare in French historians, of the German as well as of their own national authorities. The Memoirs of Field-Marshal von Boyen are those of a famous man who early in life, as one of the Duke's staff officers, was an eyewitness of the great disaster of 1806. The 'Life of Scharnhorst,' by Herr Max Lehmann, has at length given the world a worthy account of the noble character of the regenerator of the Prussian army, the commencement of whose career is so intimately connected with the closing chapter in the life of the Duke. The report of Marshal Davout on his share in the campaign of 1806, published by his great-nephew, the Duc d'Auerstädt, who recently visited this country as special Ambassador on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee, is an important document, and may be taken as the French pendant to the accounts of Scharnhorst and Boyen of the battle of Auerstädt.

The allied army did not reach the French frontier till August 23. The season was late for commencing operations, and the weather at once became detestable. The Austrians, as usual, arrived behind time, and not in the numbers which they had promised. The Duke already complained bitterly of the inefficiency of many of the generals to whom high commands had been assigned, and of the bad marching of some of his own troops. The season was unusually wet, and dysentery of a serious character began to make ravages in the camp. Discipline became relaxed and the effective number of the forces was thus quickly reduced. French historians have given glowing accounts of the splendid condition of the allied army, in order to heighten the contrast with their own new and inexperienced levies; but military eyewitnesses give a very different account of the relative condition of the opposing forces, especially as

the campaign advanced, and the weather, which M. Chuquet says had decidedly taken sides with the Republic, grew worse and worse, and gradually turned the country into a swamp and made the roads impassable.* The Duke accordingly became more than ever determined not to advance upon Paris, but to hold to his own original conception of the plan of campaign, as described by himself in conversation with François de Custine. He desired to limit it to the capture of the fortresses—Longwy, Montmédy, Sedan—along the line of the Meuse, to outmanœuvre any French armies which might advance to their relief, and then occupy a strong position near the frontier, to form the base of the operations of the next campaign.† It was no part of this plan even to besiege Verdun. To plunge into the heart of France late in the autumn, with the fortresses uncaptured in his rear, and the country, notwithstanding all the promises of the *émigrés*, likely to prove hostile, was, he considered, an enterprise of a most doubtful character. The King, on the other hand, could see no difficulties, and was constantly pushed on by the *émigrés*, who promised that the country would rise in his favour, and that at least one of the French armies would desert. ‘I do not at all understand the Duke,’ Frederic William is reported to have said; ‘he is always in want of five hundred men. Whatever directions are given, whatever expedition is confided to him, he always alleges a deficiency of forces. If I gave him two hundred thousand men, he will ask me for a second army, in order to be in a condition to act with the first.’‡ ‘Let anybody,’ Pellenc wrote to Pitt, ‘judge the Duke by his conduct. To-day he is disapproving; he is combating every plan put before him, whether for the Prussian or for the allied army; and by these criticisms, which doubtless have an object, he prolongs a fatal inaction.’§ But though the Duke objected he yielded.

‘Posterity,’ says von Sybel in the estimate he makes of the Duke at this moment, ‘will not deny him the possession of many of the highest qualifications for command. . . . But he loved too much to look at every side of a subject, and formed the habit, most questionable in a soldier, of recognising the relative claims of an opponent, of giving too great prominence to the difficulties of every

* Chuquet, ‘Invasion Prussienne,’ 107–112, 215–217. Valmy, 169, 224. Retraite de Brunswick, 253.

† Massenbach, i. 44.

‡ Mallet du Pan, Mémoires, ii. 503.

§ Correspondance de Mirabeau, iii. 396.

undertaking and the weak points of every plan. As a natural consequence of this disposition, he was extremely unwilling to express an opinion, and liked better to hint at measures than openly to adopt and carry them out. Almost involuntarily he always prepared concealed and unobserved modes of operation. When met by opposition he became incapable of standing his ground, even against the narrowest and most one-sided views, if they were but maintained with warmth and decision. He was angry indeed with his opponents, and doubly so with himself for not being able to maintain the right; but he invariably yielded in every point. And what made the matter worse, he could not once for all entirely give up his own opinion; but partly from self-love, and partly from a sense of duty, he returned ingeniously enough to the course which he had abandoned, and in this way not infrequently incurred the suspicion of double-dealing.*

These defects were closely allied to another—a pedantic attention to trivial details, which he ought to have been able to overlook altogether at serious moments. It may or may not be true that on one occasion, in 1806, he spent a long time in considering whether he ought to write ‘Münchenholzen’ or ‘Münchholzen;’ or that on another, having observed that the last battalions of the rearguard were not marching with the regularity usual on the parade-ground, he made them go back and march over the ground again. What is certain is that even so friendly a critic as Boyen expressed his sorrow at the amount of time he wasted and the attention he gave when on active service to ‘Kamaschendienst,’† and at his apparent unwillingness or powerlessness to rise above it. Even the fact that such stories as the above could be invented and found credence, though possibly untrue, is sufficient. Nobody had ever asked that such things should be believed either of ‘Uncle Ferdinand’ or ‘Uncle Fritz.’

The Duke began his concessions by agreeing to besiege Verdun after the fall of Longwy. In the defence published in 1799, which he inspired, and in his conversations with Massenbach, he distinctly states that the plan of campaign adopted was not his own, but was forced on him by the King, and that the King’s plan was based on the promises of the *émigrés*, in which he did not believe. He points out that in consequence he was never more than a nominal commander-in-chief, and was obliged in essential matters to yield to ‘des volontés supérieures.’ The reason was, he said, that

‘A king of Prussia is not a king of France—a Louis XIV.

* Sybel, ii. book iv. ch. i.

† ‘Pipeclay’ or ‘red tape.’ Boyen, i. 151.

—who leaves to the Prince de Condé, or to Marshal Turenne, the entire disposal of events. The kings of Prussia are essentially a military family: in their centre during a campaign all the rays of the general direction, and the influence of a commander-in-chief is reduced to a reaction against them.*

The proof of this was about to be seen. On September 5 Verdun fell, and the cry was 'Forward to Paris.'

'Those,' said Massenbach, 'who asserted that, immediately after the fall of that fortress, the army was to march on to the forest of Argonnes, had learnt the art of war among the Iroquois.† That the Duke might have acquired a greater reputation if in anger and discontent he had quitted the army which was devoted to him; if he had abandoned a King to whom he was devoted; and had deserted Prussia, which was to him a second fatherland—all this I am prepared to argue. But a real man respects his sense of duty more than his reputation, and it may be said in general that it was the constant fate of the Duke to sacrifice his reputation, as he eventually did his life, to the House of Hohenzollern.‡

It was accordingly determined to advance on Châlons, and so on Paris. The Duke, it then appears, first proposed to turn the long line of the forest of the Argonnes, into which the French army had thrown itself—the so-called Thermopylæ of France—by a movement in the direction of Bar-le-Duc, Revigny-aux-Vaches and Vitry-le-François, which would have enabled the army to debouch on to the plains to the south, where they could have used their cavalry and cut off the communication at once between Châlons and Paris and Metz and Châlons. But he allowed himself to be persuaded into abandoning this plan, because he would thereby have lost touch with the Austrians on his right.§ Besides the route by Bar-le-Duc, there were two alternative lines for a march on Châlons and so on Paris. The first lay through the southern defiles of the Argonnes, known as Les Islettes, which Kalckreuth and the King wished to seize at once before the French had had time to fortify them. But the adoption of this plan meant an immediate attack and a pitched battle; and the Duke, objecting to the risk, characteristically attempted to get rid of the royal wishes by delays. In a few days he found the Islettes so strongly

* Lettre sur la Vie de Dumouriez, London, 1795.

† Massenbach, i. 54.

‡ Ibid. i. 51.

§ Chuquet, 'Retraite de Brunswick,' 252. Valmy, 87. Massenbach, i. 57.

fortified as to justify his objection, and he then fell back on the second alternative route, that by the north, because it enabled him to keep in easy touch with his Austrian allies. He reckoned that, if he could turn the northern passes, the army of Dumouriez would be forced to evacuate them and the central pass of Grandpré as well without fighting.* The army accordingly moved forward, and the central defiles of the Argonnes were, as proposed, turned by a well-conceived series of manœuvres to the north, which, if slowly executed, owing to the terrible weather and the ravages of illness, were entirely successful. The weather prevented a vigorous pursuit, and saved the retreating French army from destruction on the plain of Montcheutain. Dumouriez was thus able to retire to the south on Ste. Ménehould, taking up a strong position with his back to the hills and forest, where he was joined by Kellermann coming from Metz, who would not have been able to do so if the Duke had moved his army round by Bar-le-Duc. The southern defiles, known as Les Islettes, lay behind the French generals, and were still occupied in force by General Dillon. The Duke then devised a second series of turning operations, of which the certain result—as the reader of M. Chuquet's narrative can hardly doubt—would have been to dislodge the French generals from their positions. 'A single manœuvre would have compelled Dumouriez to let go of the Argonnes and to retire, not without difficulty, behind the Marne.'† But these cautious counsels did not suit the bellicose humour of the King. Unable to realise the difficulties caused by the condition of the army, he had been greatly irritated because the Duke had not attacked Les Islettes and hotly pursued the retreating forces of Dumouriez, after the capture of the passes of Croix-aux-Bois and Grandpré; and now, deceived by some unauthentic intelligence brought in by General Köhler, he overruled the Duke's plan for a turning operation on the very day it was to commence. The Duke did not conceal his mortification. Massenbach met him just after he had received the Royal command. 'I never in my life saw him,' he says, 'more discontented, or the expression of his face look stormier. His cheeks glowed and his eyes flashed . . . But he rapidly resumed his self-command. I admired and I pitied him, for he was struggling with hostile fate.'‡

* Chuquet, 'Valmy,' 90.

† Ibid. 172, 173.

‡ Massenbach, i. 79, 80.

The King now insisted on moving his whole army to the right bank of the Aisne, in order to place himself between Dumouriez and Paris, and so prevent the latter escaping him, instead of operating on the left bank as proposed by the Duke, who saw the danger of separating himself from his base and food supplies at Verdun, with both the river and the forest behind him, and therefore wished at all hazards to restore regular communications with Verdun by the capture of Les Islettes before moving on.* The practice of an army living on the country it invaded had not yet been introduced, and under any circumstances would have been difficult in this campaign, as the French had wasted Champagne. The question of supplies 'hung like a dead weight 'on our legs,' says Massenbach.† It was under these circumstances that the two armies at length stood face to face at La Lune and Valmy on September 20, the allied army being nearer Paris than the French, but at a great distance from its base and supplies and in danger of being entirely cut off from both if defeated. Why, it has often been asked, did the Duke refuse to allow a serious attack on the hostile position? Many answers have been given. The patriotic school of French historians have asked the world to believe that the armies of ancient Europe fled in terror before the courage and enthusiasm of the newly organised levies; in reply to which it has been repeatedly pointed out, not only that no real battle took place, but that the army of Dumouriez and Kellermann was largely composed of the line regiments of the old army of France. It was not till 1794, and under the organising genius of Carnot, that the new armies sprang into existence which were to overrun half Europe before the century was over. Another school of writers have declared that somewhere convincing evidence existed—only they could not produce it—that Dumouriez had taken advantage of the admiration for the Duke, which he shared with so many of the French generals, to open up negotiations with him, and had succeeded in bribing him with the spoils of the captured palaces of Paris into drawing off his army and retiring into Germany.‡ It is hardly

* Massenbach, i. 115. 'Ein heillosor Marsch' is the expression Massenbach applies to the King's strategy. It may be noted that the German army fought the battle of Gravelotte in a similar position, being nearer the French capital than the army of Marshal Bazaine.

† Ibid. i. 68.

‡ Beauchamp, 'Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat,' whose statements are repeated by Menzel in his German history.

necessary now to discuss these absurdities. The true explanation has already been indicated. It is admirably stated in detail by M. Chuquet. The Duke considered that his army was in so dangerous a position, owing to the adoption of the Royal plan, that he declined to expose it to the risk of a pitched battle, though from the King to the last private they were all clamouring for it. It is impossible to deny that on this occasion at least the Duke showed great strength of will. His army was decimated by illness and his field artillery was insufficient. The position of the French army at Valmy also, as he told Massenbach two days afterwards, had reminded him of one of his early checks in the Seven Years' War, when he attacked the Prince de Condé under a mistaken impression that the force in front of him was only a detachment, and was in consequence badly beaten.* But this was but a secondary reason for his decision. The real reason was the position of his force. The passage of the army to the right bank of the Aisne was the act of the King, and in the opinion of Massenbach an act of madness.† 'The situation in which his army stood, ' this was the great and real reason which induced the Duke ' to suspend the attack. . . . He was determined not to put ' himself at the mercy of a reverse.'

'The enemy,' wrote Lombard, the King's private secretary, 'had disappointed our hopes. Dumouriez and Kellermann had proved themselves generals not to be despised. They had chosen excellent positions; they had under their orders all that remained of the old French troops of the line; the volunteers helped by their numbers, and were in a position to render real services when attached to the veteran troops; their light cavalry was excellent, and quite fresh. Their army lacked nothing, and we—we lacked everything. They were well fortified in their positions, both front and rear, and their artillery was at least equal to ours. This was what prevented a decisive blow being struck.'‡

The affair at Valmy in itself was little more than a cannonade. The number of killed and wounded was insignificant. But the results were as important as if a great engagement had been fought and lost, and the cannonade has taken a place among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. 'From this place and from this day forth,' said Goethe, who accompanied the Duke of Weimar, 'commences ' a new era in the world's history; and you can all say that

* Massenbach, i. 99-102.

† Ibid. i. 78, 115.

‡ Chuquet, 'Valmy,' pp. 237-238, 242-243.

‘you were present at its birth.’ ‘The 20th of September,’ said Massenbach, ‘puts a new face on the world; it is the ‘most important day of the century.’ *

While the allied army was moving into France the complicated negotiations had been continuing, to which the second dismemberment of Poland projected by Russia and Prussia, and the various schemes of ‘compensation’ for not at first sharing in it put forward by Austria, had given rise. The Emperor, who was already beginning to show that he intended to be the successor of Joseph II. and not of Leopold II., was pressing for an exchange of the Austrian Netherlands for Bavaria, and the cession by Prussia of the Margraviates of Anspach and Baireuth, or the acquisition of the Sundgau or of part of Alsace, as an addition to his hereditary dominions. These proposals were viewed with alarm by the Prussian statesmen. Dumouriez had quite recently been Minister for Foreign Affairs, and both he and the ministers in Paris were aware of the mutual jealousies of the allies. He believed that he could hold out offers to Prussia of a separate peace with a reasonable prospect of success, thereby striking the first note of the policy which ended in the Treaty of Bâle. Very shortly after the battle of Valmy the news of the events of September and of the proclamation of the Republic had arrived. It became evident that the main object of the expedition, the rescue of the King and Queen of France from their durance in Paris, was no longer possible. With the approach of the winter season the position of the allied army on the right bank of the Aisne, with the forest of Argonnes and the uncaptured fortresses in their rear, was daily becoming more and more critical, and it would evidently be necessary either to advance and risk a battle or retreat. The weather was daily growing worse and worse, and was wasting the Prussian ranks. The moment therefore seemed to Dumouriez a favourable one to commence negotiations. The accidental capture of the King’s private secretary, Lombard, opened the way, and the negotiations continued for ten days, and were prolonged by Dumouriez as long as there was any hope of severing Prussia from the Austrian alliance. When the King had definitely declined to give up his ally, and the French Government had equally definitely declined—probably to Dumouriez’s disappointment—to make any concessions in regard to the King, the negotiations were then

* Goethe, ‘Campaign in France,’ 93. Massenbach, i. 94.

skilfully prolonged by the Duke in order to gain time to withdraw his army from a situation which was now recognised to be utterly untenable, owing to the weather and the dysentery raging in his camp.

The Duke showed extraordinary skill in carrying out the retreat which had now become necessary. The caution and circumspection which impaired his talents as the leader of a forward movement disappeared when, as now, he was obliged to act, and to act quickly.* But, as M. Chuquet points out, it was afterwards universally recognised that the Prussian army owed their escape even more to the skill of the Duke as a diplomatist than as a general.† How completely he deceived Dumouriez and Westermann into thinking that he was really treating seriously, when he was only flattering them in order from day to day to gain precious time for his sickly and diminishing forces to move a step backward, can only be realised by the readers of the account given in the '*Retraite de Brunswick*' of this 'great enigma of the Revolution,' an enigma which had baffled every historian till Sybel indicated the explanation, which M. Chuquet has completed and finally established. It was not till safely back on the right bank of the Meuse, which had it not been for his fatal want of determination he would never have quitted, that the Duke showed his true hand, and let the French generals understand that they had been nothing but dupes. 'Brunswick, 'pupil of Minerva as much as of Bellona, had succeeded in 'saving his army.'‡ But at the price of what sacrifices and of how much of his own reputation! Nor were the disasters of the year yet over, for in October Custine crossed the Rhine near Philippsburg, and by a bold dash captured Mayence and Frankfurt, thereby compelling the immediate evacuation of the remaining territories and fortresses still held on the Meuse by the Duke. Meanwhile Dumouriez had transferred his energies to the northern frontier, had gained the great victory of Jemappes, and was overrunning Belgium.

And yet, in the teeth of these disasters, the allied sovereigns continued their quarrels and selfish rivalries. The King of Prussia demanded to be allowed to take a

* Chuquet, '*Invasion Prussienne*,' 123.

† Chuquet, '*La Retraite de Brunswick*,' 154.

‡ Pirbeck, '*Neue Bellona*,' 1802, i. 161, quoted by Chuquet, '*Retraite de Brunswick*,' 182.

larger compensation out of Poland, if called upon to raise more than the 20,000 men originally stipulated and to enter on a second campaign against France. The Austrian proposals in regard to compensation in Bavaria and the Franconian Principalities he absolutely declined to entertain. The Emperor Francis II. thereupon definitely threw over the last remnant of even the pretence of following in the steps of the Emperor Leopold. A change of ministers took place at Vienna, which installed in power the unscrupulous Thugut, the statesman to whom Sybel, writing in 1867, said that France owed her victory in the Revolutionary War and Austria her position in Europe.* Thugut's whole energies were at once directed to securing a 'compensation' for his Imperial master in Germany if possible, as his predecessors in office had wished; but if that proved impossible, then in Alsace, and, failing everything else, in Poland itself.

Meanwhile France was about to enter on the career of aggression and conquest which did not finally terminate till 1815. But the King of Prussia, blind to the coming danger, and having now forgotten the original objects of the war, was all but entirely occupied in intricate negotiations for the enlargement of his own territories; and he decided that the campaign of 1793 must be limited to clearing Germany of the invader, and that above all things his Austrian allies were to be prevented getting a firm footing in Alsace, which, if once it became theirs, might give them a preponderating power in Western Germany. The Duke, on the other hand, believed that, if the war was extended to the expulsion of the French from the Netherlands and the protection of Holland from invasion, and if the Meuse fortresses and the valley of the Sarre were conquered, Prussia would be strong enough to hold her own against Austria when the final settlement came; and he wished to hit hard and end the war, in order to have a free hand as soon as possible in the east of Europe. As it was the evident intention of France to extend her borders, and as it was now clear that there was nothing to choose between the system of Louis XIV. and that of the Republic, he wished, notwithstanding his old French sympathies, to throw the utmost vigour into what had now become a struggle for national defence, as the Empire had now declared war against France. He intended to co-operate

* Sybel, 'French Revolution,' ii. book vi. ch. vi.

effectually with the Duke of Coburg in the Netherlands and with Wurmser on the Rhine. But these ideas did not suit the King and his ministers, who wished to keep their army intact as far as possible for the conquest of Poland and a possible war with Austria, and were even inclined to negotiate with France, and to consider territorial concessions to the Republic on the left bank of the Rhine.

Within the limits dictated by this policy the campaign of 1793 had to be conducted by the Duke. From a purely military point of view the circumstances were not unfavourable. The King early in 1793 had left the headquarters of the army, and the disorganisation at headquarters in Paris greatly weakened the position of the French armies on the frontier. It was the time when Servan had quitted the War Office, and before Carnot controlled it; when Pache and Bouchotte were at the head of that department; when confusion and peculation reigned supreme; when the army which had conquered at Valmy and Jemappes had been disorganised, and the army which was to conquer at Fleurus had not yet been formed; when Dumouriez had fled abroad; when Biron, Custine, Lückner, Houchard, Rochambeau, and Westermann were put on their trial and executed for imaginary offences; when Jourdan, Hoche, and Moreau had hardly been discovered; when the great cities of France were rising against the tyranny of the Commune of Paris and the Convention; and the Commune of Paris and the Convention were themselves engaged in internecine strife, and neither had as yet got the mastery.

Already before the end of the year 1792 the Duke had retaken Frankfurt. In April 1793 the French were driven out of the Rhenish Palatinate, and fell back on the lines of Weissenburg; Mayence was besieged and retaken on July 22. Landau alone remained in French hands, but was completely blockaded: otherwise Germany was now free of the invaders. The Austrians were equally successful in the Netherlands. The Duke now proposed to establish himself in a strong position on the heights of the Keltrich, near Pirmasens, with the main army, where he could stand between the French armies of the Moselle and the Rhine, 'so that he could roll up the 'former on the one side on his right wing, or turn the 'latter on the left wing of the lines of Weissenburg, by 'passing through the valley of the Lauter.'* All these

* Sybel, iii, book vii. ch. vi.

operations were carried out with complete success. The army of the Moselle was entirely defeated, the Duke himself storming the heights of the Keltrich on August 13, and inflicting a bloody defeat upon the French at Pirmasens, when they endeavoured to recapture the position. On the 27th he announced to the King that 'now was the time for vigorous action; that the frontier would be crossed in two days' time; and that his position was so favourable that he 'should risk his military reputation by any longer inactivity;'^{*} and he insisted that, if no advance was to take place, he should receive written orders to that effect to justify his inaction. The King decided that it was dangerous to conquer too much, because his Cabinet feared that a great success on the western frontier would facilitate the Austrian designs, and the Duke had to remain in his position near Pirmasens. Owing to the utter disorder which had ensued after their defeat on the 16th, the French army was all but broken up; but Prussian diplomacy intervened to save it, and the Duke was forbidden to follow up his victory.

On October 13 the lines of Weissenburg were taken by a joint operation, directed by Wurmser and the Duke, which military authorities have pointed out could easily have brought about a complete rout of the enemy, if the Duke had not been expressly forbidden to do more than support Wurmser with 7,000 men. The net result of the campaign so far, however, was sufficiently ruinous to the French forces. Not a foot of German soil remained in their hands, except Landau; the Duke of Coburg had driven the French out of the Netherlands, and half of France was in rebellion against the capital. The allied army looked forward to an active invasion of France in 1794. But the army reckoned without its sovereign.† The Duke had to tell the Prince of Hohenlohe that they were forbidden to take advantage of the favourable opportunities which presented themselves of injuring the enemy. 'Think of me, Major,' he said after the battle of Pirmasens to Massenbach, 'on this occasion and of this hour, and recollect what I have the honour to tell you. We could have conquered France, but we are making her powerful, and we shall all go under.'[‡]

^{*} Wagner, 'Feldzug von 1793,' 146. Massenbach, i. 190.

† Sybel, iii. book viii. ch. ii.

‡ Massenbach, i. 197; ii. 39, 183, 184.

By the end of December 1793 the Jacobin rulers of France, who had been at the helm since the fall of the Gironde and the disappearance of the first Committee of Public Safety in July, had restored order at the War Office; and new generals, capable of directing the armies of the Republic in the field, were rapidly brought to the front by the stress of events. The dreaded volcano, as the Duke had foreseen, was producing the progeny nursed in the crater. At the Keltrich and Pirmasens he had only had to contend with Landremont and Carlenc, but more serious adversaries were about to appear. Pichegru was placed in command of the army of the Rhine opposite to Wurmser, and Hoche of the army of the Moselle opposite to the Duke; and, finally, in order to put an end to rivalries, the Committee of Public Safety gave the supreme command to Hoche. Meanwhile, as if in order to mark the contrast, the jealousies and political illwill between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna daily grew worse, and were reflected in the operations of their generals. The Duke recognised the increasing strength and vigour of the enemy, and he chose for his winter quarters a formidable position a little in the rear of that which he had hitherto so successfully occupied. Thither, by a series of feigned movements, he drew Hoche and invited an attack, which developed into the great three days' battle of Kaiserslautern, fought on November 28, 29, and 30. On the second day the Duke became the attacking party. The long struggle ended in the total defeat of Hoche. As Langeron observed, the Duke had now gained one of the finest battles ever fought by the Prussian army,* but no pursuit was allowed. The French army was quickly reorganised, and Hoche delivered the next blow, not against the Duke, but against Wurmser. The Austrian army was narrowly saved from complete destruction. French writers have attributed Wurmser's escape mainly to the failure of General Donnadien to carry out his orders, and to the thick fog which rose towards nightfall and confused their operations. But it was really saved by the operations of the Duke with his own army on the French left, and his splendid courage towards the end of the action, when he left his own army and seized the command of the disorganised left wing of the army of Wurmser.

'The Duke' (we quote M. Chuquet's account) 'throws himself in front of the Imperial troops. He rallies them; he drags them after

* Chuquet, '*Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace*,' ch. iv.

him, and, to quote the words of a Prussian officer, "seems the incarnate god of war." The Austrians recover confidence and courage. "The Duke," the cry goes up among the officers, "is commanding us; all will go well;" and the soldiers are heard exclaiming, "To the devil with Wurmser; long live the Duke!" Colonel Kückritz brings up twelve pieces of artillery, and with them Colonel Klenau. "Come," the Duke calls out to Klenau, "come and share our glory or our death." "Yes," Klenau replies, "and I shall have the happiness of fighting under the eye of the greatest of generals." . . . Thanks to Brunswick, to his presence of mind and activity, the Austrian army was able again to form up behind the Lauter. The Duke was a hero on the field of battle. He then seemed to be himself again. He was once more, as in his youth, ardent, handy, quick to seize every occasion, risking his own life and hazarding it in the thickest of the fight. As one of his bitterest critics observed, he would have done well to have been always on horseback, and never to have sat down to his desk, where his mind allowed itself to be invaded and ultimately to be dominated by the scruples suggested by his excessive circumspection.*

But the Austrian army, though saved from destruction, was none the less defeated. On December 28 the siege of Landau had to be raised, while Brunswick drew off his army in perfect order to the neighbourhood of Mayence. Once more the Duke had to show his extraordinary ability in commanding a retreat. 'Hoche,' says Marshal Governor St. Cyr in the account he has left of this campaign, in which he took a distinguished part himself, 'notwithstanding his recent successes, was unable to gain the day over so skilful a general as was the Duke of Brunswick.' † Brunswick's retreat, said Langeron, who, as an *émigré*, bore the Duke no love, was 'the *chef d'œuvre* of that far more 'able than honest general.' ‡

Meanwhile the King of Prussia, though no longer in a position to interfere with the daily direction of his army in the field, had involved his country in the negotiations which led to a separate peace between Prussia and France, and on January 9, 1794, the Duke, equally disgusted with the military and the political situation, conveyed his resignation in a letter to the King, in which he openly stigmatised the whole conduct of affairs.

'Suspicion, egotism, and the spirit of cabal,' he wrote, 'have in the

* Chuquet, 'Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace,' 190, and the authorities he there quotes.

† Mémoires sur les Campagnes des Armées du Rhin et de Rhin-Moselle de 1792 jusqu'à la Paix de Campo-Formio. Par le Maréchal Gouvion-St.-Cyr, Paris, 1829, i. 200.

‡ Chuquet, 'Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace,' 238.

two campaigns destroyed the results of every measure, and caused the failure of the projects concerted for the two armies. . . . The responsibility for the faults of others falls upon me. Prudence requires, honour demands, resignation. When a great nation like the French is pushed on by the fear of punishment and by enthusiasm into great actions, a single will and but one principle ought to preside over the steps of the allies; but when, instead of this, each army acts by itself without fixed plan, without unity, without principle, and without method, the results are what have actually been seen at Dunkirk, in the raising of the siege of Maubeuge, in the sack of Lyons, in the destruction of Toulouse, and in the raising of the siege of Landau.*

‘Yonder,’ said Massenbach, after taking leave of his general on the bridge at Mayence, ‘goes the only man in Germany with the ability to save the country, and he ‘refuses to do it.’† We have dwelt at some length on these events, as they explain why it was that the Duke’s military reputation survived the campaign of 1792. The failure of that campaign was known to be due to the personal intervention of the King, and it was not want of military skill, but of moral determination, with which the Duke was reproached. Pirmasens and Kaiserslautern were real victories, and they restored confidence. The army still believed in him. They saw him like some ancient hero of German legend, as they thought, the victim of evil enchantments; but they believed he would yet shake himself free from the meshes which had been cast around him, and trample his enemies underfoot.

‘The Duke at this time,’ says Massenbach, ‘was in the full vigour of life. . . . He was not only the best informed prince of his age, but his insight into affairs would have raised any private individual to an exalted station. He would never have been so unfortunate as he afterwards was if he had possessed self-confidence and had grasped the helm of the State. It must be a subject of eternal regret that he could never be induced to rise to the height of this idea. He recognised the necessity, but shrank back before the difficulties of carrying it out.’ . . . ‘He had only to desire it, and London, Vienna, and Berlin would have fulfilled his wishes. He had strength enough in himself to save Germany. That he would not exert that strength must be his eternal reproach.’‡

In conversation with Lord Malmesbury the Duke distinctly attributed all the troubles and misfortunes which had occurred to the King. He was asked, on behalf of the British Government, if he would resume the command. ‘Not if the King goes,’ he replied. ‘It is out of the

* Massenbach, i. 366.

† Ibid. i. 259.

‡ Ibid. i. 234; ii. 114.

'question for me once more to expose myself to all the humiliations I have had to undergo. The King loses half the day in talking and eating; he is not aware that in war every moment is precious.' Prussia, he went on to declare, had no longer any system, and never would have one while the reign lasted. In strong language he described the vices and the weakness of the Cabinet, and the way they made their influence felt in the army. 'An army ought to be nothing but a machine; directly it is anything else, it becomes the instrument not of the protection but of the destruction of the State.' . . . 'The late King knew how to change all this with a glance.'* Frederic William had placed him in an 'incredible position,' for he affected to be always waiting for a plan of campaign from the Emperor, and left his generals in the dilemma thereby created. During the siege of Mayence, Lucchesini had said, 'When this is over we must do as little as possible, and leave the rest to the Austrians,' and he was believed to have suggested to the King, after the victory of Pirmasens, 'that the Duke knew perfectly well how to win battles; only he took care to do so when his Majesty was absent:' an innuendo which fell on willing ears, as Frederic William had never forgiven the Duke for refusing to attack at Valmy and thereby depriving him, as he believed, of an opportunity of gaining eternal glory.†

Lord Malmesbury was at Brunswick in 1795, occupied in negotiating the marriage of Princess Caroline with the heir to the British crown, and also charged to ascertain if the Duke could be persuaded to take the command in Holland, now threatened with conquest owing to the divisions of the allies and the want of authority of the nominal commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, who was emulating the former achievements of the Duke of Cumberland. Similar appeals reached the Duke from Moellendorff, who had succeeded him in the command on the Rhine. But he met all these appeals with a refusal. With the King he would not act; against his wish he dared not act. Under the existing conditions, he said he could do nothing effectual, as there was no guarantee for unity in the command, and he declined any longer to be put in the pillory for the faults of others. He emphatically declined, after his experience in 1792, to be reduced to the position of a 'Marshal of the

* Malmesbury, iii. 166, 167, 206.

† Ibid. iii. 180. Massenbach, i. 195.

‘Court,’ working by objections and criticisms, instead of being a real commander-in-chief, and certain of obedience.*

‘An old man of sixty,’ he wrote to Massenbach, ‘would deserve to be the laughing-stock of his contemporaries if he took mists for realities, words for deeds, and war as nothing but the means of spending time agreeably for a few hot-heads, who seldom if ever know how to make their means correspond with their ends. With them foresight is timidity; knowledge of the ground and the rules of tactics mere pedantry. Disconnected undertakings, on the other hand, are regarded as the inspirations of genius and as heroic deeds. In such a state of affairs, to keep clear of self-contradictory undertakings is the only justification for the past and the only defence for the future.’†

As for the projected treaty and the proposed cession of the left bank of the Rhine, it would simply, he said, enable the French at an early date by one leap to reach the Weser and the lands of the Prussian crown. In the letters of Lord Malmesbury we trace how nevertheless the French party at Berlin led by Prince Henry gradually got the upper hand, and how the Duke all the time was struggling between conflicting emotions—on the one hand his hatred of the new policy, on the other his fear of alienating the Court of Berlin beyond hope of reconciliation. The Peace of Bâle—‘that predatory alliance,’ as the British diplomatist termed it—was the ultimate result. Prussia stepped down from her high position among the nations. By one disgraceful set of transactions she had indeed extended her eastern frontier, but at the cost of bringing Russia on to the line of the Boug; by another she now abandoned her allies, and allowed France to dominate Western Germany from the left bank of the Rhine. Such was the net result of the abandonment of the policy of Pitt and Hertzberg in favour of that of Lucchesini and Haugwitz, of Lombard and Prince Henry. The loss of the buffer States, east and west, was, in the opinion of the Duke, fatal to Germany, and still more so to Prussia, as she had no natural frontiers, and had therefore to trust entirely to fortresses for the defence of her extended boundaries. Meanwhile, nothing had been done for the reform of the constitution of the Empire, which, reeling under the heavy blows it had received, seemed to be helplessly waiting for the hand of the executioner.‡

The Duke remained in political retirement till the death

* Massenbach, ii. 26, 35, 52.

† Ibid. ii. 134.

‡ Ibid. ii. 58, 103. Malmesbury, iii. 196–199.

of Frederic William II. in 1797 brought about a change. At the Court of Frederic William III. and Queen Louise the Duke resumed his influence and once more found himself in the position which he had occupied in 1786, of being able to hold the helm of the State if only he could be persuaded to act. All the old military reputations had been destroyed, except his; and once more all eyes looked towards him. Some there might be like Kalckreuth, between whom and the Duke there was a feud of long standing, who said that it was their belief that the Duke had been specially born for the destruction of Prussia. But they were the minority; and Kalckreuth was a universal critic and detractor.* The general belief was that there yet remained one man who in the hour of need might step forth to save Europe. The army of the Great Frederic still existed, and the right-hand of his later years was yet alive, with a reputation still high, and enveloped in a mystery which cast a curious and disconcerting glamour on friend and foe alike. In civil affairs his reputation had, if possible, increased by contrast with the fatuous conduct of the other minor princes of Germany. He was admittedly the wisest and most successful ruler in the land. But he met every suggestion that he should insist on becoming a sort of High Constable at Berlin with a refusal. 'Providence,' he said, 'has entrusted me with the government of a State of my own. I am the hereditary administrator of my people. That is the first duty I have to fulfil,' and from Brunswick and the Northern army, of which he had accepted the command, he refused to stir except under orders from the King.†

Such orders came in 1799, when Suwarrow was driving the French out of Italy and the Archduke Charles, in the greatest of his campaigns, had been equally successful in Germany. The Duke was then of opinion that the moment was now come for crushing the Power which in fighting ancient Europe seemed to have caught from the statesmen and kings whom it had overthrown the reckless greed for aggrandisement which had distinguished the eighteenth century.‡ He wished to call upon France to restore the

* Malmesbury, iii. 155. Gentz, '*Mémoires et Lettres Inédits*,' 286. Boyen, i. 157.

† Massenbach, i. 229, 230.

‡ See the observations of M. Sorel, '*L'Europe et la Révolution Française*,' vol. i. book i. ch. i. section iii. '*La Raison d'État*.'

independence of Holland and to evacuate the territory between the Rhine, the Meuse and the Moselle. But the King, after much hesitation, eventually determined on peace, and the Duke as usual submitted.*

Two possible policies now existed for Prussia: either a frank opposition to France, which meant war, or the alliance which Napoleon professed to offer. Each required a strong will to carry out, but at Berlin no strong will existed. Neither policy was really pursued, and the ship of the State never followed a steady course for long together. The position of Prussia became more and more critical. Frederic William III. found himself in 1800 threatened with having to choose between an overt attack from the half-insane Emperor Paul and joining Russia in the Armed Neutrality. The latter meant a rupture with England. We find the Duke at this time busily engaged in a plan for the defence of the eastern frontier against a Russian attack, and under orders to occupy Hanover, if necessary, to prevent a foreign occupation.† The assassination of the Emperor Paul only just warded off these dangers in time. Then came the occupation of Hanover in 1802 by France, and the tame submission of the King. But the internal dangers were even worse than those which threatened from beyond the borders, as the Treaty of Luneville, followed by the Principal Resolutions of the Imperial Deputation of 1803, transformed the internal constitution of the Empire, abolished nearly all the ecclesiastical States, and destroyed the immediate nobility of the Empire. Prussia and the Principality of Brunswick both indeed profited territorially by these arrangements; but the broad result was that while they destroyed the hegemony of Austria in Germany, they did not substitute that of Prussia. At such a juncture, the burden of kingship would under any circumstances have been no easy charge, but unfortunately the private virtues of Frederic William III. were not equalled by any corresponding mental capacity. Prussia had no doubt thus far shared in the spoils, but the wiser heads saw that a struggle was none the less inevitable. The contest between the National and the French party at Berlin was continuous, and the advantage swayed now to one side, now to the other. An obstinate determination to preserve neutrality, arising more from a conscious sense of personal weakness than from any

* Life of Stein, vol. i. ch. iv. Massenbach, iii. 88.

† Massenbach, iii. 441.

well-considered political plan, was the main characteristic of the King. A nature so constituted naturally sought for reliance on some established reputation, and it was to the Duke that the King instinctively looked, but unfortunately looked in vain. The Duke would obey orders, but could give none. As usual, he was torn by contrary emotions, and listened to conflicting advice. Massenbach had joined the French party and wished to enter frankly into an alliance with Napoleon, to be directed against Russia, which he declared was the robber of the earth, and against England, which he denounced as the pirate of the seas. But the Duke, notwithstanding his old dislike and suspicion of Russia, considered France 'the true enemy and the origin of every trouble' since 1793.* In this conviction he was greatly strengthened by an influence which was now beginning to make itself felt in his inner circle at Brunswick.

When all is said and done, perhaps the best title to the gratitude of Germany which the Duke can claim is that through his keen appreciation of merit, Scharnhorst first entered the Prussian service and rose to a high position. The Duke, while in command of the Army of Observation by which after the Treaty of Bâle the 'neutral territories within the line of demarcation marked out by that treaty were garrisoned, was brought into contact with Scharnhorst, while still in the Hanoverian service, and tried to induce him to enter the Prussian army, but the offer at the time was refused. It was renewed and finally accepted in 1801, and Scharnhorst began the career which brought about the reform of the Prussian army, first as one of the professors in the Military Academy at Berlin, where he was the colleague and rival of Massenbach, and afterwards as quartermaster-general of the north-western division of the Prussian army, commanded by the Duke himself; though it is true that the support given by the Duke to his plans of reform was characterised by his usual extreme circumspection, by hesitations and qualifications of every kind, and the difficulty complained of by Hardenberg many years before in plainly saying 'yes' or 'no.'

The history of the campaign of 1806 has often been written, and it is beyond the scope of this article to do more than briefly to point out the salient points in it which illustrate the character of the Duke and determine his share of the responsibility for the great disaster which over-

* Massenbach, ii. 35, 84.

whelmed the Prussian monarchy at Jena and Auerstädt, on the latter of which two stricken fields his own career terminated in death. By the end of 1804 he had made up his mind that the boundless ambition of the French Emperor, and the arrogance of his generals and diplomatists, made it a mere matter of time when Prussia would have to enter the lists. There was yet another reason. The occupation of Hanover by France in 1802, in defiance of the terms of the Peace of Bâle, brought the enemy into the immediate neighbourhood of his own Principality. The close connexion of Brunswick with the Electorate made it only too probable that the seizure of the latter would, on the first convenient pretext, be made the excuse for some claim on the former, especially as the little State would evidently be a welcome addition to the realms of the new kinglets and princelings who were springing into existence under the wing of France. The districts in Western Germany belonging to Prussia were even more exposed to danger. The general staff of the Prussian army was now divided into three large divisions, of which the first was to occupy eastern, the second central, and the third, north-western Germany, which was the certain seat of the coming war. On March 26, 1804, the Duke appointed Scharnhorst quartermaster-general of the north-western army, and assumed the active command himself. Scharnhorst now became the confidential adviser of the Duke, and his active hand may be traced throughout all the subsequent events. It is worth noting that in one of the notes made at that period, Scharnhorst expresses his belief that the principal danger of the future would be that the Duke would be paralysed by 'higher commands;'^{*} for it became clear that the French party at Berlin, represented, since the death of Prince Henry, in the army by Kalckreuth and Massenbach, and in diplomacy by Haugwitz, were more active than ever, and were constantly engaged in thwarting those who recognised that the crisis was near, and that the only question open was that of time and opportunity. Kalckreuth also, 'that nature composed of nothing but spite and criticism,'[†] was busily engaged in throwing the weight of his high reputation into the scale against the plans of military reform advocated by Scharnhorst. Nor did he stand alone. The net result was that when the war at last came, the

^{*} Life of Scharnhorst, i. 345, 'höhere Instructionen.'

[†] Boyer, i. 157.

army, to quote von Boyen's own words, was in that most dangerous of all conditions, that of being half reformed. 'New and old were mixed up together in variegated fashion, and the Prussian army was no longer an effective field force.' There was, above all, in Boyen's opinion, one terrible gap in the army. While the older men had had the experience of actual warfare, and the youngest had learnt the last lessons of modern military art in the Academy at Berlin, the great mass of the higher officers had neither experience nor knowledge, and their ignorance was only equalled by their conceit.*

In 1805 Napoleon again invaded Austria, and the opportunity of the war party at Berlin came, when the French army, on the way to Vienna, deliberately violated the Prussian territory of Anspach. War was now regarded as certain. On October 24 the Duke took the command of the army, establishing his headquarters at Hildesheim, with Scharnhorst as chief of a staff almost entirely composed of the younger officers belonging to the new military school in which he had taught.† The French army under Bernadotte was at once called upon to evacuate Hanover, as being neutral territory within the terms of the Treaty of Bâle. Napoleon at the moment, not thinking it convenient to bring a new enemy on himself at once, ordered Bernadotte to retreat on Hameln and evacuate the country before the advancing army of the Duke. The result was certainly a victory for Prussia, and the decision with which the whole affair had been conducted—for had Bernadotte resisted, open war would have been the immediate result—did much to restore moral as well as military confidence. Scharnhorst now implored the Duke that the general direction of the Prussian forces should not be too much to the north-west, as the French were advancing through the valley of the Danube, and it was there that the real struggle—if struggle there was to be—must take place. Nor was there any difference so far between him and the Duke. 'In the warlike surroundings of his headquarters the Duke became another man. He was constantly complaining of the intolerable slowness of the march of the Prussian troops; he demanded the concentration of all the forces of the country, wherever they could be got from. With them,' he said, 'they must without delay fall upon the army of Napoleon, deprive it of the reputation of invinci-

* Boyen, i. 195, 199–218.

† Life of Scharnhorst, i. 351.

'bility, and liberate Europe of the shame which it had endured for all those years. Already the persuasion was overmastering him that all their efforts might come too late.* If Austria were to fall, he kept repeating, 'our turn will come next, and then those will be at last convinced who reckoned on France, and considered Prussia's separation from the common interests of Europe to be a happy event.' He sent a plan to Berlin, elaborated by Scharnhorst, for an advance to the south, so as to strike a blow at the French left flank, and cut off their communications, while leaving a sufficient force to watch Bernadotte at Hameln. But if such was the language of the Duke in his camp, he was unable to hold the same firm language at Berlin in the face of the King, who, while approving the plan of the Duke, was determined to maintain peace, if possible, at almost any price, and was supported by Haugwitz, Lombard, and Lucchesini.

Amongst the officers of the staff at this time was Boyen. In his Memoirs he describes his general as he appeared to him at the time.

'The Duke of Brunswick,' he says, 'in his earlier military career had given fine evidences of personal decision and military foresight, and was certainly one of the best-informed princes and most worthy of honour who ever lived. Very few men can exist able to converse in so intellectual and also attractive a manner as this Prince knew how to do. His successful campaign in Holland and some parts of his conduct of the campaign on the Rhine had given him so considerable a reputation as a commander, that the abortive undertaking in Champagne was not able to overcloud it. Great acquired military knowledge, both of the details and of the wider aspects of his profession, were united in him in an uncommon degree; and when you add to all this that he was also greatly to be respected in the government of his own Principality, which, even in his old age, both through his own outward demeanour and the real activity of his conduct, made an excellent impression on all, nobody can fail to acknowledge that the portrait I have drawn, which is one true to life, presents to you a man who was no ordinary personality.' †

But, he continues, all these fine qualities were impaired and rendered well-nigh useless by serious failings: the failings of which we have already heard from other and no less friendly sources: the nervous dread of impairing his old reputation; an absurd attention to petty details, of which Boyen gives several amusing instances; and especi-

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 355.

† Boyen, i. 151.

ally a total inability, as a rule, to assert himself against the King when their opinions differed, as they generally did. 'Was this the man,' Boyen asked himself, 'who could command successfully against Napoleon?' These failings were about to make themselves felt, as they had in 1792. The Duke, at the royal command, had gone to Berlin. There he first of all allowed himself to be persuaded that Napoleon would not dare to cross the Isar, leaving the Tirol still unconquered on his right flank; then, when this anticipation turned out to be incorrect, he made a set of calculations suggestive of Massenbach, 'like a chess-player,' as to the future developement of the campaign, and told Haugwitz not to allow hostilities to commence before December 15, because he did not wish to move his army southwards till the West Prussian regiments had arrived on the Elbe to replace them, and because he wanted to give full time to the Russian army to get into touch with the Austrians. He also apprehended an attack on North-Western Germany by the French army stationed in Holland, and wished to provide fully against it. But the Duke had not been able to include in his calculations the rash folly of the youthful Emperor Alexander of Russia, who, on December 2, contrary to the advice of his generals, forced on the battle of Austerlitz; nor the fact that Haugwitz not only deliberately wasted time on his journey to Vienna, whither he had gone as the bearer of the Prussian ultimatum, but also had secret instructions from the King, given apparently at the last moment, on no account whatever to allow war to take place.* Then followed the fall of Hardenberg, who was the incarnation of the patriotic policy, the demobilisation of January 24, 1806, and the disgraceful transactions in which Prussia, through Haugwitz, accepted Hanover as a bribe for neutrality, and thereby involved herself in a breach of faith, which led England to declare war against her on June 11. This wretched display of weakness and crookedness only courted fresh affronts from France, which began to treat Prussia as an already half-conquered province; affronts which, in 1806, at last brought about the long-looked-for outbreak of hostilities.

In the interval the Duke had undertaken a journey to St. Petersburg which has remained celebrated, as the results, to quote the words of Sir John Seeley, 'cleared away much ill-

* Laforest to Talleyrand, January 5, 1806. French Archives, quoted in the 'Life of Scharnhorst,' i. 354.

‘feeling, and paved the way to that friendly relation between the two Courts which lived on through all vicissitudes to the end of the European war, and was a principal cause of the overthrow of Napoleon.’* The Duke had to explain the conduct of Haugwitz; and the conduct of Haugwitz was not easy to explain. He was instructed to say that the occupation of Hanover was the only means of preventing the Electorate becoming French territory; that there was no intention of maintaining an effective alliance with France—only a strict neutrality was intended; that neutrality was probably the best policy both for Russia and Prussia; that it seemed to the King and his advisers that the continuance of a policy of determined hostility to France had resulted mainly in creating a commercial monopoly for England on the seas and the domination of Napoleon on the Continent. These official utterances met with scant favour at St. Petersburg, although the Emperor and his Court were prodigal in their manifestations of respect for their bearer, whom it was sought to distinguish from the ministers whom he represented. The Duke, it cannot be doubted, really accepted the mission not to explain a policy he detested, but in order to provide for joint military action, in view of the future eventualities. The Emperor Alexander frankly told him that he could not approve the conduct of Prussia, and that war was none the less certain because of the weak surrender made by Haugwitz. ‘The sword of the great Frederic will have yet to be drawn, and then,’ said the Emperor, ‘I shall serve under your orders, and it will be my glory to learn the art of war in your school.’ The Duke returned to Berlin with a proposal from the Emperor, under which Prussia, in the event of further unsatisfactory conduct on the part of France, should be able to call on her Russian ally, and was to be entitled to the support of all the forces of the empire. It was arranged that the further progress of this negotiation should be secretly entrusted to Hardenberg, who was then living in a nominal retirement from affairs.†

Considering his views in the previous year, it would appear probable that when at Berlin the Duke insisted on the desirability of Prussia not declaring war until the

* Sir John Seeley, ‘Life of Stein,’ i. ch. v.

† For an account of this negotiation, see Thiers, ‘Consulat et Empire,’ vi. livre xxiv. 422–28.

Russian army had had time to come up. He expressed the opinion that the Prussian army alone was not equal to the struggle. Of those on whom he would have to depend most as colleagues, he had but a poor opinion. Moellendorff, he said, was a dotard; Rüchel a vain-glorious boaster; Kalckreuth a bilious critic of everything; and most of the generals of division were men of routine and without talent. 'Were these the men,' he asked, almost repeating the words of Boyen about himself, 'with whom he was to be called upon to fight and beat Napoleon?' He now put forward a plan by which Hanover might, with the consent of George III., become Prussian as part of a general European settlement which should include France. These timid counsels—as they seemed to the war party—becoming known, led to a placard being attached to the back of his carriage, on his return journey to Brunswick from Berlin, with the words 'Prince of Peace' written upon it.

Private grief came at this moment to darken the horizon. The Duke's eldest son had died childless on September 20; the second was idiotic; the third was blind. The Duke was himself seventy-one years of age, and at any moment his own life might be endangered on the battlefield. It became necessary to obtain renunciations of their rights to the succession from his second and third sons, and to re-settle it on the fourth son and his heirs. With this son the Duke's relations had not been happy, as the Prince shared few of his father's tastes and ideas, outside the military profession; and even in this was little more than a born fighter. Perhaps it was even a greater grief that Mlle. von Hartfeld, the accomplished lady, the Egeria of Brunswick, in whose society and that of Mme. Branconi, the object of Goethe's admiration also, the Duke had succeeded in finding some consolation for the vapidity of his own domestic circle, died on June 30.

In the summer of 1806 it was discovered that Napoleon, after having handed over Hanover to Prussia in 1805 to secure her neutrality, and having thereby involved her in war with England, was now proposing to hand back Hanover to King George, without even consulting Prussia, in order to secure peace for France with England, where Fox had just come into office. War now became certain, notwithstanding all the schemes and tricks of Haugwitz and Lucchesini to avert it.*

* Hausser, '*Deutsche Geschichte*,' ii. 601-603, 730. Beugnot,

The army was again mobilised in haste, and the Duke returned to his headquarters. He advised 'as the most pressing necessity of the hour that Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and if these Powers could not do without the pecuniary support of England, that then they and England too, should stand shoulder to shoulder. He begged that Prussia should try to obtain the alliance of her neighbours, but meanwhile should arm with all speed; then, "if the crisis came, far better would it be for the power, which under the great Frederic had withstood half the world in arms, to perish sword in hand rather than to bend the neck under a servile yoke." "Noble words," says the biographer of Scharnhorst, "if only the Duke had known how to translate them into realities. What an influence might he not have exercised—he who possessed the unlimited confidence of the King—on the misguided Court of Berlin, where, as acknowledged by a supporter of the existing system, an unexampled confusion prevailed, if he had had the self-reliance and strength of character to grasp the rudder!" * But, as he had too often before failed to be equal to the occasion, so he failed again now. He was ready to command the army; he could be an energetic diplomatist, and in that capacity, though an old man, had just crossed Europe in the depth of winter; but to the level of the highest statesmanship, where, above all things, the quality of will is necessary, he failed to rise.

The summer of 1806 was spent in efforts to put the country into a proper state of defence. Scharnhorst became more and more urgent that the military reforms in regard to the organisation of the army when actually in the field, which he had for years been urging on the Prussian War Office, should be adopted. A small portion of these, it has been seen, had been timidly taken up in earlier years. Now, though almost at the last minute, Scharnhorst's main idea, that of the formation of mixed divisions of infantry, light cavalry, and heavy cavalry, was adopted by the Duke, as well as the formation of a 'Bureau de l'état major,' which was to exercise a general control throughout the army, and see that the orders of the commander-in-chief were obeyed.† But these reforms, valuable as they were at the moment, and still more fruitful

'Mémoires,' vol. i. ch. x. Sir Robert Adair, 'Mission to Vienna,' pp. 479-483.

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 400.

† Ibid. i. 411-12.

for future use, were introduced too late; and they had, in addition, the disadvantage that they excited the utmost indignation in the already soured mind of Kalkreuth, and were resented by the Prince of Hohenlohe, who commanded one of the divisions of the army and aspired to the chief command.

It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that the Duke's real desire was to concentrate on the line of the Elbe, to await there the arrival of the Russian army, and then rapidly assume the offensive. But he once more allowed himself to be overruled, this time by the clamour of the war party, and it was determined to move forward without waiting for the Russian army.

On August 22, at the royal command, the Duke sent from Brunswick to the King a plan of operations prepared by Scharnhorst, with the assistance of Rüchel and Phull, under his own superintendence. This scheme insisted that the Prussian armies should, above all things, not be divided; and that no time should be lost in assuming the offensive against the still separated French forces, which were on the right bank of the Rhine or in Bavaria, before they could concentrate and be joined by reinforcements. So great was the reputation of the Duke that the contents of this memorandum, which bore his signature, were transferred almost word for word into a royal cabinet order on the 27th.* The only alteration worthy of mention was one which the modesty of the King dictated. He named the Duke *generalissimo* instead of acting in that capacity himself. But a few days after the King allowed himself, under the influence of the Prince of Hohenlohe and the officers who surrounded him, to be persuaded into altering this plan, and to consent to amendments which struck at the root idea, viz. the concentration under one hand of the whole army in a commanding situation. Naumbourg-on-the-Saale had been named as the place, as thence the army could move either right by Weimar, Erfurt, and Gotha, or left by Zeitz, Altenburg and Penig, according to circumstances. And now once more the moral weakness of the Duke made itself felt. Instead of declining to accept the command under the altered conditions, he accepted the royal amendments. The Prince of Hohenlohe thus obtained the wish of his heart, as under the amended plan the Prussian army was to be split up into three large divisions,

* *Life of Scharnhorst*, i. 403.

with commands for General Rüchel and the Prince, and a nominal subordination only to the Duke.

Meanwhile precious time had been lost in these differences of opinion, and only on September 22 was Scharnhorst able to join the Duke at Naumbourg as chief of the staff and feel that things were really going to begin. A renewed struggle then took place, for the Duke, with characteristic pertinacity, was now returning by bypaths to his old and far wiser plan of concentration; and in this he ultimately prevailed. The Prince of Hohenlohe then proposed to advance by the left, as this would have given the leading position to himself. This plan was devised by Massenbach, whom he had appointed chief of the staff. The plan adopted by the Duke, on the advice of Scharnhorst, was, on the contrary, to advance by the right, to hold the highlands of the Thuringian Forest, and thence deliver a crushing flank attack on the advancing French forces, according as their advance was made from the north or the south, which as yet was uncertain. No less an authority than Clausewitz has said that, if this plan had been carried out then and there, the Prussian army could not have failed to drive the French over the Rhine.* But, at this moment, on September 23, the King joined the headquarters of the army at Naumbourg, and a repetition of 1792 at once began. From the moment of his arrival all unity in the command of the army was gone. Nobody really knew who was supreme. 'Are the headquarters to be called royal or ducal?' Scharnhorst wrote to his daughter; 'I know not.' The result was seen in endless conferences and loss of time. Nor was the confusion diminished by the appearance of the Queen at the side of her consort, with a numerous retinue of ladies and attendants. The royal presence, indeed, might have been specially devised to give a fatal development to the natural tendency of the Duke to hesitate. When he spoke of the plan of campaign he now began, as in 1792, to refer to himself more as a critic than as a commander. Success, he told Gentz, was possible on condition that no great mistakes were made. 'But it is upon you,' replied Gentz, 'that we rely to prevent them.'†

On the 25th the King at last ratified the adoption of the Duke's proposals; but the moment the military situation

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 415.

† Gentz, '*Mémoires et Lettres Inédits*,' p. 293.

was clear, political difficulties arose to create further delays. The punctilious desire of the King to throw the blame of the actual commencement of hostilities on France caused him to decline to permit a forward movement till the final reply of Napoleon to the royal ultimatum had been received. The precious days between September 25 and October 7 were thus lost.* Those days Napoleon employed in pouring his army across Germany. On September 28 he was at Mainz. On October 9 he had captured Coburg. Meanwhile nothing but endless conferences were proceeding at the royal headquarters. By the 7th it was not only clear that Napoleon was half-way across Germany, but that the opportunity of attacking and outflanking the advancing French force was almost gone.

A final council of war was held at Erfurt on October 5, and it continued to sit for two days. Boyen has left a sad description of the effect of these perpetual councils, and of the consequent loss of authority by the Duke, whose mind for a moment seems to have been almost unhinged by the wranglings of Massenbach and his supporters and the constant ill-will of Kalckreuth. It soon began to leak out that strong divisions of opinion existed. On one occasion the disputes between the generals became so loud and indecent that they could be distinctly heard by the officers of the staff at dinner in the adjoining room.† It would seem that in all these discussions the Duke hardly ever failed to take the correct view of the military situation, but was never able to say a round 'No' to the foolish alternatives proposed. The result was seen in the puerile compromises adopted at a moment when definite action was a matter of life and death. Hohenlohe was thereby finally enabled, by an interpretation placed on the resolutions of the council of war, to begin to cross the Saale with his army to the right bank, rashly throwing part of it forward to Saalfeld. A fatal blow was thus struck at the governing conception of the Duke and Scharnhorst, that the Prussian army was not to be divided. Meanwhile the rest of the army moved under the Duke to form a camp at Hochdorf and Blankenhaym, intending thence to move forward according to circumstances.‡ The result was that on the 10th—by which time Napoleon's reply had been received—the advanced guard of the Prince of

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 423-24.

† Boyen, i. 156.

‡ Life of Scharnhorst, i. 428.

Hohenlohe's army was defeated at Saalfeld, and Prince Louis of Prussia, the hope of the military party, was killed in action. Kalckreuth's party then sent a memorial to the King, asking that the Duke should be relieved of his command: an unheard-of proceeding in the Prussian army, and contrary to every notion of discipline. But worse was to follow. While Hohenlohe had pushed forward his army in the dangerous manner just described, he at the same time had failed to carry out that portion of the Duke's orders which directed him to observe the great road from Nuremberg, passing through Gera and Hof, to Naumbourg. These orders were given in order that, if a French division attempted to turn the Prussian left, it should meet with resistance, and the news be brought at once to the Duke. It was not yet clear at the Prussian headquarters if the French advance would be supported by a turning movement on the Prussian right or the Prussian left, or possibly on both. That one or other would be attempted was considered certain. The task of watching the road had been entrusted to General Tauenzien, whose failure to carry out his orders has been the object of as much adverse comment as the failure of General Grouchy to arrive in time at Waterloo.

An absolute identity of purpose had hitherto existed between the Duke and Scharnhorst; but now differences arose. When the news of the disaster of Saalfeld arrived, it would seem that Scharnhorst was still in favour of offensive operations against the French left, and did not consider it was too late. The Duke, on the other hand, determined on forming a fortified camp at Weimar, supported on the left by Büchel, who was at Gotha, and on the right by Hohenlohe, who received peremptory orders not to allow his army to get out of touch with the Prussian centre commanded by the Duke. Scharnhorst at the same time admitted that strong arguments did exist for this plan; failing his own, it was the best. Preparations with this object had been actually commenced when, on the night of the 12th, the news arrived like a thunderclap that Marshal Davout had got past Tauenzien, unbeknown to that general, and had seized Naumbourg. Naumbourg lay in the rear of the Prussian army, and was the base for provisioning the army; indeed, as already seen, the Duke had himself selected it in his original plan as the pivot of all his military operations. The Duke on the news of this disaster determined, contrary still to Scharnhorst's opinion, on retiring in haste with his whole

army, along the road from Weimar, to Merseburg, on the Lower Saale, where he could join the reserve forces of the Prince of Wurtemberg, and either fight a pitched battle at once or retreat behind the almost impregnable line of the Elbe, and hold it till the Russian army could arrive—the course which Sir Edward Hamley considers was that which ought to have been followed from the beginning of the war.* With this view it was decided to follow the road from Weimar to Auerstädt, which joins the road from Naumbourg near Hassenhausen, leaving Naumbourg on the left, and, passing through the defile of Kösen, eventually reaches the river Unstrut. It was the intention of the Duke then to cross the Unstrut, and so reach Merseburg on the Saale and join his reserves. Hohenlohe's army was ordered to protect the retreat and then follow. But here again precious time was lost in a council of war, at a time when minutes counted. At last, when the Duke got his way, the movement of retreat was executed with a skill which excited the admiration of so competent a critic as General Rapp. But when the neighbourhood of Hassenhausen was reached, at an early hour on the morning of the 14th, Davout's army, it was found, had already crossed the Saale from Naumbourg, had occupied the pass of Kösen, and was entering the village of Hassenhausen in the dense fog of the autumn morning, just as the Prussian vanguard under Blücher were feeling their way into it under similar difficulties.

The night had been spent by the Duke among his principal officers. Marshal Moellendorff and Colonel Kleist supped with him; but he ate little and was seen to be pensive. 'Who knows,' he said, 'where we shall all of us be to-morrow?' Then he suddenly observed: 'The 14th of October has always been an unlucky date in my family.' He retired at midnight, and slept in full uniform, in his boots and with his orders on. He rose at three, and at five mounted his horse.† 'In battle,' says the Prussian general Valentini, 'the Duke was always a genuine "hero." He bore the most extreme fatigue with as much courage as the humblest private soldier of his army; and he was now seen at the age of seventy-one years displaying a marvellous activity and sleeping in his clothes on the

* Operations of War. 'On the Campaign of 1806.'

† These particulars and others which follow are taken from some notes in the article in the 'Biographie Universelle' (new edition) by an eyewitness.

'field of battle, only allowing a few moments to sleep, 'and rising at the break of day.'* At this moment Boyen arrived. He had been sent the day before with the Duke's final orders to the Prince of Hohenlohe to protect the retreat and to hold strongly the bridges over the Saale at Lobstädt and Dornburg, in order to prevent Bernadotte, who was near Cambourg, making a flank attack on the Duke's army. Boyen returned in the early hours of the morning, just as the Duke was mounting his horse. On seeing him the Duke dismounted, seized him by the arm in friendly fashion, and rushed up the stairs with him to the King's apartment at such a pace that Boyen could hardly keep step, and could only wonder at his wonderful physical vitality. The Duke had advised that the attack should be deferred till the fog rose; but the aged Moellendorff now said that under similar circumstances he remembered how Winterfeld had told Frederic the Great that 'the eggs were only the better for being fresh,' and as this reminiscence of the aged veteran coincided with the wishes of the fiery Blücher, the advanced guard plunged into the fog, and met with a severe check. After this disastrous commencement further operations were deferred. 'The Duke, as soon as the fog began to clear'—we are quoting Boyen's narrative—'occupied himself with the greatest activity in getting an idea of the ground and of the direction of the enemy's march; and I must acknowledge, for it is only the truth, that he showed a resolution which in the days preceding the battle he seemed to have lost. The roar of the cannon restored his soldierly bearing to the ancient warrior. I have more than once had occasion to observe in the case of men of unquestioned bravery, that they have showed a want of self-command before the fight began, but directly they enter the circle of real danger they once more find in their bosom their old manly self-reliance. The struggle between the sense of duty and mental anxiety is over, and honour wins the day.'†

The Duke had entrusted the attack on the left wing to the leadership of Scharnhorst, but he intended the principal attack to be on the right. His plan was to seize some low hills which on that side commanded Hassenhausen. He

* Valentini, 75, 'Galerie des Caractères Prussiens.' Massenbach, i. 171. Chuquet, 'Invasion Prussienne,' p. 123. 'Mémoires du Général Rapp,' p. 80.

† Boyen, 165.

fixed his glance firmly on these heights as he rode with Boyen by his side. 'Yonder,' he exclaimed, pointing with his hand, 'is the key to victory; if we can once occupy those heights with infantry, victory is ours;' and he gave orders to Boyen to ride up to the advancing divisions and give them the required direction. 'Send there all the troops you can, wherever you find them.' Boyen rode off to carry out these orders. The Duke then put himself, with his usual disregard of personal danger, at the head of the attack on the centre of the village. The mist rose, and in the light of the October morning the French position became visible. The military dispositions of the Duke by midday were proving entirely successful. The French army, though outnumbered, offered indeed a splendid resistance; but their loss was enormous, as Marshal Davout's report proves. Scharnhorst's attack on the left was steadily gaining ground, and the heights on the right were being successfully occupied, when suddenly the Duke was severely wounded. Toulangeon, one of Napoleon's generals, says that the Duke in former campaigns had always been too ready to play the part of a simple soldier if the moment seemed to require it. On more than one occasion he had been known to advance alone, or almost alone, to the very edge of the position of the enemy; and he now paid the penalty with his life for his almost reckless bravery. He had sent all his orderly officers on various missions, and had placed himself at the head of the grenadiers of Hamstein, in front of the village of Hassenhausen, to encourage them, when a shot traversed his nose, grazing both his eyes and blinding him. He fell on to a heap of stones, but succeeded in remounting his horse, a private soldier supporting him. In this state, with his face covered with a handkerchief, he was seen riding along the different divisions of the army. But he was soon obliged to give up the effort, and, accompanied by the celebrated surgeon Folger, had to leave the field of battle in a litter.

Boyen had just returned from executing his orders, and Scharnhorst had sent to ask for more cavalry on the left in order to complete the French discomfiture on that side, when the fatal event took place. General confusion at once arose. It sounds almost incredible, but the King could neither be induced to take the active command himself nor to give it to anybody else.* The army practically broke

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 458. Lord Holland ('Memoirs of the Whig Party,' ii. 23), writing apparently from the information of an

up into separate divisions, and all unity of action ceased. The sequel is too well known to need repetition.

‘At Auerstädt,’ says Boyen, ‘it required real skill to lose the battle. Everything was peculiarly to our advantage. If only we used our means properly the corps of Marshal Davout must have been annihilated. The Duke appeared to intend to make a comparatively weak attack by the left and to strike heavily on the right. Although the opposite would, in my opinion, have been the better course, nevertheless I am convinced that, if the Duke had not been wounded, victory was ours on that line of action equally with the other, for numbers and the character of the ground, all, as already stated, was favourable to us, if only unity of command had been maintained.’ *

Marshal Kalckreuth meanwhile was on the heights of Eckartsberg, within hearing—nay, within sight—of the battle; but profiting by a literal interpretation of his instructions, he looked down at the battle raging at his feet under the lead of the hated “Brunswicker” with his “Hanoverian” chief of the staff, “as if it was all a “theatrical piece with which he had no concern.” ‘Our defeat,’ says Boyen, ‘was written in the Book of Fate, but, none the less, Marshal Kalckreuth, who considered himself ‘a great general, and sneered at everybody else, committed ‘a very grave error.’† The author of the ‘Life of Scharnhorst’ compares his conduct to that of the Genoese, when from the summit of the Tower of Galata they looked down unconcerned on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks.‡ It is remarkable that Davout always considered that the danger of destruction which he so narrowly escaped was largely caused by conduct on the part of Bernadotte similar to that of Kalckreuth. Bernadotte also justified himself by a literal construction of his instructions. He remained at Dornburg on the Saale, instead of marching to the assistance of Davout at Naumbourg, although he could distinctly hear the noise of the action, and left his brother-marshal to get out of his difficult situation as best he could.

Equally fatal was the Duke’s disappearance to the conduct

eyewitness, speaks of ‘the skill and decision, the courage and generalship,’ displayed by the Duke on the field of battle, and contrasts them with ‘the folly and irresolution’ of his previous movements.

* Boyen, i. 197.

† Ibid. i. 197, 198. Gentz, ‘Mémoires et Lettres inédits,’ 231, 330.

‡ Scharnhorst, i. 438.

of the retreat when the battle had been lost. 'His death,' says Massenbach, 'at this moment was, notwithstanding all the failings of this unfortunate commander, a great loss. He still represented the unity of command. Danger always doubled his courage. The Duke would have once more restored order into the whole. In former years I had had occasion to admire him on the retreats from Champagne and Alsace. With a strong hand he kept everything together. Everybody obeyed him. He imposed obedience on all. He was the kernel round which everything gathered. In the hour of disaster the Duke was a great man.'*

He was withdrawn from the field of battle in a pitiable condition, but he decided to undertake the journey to Brunswick over the Hartz that same night. Not a complaint escaped him, not a word unworthy of himself. He said to Folger: 'I shall always be blind. Well, at my age that is not so bad after all.' At Brunswick his ministers entreated him not to remain, since the French would be there in four and twenty hours. 'That is rather soon,' replied the Duke, 'but what is the good of flying from them?' 'Your Highness does not know what he is exposing himself to.' There were rumours of the personal fury of the conqueror against the Duke. 'I will tell you,' replied the Duke, 'I have long known the French, and better than you do. They will respect an old general wounded on the field of battle. The officers will give balls and go to the theatre; the soldiers will kiss the girls a little. Take care of the billets, and see that they want nothing. I feel sure that there is a courier of the Emperor's on the road to know how I am.' *Non erat hoc tempus* is the observation of Beugnot, whose narrative we quote. The days of the Chevalier d'Assas and the Count de Gisors, of the chivalry and courtesies of war, was over. The Duke only yielded on being told by Wolfradt, his old chief of the staff of 1793, that his presence at Brunswick would be a pretext for aggravating the horrors of a military

* Massenbach, 'Denkwürdigkeiten,' p. 11. This work is one of a series of writings which Massenbach published to justify his own conduct and that of the Prince of Hohenlohe, and to explain the surrender of their army at Prentzlau. A list of these writings will be found in vol. i. p. 533 of the 'Life of Scharnhorst.' M. Lehmann points out that in regard to the facts of the campaign, historians had hitherto trusted a great deal too much to Massenbach's statements.

occupation. Then he consented to be carried elsewhere. 'I feel,' he said, 'I am too weak to bear a long journey, but if my presence here is likely to add to the misfortunes of my subjects, I must leave the place, and I hesitate no longer.'* It was determined to remove him over the Luneburger Heide to Hamburg, under the idea that he might thence be conveyed to England. Before leaving he sent a message recommending his family and his subjects to the mercy of the conqueror. The reply was a proclamation in the official 'Gazette' at Berlin, of which Napoleon was now in possession.

'What would the Duke say,' so it ran, 'if I made the town of Brunswick suffer the destruction with which fifteen years ago he threatened the capital of the great people whom I rule over? The Duke of Brunswick had disavowed the insensate manifesto of 1792. It might have been believed that with advancing years reason would have begun to triumph over passion; and yet once more he has come and lent the authority of his name to the follies of a giddy younger generation, which have destroyed Prussia. It was for him to make the women and the courtiers and the young officers find their proper place, and to impose on all the authority of his age, his well-informed mind, and his high position. He was not strong enough to do this, and the Prussian Monarchy is overthrown, and the State of Brunswick is in my possession. Tell "General Brunswick" that he will have the respect due to an officer; but I decline to recognise a sovereign prince in a general of the Prussian army.' †

So the decree went forth for the incorporation of the little State in the Confederation of the Rhine; but before it could reach the Duke he was beyond praise or blame. He at first bore the northward journey well, showing the most extraordinary physical strength, notwithstanding the intensity of his sufferings. 'If God,' he said, 'will leave me but 'one of my eyes, I shall be satisfied.' But on the second day of the journey a violent inflammation attacked his wound, and his brain became affected. In this condition he arrived on the 29th at Ottensen, near Altona. 'His entrance into 'that city,' says Bourrienne, 'afforded a striking example 'of the vicissitudes of fortune. He was on a wretched 'litter, borne by ten men, without officers, without 'domestics, followed by a troop of vagabonds and children, 'who were drawn together by curiosity. He was lodged in

* Beugnot, i. ch. x.

† 'Mémoires du Général Rapp,' pp. 94-97, which contains the full text. The version in Thiers, 'Consulat et Empire,' vii. livre xxv. p. 177, is inaccurate.

‘a miserable inn, and was so worn out by fatigue and the pain of his eyes that on the day after his arrival a report of his death very generally prevailed. He declined to receive visitors, and expired on the 10th of the month.’*

He was buried at Ottensen, in the same graveyard as Klopstock, who had called on him to resign his command in 1792. There too shortly after were laid the victims of Davout’s brutal tyranny in Hamburg, whose flight was in the winter. The place became the pilgrimage of patriotic Germans in the years of oppression and tyranny which followed 1806, and it is celebrated in Rückert’s patriotic verse.†

‘The Duke of Brunswick,’ Lord Malmesbury wrote from England, ‘is, of course, *being dead*, said to be the planner of this battle and the cause of its loss. This I do not credit, as whatever faults he had, his military science and personal courage were most extraordinary.’‡ Nations forgive much to those who perish in battle; and, notwithstanding the fatal want of will or of ambition—call it which we may—of the man whom Stein described as the Suetonius Paulinus of his time, Germany has remembered the merits, rather than the failings, of the Duke. Too frequently, no doubt, he had been found to be ‘naturally prone to delay’ when rapid action was desirable, and had preferred ‘cautious counsels’ when bolder measures were required by the situation, and thought it wise ‘to calculate chances,’ rather than to trust to fortune; but all this was forgiven, because not only had he in peace proved himself one of the wisest and most liberal rulers of the time, but also, and mainly, because he fell for his country on the field of battle, sword in hand, in the time of need, and thus justified the early judgement of his royal uncle that Nature had destined him for a hero. §

* Bourrienne, ‘Mémoires,’ vol. iii. 356.

† Gesammelte Lieder von Friedrich Rückert, vol. iii. 275–81. ‘Die Gräber zu Ottensen.’

‡ Malmesbury Memoirs, iv. 365, who mentions a curious report current at the time that the Duke was shot by a treacherous hand, but there is no foundation for the story, which is not even mentioned in the German authorities.

§ Cunctator naturā, cui cauta potius consilia cum ratione quam prospera ex casu placerent. Tacitus, ‘Histories,’ ii. 25. See ‘Life of Scharnhorst,’ i. 305,

ART. II.—*William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends.* By MRS. OLIPHANT. Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: 1897.

THE annals of any great publishing house must be rich in the most veracious autobiography. For no man who gives his personal memoirs to the public can dare to be perfectly candid and outspoken. With the most honest intentions he is unconsciously secretive and deceptive. If he would unveil his heart and reveal his innermost feelings, and in fact, if he would go frankly into the confessional, the life of even a very commonplace mortal might make the most entertaining and instructive of books. Rousseau, who professes far more than he performs, is no exception to a universal rule. It is true that with perverted pride and sickly sentimentality he actually paraded his vices and his foibles. But recognising that *forfanterie* we can never trust him, and the so-called 'Confessions' are sensational romance. Coleridge, a philosophical genius of a very different type, suggests himself to us because he figures conspicuously in these volumes. He published 'Autobiographical Memoirs' which were the object of a virulent attack in the first number of the new 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Their candour in certain respects is obvious and unimpeachable. But Coleridge, though scientifically indifferent to consequences, though acutely analytical and severely introspective, only flashed the search-light into certain obscure recesses; he illuminated a phantom or ideal, but left the man in the dark. After Coleridge had said all that he cared to say, to this day he remains a paradox and puzzle.

But human nature will always come to the front when human interests and vanity are deeply concerned. The ambitious author, in familiar communications with the publisher to whom he looks alike for fame and for profit, if he does not lose his head, forgets his habitual discretion. He gets excited over triumphs, depressed over failures, or passionately irritated over grievances; suspense is intolerable to the morbid literary temperament, and in irrepressible impatience he loses self-control. He writes in his haste exactly as he feels, whether the letters be marked 'confidential' or no, in the tacit conviction that they are only meant for the eye of his correspondent. And so it may be till, in Scotch legal phraseology, the prescription expires with

lapse of time. The *literæ scriptæ manent*; the musty files of old letters are exhumed and submitted to the revision of a dispassionate commentator, and these invaluable fragments of innermost autobiography are critically edited and annotated.

The annals of the old Scottish house of Blackwood have a character and *cachet* all their own, and perhaps no one could have been singled out to do them fuller or more sympathetic justice than the late Mrs. Oliphant. The obvious trouble which must have beset her in her pleasurable task was the embarrassing richness of the materials. Recognising the difficulty, we feel how much credit is really due to her for preserving perspective and the sense of proportion. It is deeply to be regretted that she did not survive to complete what she fondly regarded as her *magnum opus*. Yet from the literary point of view the loss is relatively little. Her work is complete so far as it goes, and it is only to be hoped that a competent successor will be found to continue the story of the later generation.

Yet in one sense the loss of Mrs. Oliphant is irreparable. An accomplished writer, with a peculiar memory, like Scott's, which was richly stored with all that appealed to her tastes and interests, this case her remarkable versatility was inspired by intense enthusiasm. Though her earliest productions appeared under the sponsorship of another firm, it was the house of Blackwood that took her by the hand, when she was a friendless and an anxious widow with a young family. In her pressing anxiety for the immediate morrow she submitted a little novel to them in fear and trembling. Their recognition of the beauties of 'Katie Stewart' was the turning-point in her long and fruitful career. She never forgot the cordial favour with which it was received. The Blackwoods gave her hope; they gave her assurance. As success succeeded success she overcame constitutional timidity, and her brilliant powers found confident play. She formed an affectionate intimacy with the family, which endured and was strengthened to the end; and 'Katie,' as she was familiarly called, became one of the most cherished of its intimates. A more flattering and substantial proof of the regard of the publishers was that she was warmly welcomed at once as a regular contributor to 'Maga.' The young lady could turn her hand to anything on the shortest notice, and it was found that she could always and absolutely be depended on, which was much more than could be said of the most valued contributors.

Thenceforth, and that was forty years ago, the literary, as the domestic, intercourse had continued unimpaired. In all that time scarcely a number had been issued which did not contain one or more of the lady's articles—in serials or short stories, in criticism, social essays, imaginative fancies of the invisible, or in verse. Were the veil of the anonymous drawn aside, those forty years' volumes of 'Maga' would be the most enduring monument Mrs. Oliphant would have desired. Nor was that long connexion an ordinary one. There has been no more notable feature in 'Blackwood,' nothing has more contributed to its solid establishment and steady progress, than the fraternal solidarity of the contributors under a beneficent patriarchal administration. The late John Blackwood was a singularly able editor of a periodical of world-wide celebrity. But if he improved upon them he only perpetuated the traditions of the house. The most genial of hosts naturally made it his object to bring his contributors into social as well as literary relations. Many a long and fast friendship dates from the day when John Blackwood gave mutual introduction. Although he disliked promiscuous correspondence, he delighted in exchanging ideas on each new number of the magazine with the inner circle of his authors, and any letter containing discriminating praise was promptly transmitted to the writer of the article. In due time the intermediary would too gladly retire, and the writers corresponded on their own account. When they met all formal preliminaries had been overstepped, and the friendship was formed by mutual attraction.

Of all the more recent contributors to 'Blackwood,' Mrs. Oliphant was perhaps the most devoted and affectionate. She had identified herself with the periodical, which was latterly in good measure her own handiwork. She was in its secrets as much as any man or woman; its triumphs have been her own, and she was jealous for its reputation. Her intimacy with the Blackwoods, her position in the world of letters, made her familiar with the staunchest supporters of the magazine and the more distinguished clients of the firm. Consequently, in her second volume, much that is deeply interesting comes of personal knowledge. But beyond that it has always been a speciality of the affiliated to study the records of the illustrious past. Perhaps they unduly adored the jovial symposia of the 'Noctes,' the careless cudgel-play of old Christopher, and the stinging satire of the 'Scorpion,' redeemed as they were by brilliant criticism, by impassioned bursts of generous admiration, and, above all, by the per-

fervid pathos of the sketches of Scottish character. At least it was a fault on the right side, and when we look back we can see they had enough to admire when unswayed by excessive sympathy or unprejudiced by local patriotism. Be that as it may, Mrs. Oliphant's loyal adoration well nigh approached to idolatry, and yet in these records she gives reasons for the faith that is in her. Nor can it be said that her sympathies have disturbed her judgement. Possibly, all circumstances considered, she is almost as severe as we should be on the indiscretions of the *jeunesse orageuse* of 'Maga,' and even the portraits of her excellent friends the publishers are drawn with the firm touch of independence. Nor need we add that great interest is given to the volumes by the modest glimpses they afford us of that literary career of her own which may adorn some other tale, as it points many a useful moral.

The founder of the house was born in 1776. 'The period of his youth and early manhood was thus one at which Edinburgh was at its highest glory as a centre of intellectual life and influence.' The young man, after a course of study at college and serving an apprenticeship to 'the trade' in London as well as Edinburgh, began in a small way as a dealer in old books. Bibliomania was then becoming the rage. There were great prizes to be drawn by keen purveyors like Snuffy Davy, with 'the scent of the sleuth-hound and the snap of the bull-dog,' and fabulous prices were being given for rarities at such sensational auctions as the Roxburghe sale. But Blackwood, like Constable, had literary instincts and gifts as well as business knowledge and energy. He had opened an establishment on the South Bridge in 1804. Soon afterwards he published a *catalogue raisonné* of the 15,000 books in his own collection, which attracted the favourable notice of Scott. The youth had determined to arrive, and had put his shoulder zealously to the wheel. At that time he had a fair field before him, and if there was a single formidable rival to contend with, the ascendancy and brilliant position of Constable, in close relations with Scott and supported by Jeffrey, only encouraged his hopes and stimulated his ambition. Now, competition in the trade is intense, but it runs very much in well-worn grooves. Then, even in publishing, adventures were to the adventurous, and one striking success might be speedily rewarded with solid reputation and comparative wealth. Then there were no middlemen between publisher and author. Then people were in the habit of buying

instead of hiring. Then there were no autocratic circulating libraries to control the book market according to the opinions or caprices of their directors. And these were palmy days for the writers who as yet were few, though Southey does say in a letter to Allan Cunningham, dated 1819, 'Crowded as this age is with candidates for public favour, you will find it infinitely difficult to obtain a hearing.' Any tolerably written book was accepted with a certain confidence; the publisher could afford to make what would be now considered a liberal bid, in almost the sure and certain hope of being brought home by the sales. The authors generally had money down, without the risk of speculative royalties. Hogg, for example, who was always grumbling, received £245 for a small volume of early poems, and, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, many a minor poet of the present would think himself fortunate if he were paid on a much more moderate scale. Then the publishers could form a fair estimate of what would sell, and the prose writers as a rule deemed it essential to have some slight familiarity with their subjects. The course in fiction was comparatively clear, with an abundance of by-paths, undiscovered and untrodden. When Miss Ferrier, who fondly tended Scott in his decay, timidly brought her wares to Blackwood, she offered them anonymously, masquerading as a man; for, notwithstanding the exceptional cases of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, a feminine novelist was a suspicious *lusus nature*. Writing to one lady, who had apologised for indifferent grammar and spelling, Blackwood courteously and kindly assures her that she has done better than might be expected of the sex. The idle matron with a tinge of the blue in the stocking, the impecunious maiden struggling courageously for self-support, had not then discovered that imagination was as universal a gift as fluency, and that knowledge of human nature came by intuition. The publisher then, in place of picking among crowds of claimants for public favour, went abroad industriously on the search. Even capable contributors to the rare periodicals were few and far between. So we are told that William Blackwood, after his one grand disappointment, would never despair of stumbling upon a second Scott, and when he had fairly launched the magazine it was a standing jest in the family that he asked or begged contributions of every man he met.

Eager, pushing, and determined, he was right in believing that he had the qualities to command success. He had a modest, but deeply-rooted self-confidence, a temper not to

be daunted by difficulties or discouragements; the keen *flair* for latent talent which he transmitted to his sons, and a soundly discriminating judgement when it was not swayed by enthusiasm. Above all—and nothing contributed more to the success of his magazine—he had what we may call a give-and-take genius for friendship. He was a warm-tempered man, he was stiff in his opinions, he was outspoken to a fault. But it was he who originated the system, which has become hereditary in the firm, of blending personal friendship with business relations. In the correspondence which Mrs. Oliphant prints or quotes from, there are outbreaks of heated or angry recrimination. But the storm blows over, the clouds disperse, and the correspondents are better friends than before. Expostulations might have been more delicately worded had not contributors appreciated and imitated the honest sincerity of the publisher. Nevertheless, as Mrs. Oliphant observes, that is another sign of the change of the times. Then the author could use language and give himself airs which would be hazardous now if he lived by his pen. Southey's letters to the editors of the 'Quarterly,' when they were his principal if not his 'sole paymasters,' read strangely now, and we doubt if even a latter-day Southey would dare to show himself so dictatorially self-reliant.

The young publisher soon threw the old books behind him, and he made a great step in advance when he became the agent of John Murray, then of Fleet Street, and of Cadell and Davies. The first of his personal trade hits was the introduction to Miss Ferrier, who sent him the manuscript of 'Marriage.' The response was prompt and cordial. 'Mr. Blackwood returns to the author the enclosed manuscript, which he has perused oftener than once with the highest delight. He feels not a little proud that such a writer should express a wish to receive any suggestions from him.' That is a proof of the soundness and promptitude of the critical faculty, and immediately afterwards we have evidence of his sturdy independence. We confess to reading with a chuckle of enjoyment the snub he administered to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Sharpe was a feudal survival and anachronism. He wrote, metaphorically, like Buffon, in lace ruffles, condescended to dally with drawing and literature, and, devoured by a feminine vanity, was the incarnation of superciliously aristocratic *hauteur*. He had engaged with Blackwood for a book overladen with notes, and then he declared that he would tolerate no suggestions

as to alterations. Blackwood answered with little circumlocution that the stipulation was absurd, and that Mr. Sharpe, if he pleased, might cancel their bargain.

A similar attitude, immediately afterwards, was attended with important consequences. Our sympathies in the affair are with Blackwood, but with greater experience the frankness which was the nature of the man would have been tempered by caution and worldly wisdom. At all events the unfortunate upshot was the source of a lifelong regret, although undoubtedly the sustained efforts to retrieve the mishap contributed greatly to the publisher's fortunes. When the North was in a ferment with the revival of letters, the triumphs of Jeffrey and the 'Edinburgh' had been succeeded by the apotheosis of Scott. His genius was worshipped and idolised rather than admired. It appealed directly to the most deeply rooted feelings of his countrymen—to their national pride and their material interests. The evidences that came home to everyone were not wanting; already there was the first flow of the prosperity which followed the influx of tourists and pilgrims. Nor is it wonderful that he had touched the heart of Scotland, when we consider the influence he has exercised on illustrious foreigners. We need say nothing of the tributes from Goethe which are familiar to all readers of Lockhart's 'Life.' But two striking illustrations are within our personal knowledge. Shortly before the death of the Duc d'Aumale, a friend was dining with him at the Athenæum, when the conversation turned on literature. 'May I ask, Sir,' said the Englishman, 'what first directed your attention to literary pursuits?' 'The influence of Scott,' was the ready answer. Still more noteworthy is the case of Von Ranke. The great historian declared at another *tête-à-tête* dinner that he was first induced to betake himself to writing history by admiration of the Louis XI. of 'Quentin Durward.' Obviously to a Scotch publisher the connexion with such a man was the surest and shortest cut to fortune, for the wand of the Border Magician turned everything to gold. Scott was not committed to any one bookseller, for 'Guy Mannering' had been brought out by Longmans. As he said himself afterwards, he never cared to thirl himself to any man's mill. Nevertheless, the connexion with Constable was of the closest, and to break the alliance with the Tsar of Moscovy would be no ordinary triumph. Ballantyne as agent of the 'Great Unknown' had been throwing out hints and vague promises, and at last they

came to a definite proposal. A novel in four volumes was offered, to be called 'The Tales of My Landlord,' each volume containing a separate tale. The terms were accepted, Murray was gratified with a share in the venture, and the confederates were in high jubilation. Nevertheless there was a wearisome delay, causing Blackwood torments of anxiety in fear of the slip between cup and lip. At last the first instalment of the sheets was submitted to him. How he felt is shown in a letter to Murray :—

'I have this moment finished the reading of 192 pages of our book, for ours it must be, and I cannot go to bed without telling you what is the strong and most favourable impression it has made upon me. If the remainder be at all equal, which it cannot fail to be from the genius displayed in what is now before me, we have been most fortunate indeed.'

The mortification and disappointment were proportionately acute when he found the remainder to fall far short of his sanguine anticipations. It was then, under the impulse of excitement, he wrote to Ballantyne, not only expressing frank disapproval, but suggesting an alternative *dénouement*. The warmest admirers of Scott will admit that Blackwood's criticisms showed his acumen. The drop from the vivid realism of the opening scenes and the picturesque descriptions of old Border men and manners to conventional melodrama is the most startling transition to be found in the novels. The resentment of Scott at such unprecedented interference was only natural, and it is not improbable it was aggravated by secret recognition of the truth. At all events, it provoked the fiery outbreak of the note double-shotted with unfamiliar oaths and the memorable passage about the Black Hussars of literature. The business was patched up; the tale was published, and, with all its beauties and faults, was fondly adopted by the publishers, who passed again from acquiescence to admiration. As Lockhart remarks somewhere, when a publisher buys a book, he becomes blind to the faults and much alive to the beauties. The affair was patched up, but not forgotten. The third edition of the venture was still lingering in hand, when Ballantyne, in face of protests from Blackwood and Murray, precipitated matters by the premature issue of a fourth. The fourth edition, as they had expected, was 'wearing awa'' slowly, when they were startled by the advertisement of a fifth to be brought out by Constable. It is certain that Scott and Ballantyne were within their legal rights; but as

certainly Blackwood was shabbily treated, although we may surmise that James Ballantyne was to blame in his zeal for the interests of the Shade he represented. Blackwood and Murray seriously contemplated legal proceedings. Wiser counsels prevailed and the idea was abandoned. But

‘In this way “the fortunate publishers” who had so rejoiced and triumphed over their mysterious author “and exchanged all the surmises of the times as to his real personality, with unconcealed delight in their connexion with him, were for ever severed from his great and troubled career. This, one cannot but feel, was one of those tragically insignificant circumstances which so often shape life apart from any consciousness of ours. Probably ruin would never have overtaken Sir Walter had he been in the steady and careful hands of Murray and Blackwood, for it is unlikely that even the glamour of the great Magician would have turned heads so reasonable and sober. We can only remind ourselves in consolation that Scott in that case would probably not have been the man we know.’

Blackwood never ceased to lament the extinction of his hopes, but the disappointment only stimulated him to more vigorous effort. The ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ in Mrs. Oliphant’s words, had taken the world by storm. It

‘had been in a great measure a revolt against the unbroken rule of the Tory in literature and life. But in the revolution which soon after occurred, and in which the Whigs came to the top and absorbed all patronage, it became intolerable in the Tory partisans that such an organ should hold the field in literary matters, and the necessity of a periodical to support other interests and assert the right of the constitutional party to an equal hearing was very clearly seen. It is true that the “Quarterly Review” was formerly the rival and chief opponent of the great organ of the Liberals; but it was, perhaps, as we have indicated, too ponderous from the beginning. . . . It made its mark, but not as its opponent, without any of the sensation and stir which the “Edinburgh Review” had called forth. The true champion and challenger of Jeffrey and his men—as dauntless and inconsiderate of all secondary motives in their beginning had been, as rash, spontaneous, and brilliant—was yet to seek.’

Blackwood’s energetic ambition stood him in good stead, and he proved the man to step into the breach. He had the happy inspiration, moreover, to raise himself an enduring monument by bestowing his name on the famous magazine. It was another proof of his firm independence; for we learn, to our surprise, that both Wilson and Lockhart disliked the title. It was started avowedly as a rival to this Review, and it steadily upheld political opinions which have now been long outgrown and abandoned by the Tory party. It seems strange to read of ‘the cursed Reform Bill’ of 1832, and hardly less

so of the national ruin which was to result from Catholic emancipation, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Politics apart, Edinburgh Reviewers of the present day can afford to regard its eventful history with dispassionate yet intelligently critical admiration. The beginnings were unfortunate, and the failure of the pioneering venture must have discouraged a less resolute spirit. An 'Edinburgh Magazine' was confided to the joint editorship of two men who were singularly ill fitted for the task. Very soon they had a quarrel with the publisher, and they were mercilessly satirised in the 'Chaldee Manuscript.' Yet, although Pringle was no editor, he deserves to be remembered as the writer of some spirited lyrics on South African sport, when antelopes of all kinds swarmed like locusts in the colony, and when the Transvaal was the elephant-preserve of the truculent Moselekatse. Blackwood had made an unfortunate choice, but with the second number his mistake was brought home to him. He promptly gave his editors warning according to agreement, and in six months the magazine was again in his hands. By that agreement the title was bound to be changed; but in July he writes to one of his London agents that he has made an arrangement with a gentleman of first-rate talent to begin a new work of a far superior kind. The gentleman hinted at was undoubtedly Wilson, who had contributed all that was bright to the 'Edinburgh Magazine;' but then began the mystery and the mystifying which veiled the anonymous direction of 'Blackwood.' There was no editor; there was no autocrat; but the form of government was a jovial and light-hearted oligarchy, which was virtually an inner council of three. Blackwood with his bettered fortunes had flitted from the South Bridge to Princes Street. There, in the back premises under the skylights, had been established the 'Old Saloon,' subsequently transferred to 37 George Street. It was the afternoon lounge of dilettanti men of letters, and above all of the unemployed young wits of the Parliament House, who belonged to the Tory persuasion. Foremost among these were Wilson and Lockhart, who stand out as the striking personalities most closely linked with the Annals. Both have been painted often enough by themselves and others, yet it is worth while to reproduce Mrs. Oliphant's portraiture:—

'Among the frequenters of this lively company were two young men who would have been remarkable anywhere, if only for their appearance and talk, had nothing more remarkable ever been developed in them—one a young man of grand form and mien, with the thews and

sinews of an athlete and a front like Jove to threaten and command. . . . He was a genial giant, but not a mild one. Genius and fun and wit were no less a part of his nature than wrath and vehemence and a power of swift and sudden slaughter, corrected in its turn by a large radiance of gaiety and good humour—sudden in all things, ready to fell an intruder to the earth or to welcome him as a brother; swift to slay, yet instant to relent.

‘The other who divided with him the honours of this witty meeting was John Wilson’s opposite in everything. He was slim and straight and self-contained, a man of elegance and refinement—words dear to the time—in mind as in person, dark of hair and fine of feature, more like a Spaniard than a Saxon—a perfect contrast to the Berserker hero by his side.’

The sketch of Wilson reads as if the artist had borrowed half a page from her friend and admirer Kinglake’s ‘History of the Crimean War.’

Both men had an unlimited capacity for work—when moved by the spirit—and an invincible antipathy to drudgery. Both had the fire of the poet, an irregular and impulsive genius for criticism, and a vein of satire and sarcasm which not unfrequently degenerated into fiery invective. Thackeray’s Bludyer was not a more truculent critic than Wilson in one of his outbursts of Berserker fury. Lockhart in his younger days delighted to sting; and the epithet of the ‘Scorpion’ is perhaps the solitary instance of a man giving himself a stinging sobriquet which stuck. Yet both had a softer side to their natures, and were essentially generous and tender-hearted. What strikes us as the great charm of the ‘Noctes’ is in the sudden and unexpected changes of mood. The convivialists have been ranging at large among things sacred and profane, revelling in personalities, and playing fast and loose with reputations, like the proverbial bull of the china shop or iconoclasts wrecking a cathedral. When the change comes over the tenor of their dreams probably some patriotic chord is touched, and vibrates to the touch with eloquent tenderness. Then we have the lyric in prose of some cottage interior, which may rank with the ‘Cottar’s Saturday Night’ or such a rustic idyll as that which rings the changes on Tibby Shield’s sheiling, nestling in its romantic humility by still St. Mary’s Loch.

These were the coadjutors eager to aid the publisher in congenial work. Their spirits were high, their hearts were good, and they were fettered by no sense of responsibility. They were free to deal the blows; it was the publisher’s business to bear the brunt. And in the beginning they were indulged with ample license. It was a day in which hard

hits were exchanged, and literary enemies seldom gave quarter. Blackwood was hurried along by his auxiliaries, and did not care to restrain them, till sobered by remonstrances and practical lessons in the worry of legal proceedings. The first issue of the renovated periodical was a startling advertisement. Written primarily for Scotland, it set Edinburgh in a blaze, and there were articles which spread the sensation to the South. The 'Chaldee Manuscript' has been so often discussed that little need be said of it. The excitement and reprobation it provoked were so great that it was prudently dropped from the second edition of the number. But the wit was so genuine and the reckless fun so irresistible that it survives as a brilliant freak of literature. The *jeu d'esprit* is said to have been composed in Wilson's house at what was veritably a carouse and the first of the 'Noctes;' the pen passed from hand to hand and the projectile was charged amid shouts of laughter. It was the fine flower of the most rollicking humour of Lockhart and Wilson, but the Ettrick Shepherd was unquestionably justified in claiming the chief credit. To him was due the form in which it was cast and the admirably imitated and sustained Bible imagery. Anything better calculated to startle Edinburgh could scarcely have been devised. The apparent profanity shocked the straitlaced, and half the notorieties of the town were scandalised by the personalities from which the other half were smarting. It even flew at such game as Walter Scott, and perhaps nothing is more satirically true to the life than the passages which present him as Mr. Facing-both-ways. For that was really the attitude he assumed between Constable and Blackwood, for his lofty independence was always tempered by worldly sagacity. One unlucky baronet whose bodily infirmities were mercilessly lampooned sought redress in the Courts. Yet, in the generous tolerance of scurrilities at the time, the 'Chaldee Manuscript' might have been condoned as a juvenile indiscretion. But the magazine actually opened with the onslaught on Coleridge, which was gratuitous and absolutely inexcusable. The best extenuation is to be found in the writer's somewhat sophistical argument, that when an individual obtrudes his personality on the public it becomes fair subject for scathing analysis. As to the article's claims to sympathetic or even candid criticism, we need only say that the critic takes credit for exposing Coleridge's pretensions as a poet, and holds the glorious fragment of 'Christabel' up to unmitigated ridicule.

Another article on 'The Cockney School' incidentally reverts to Coleridge as even a greater quack than Leigh Hunt, who is objurgated as the chief of the Cockneys. Hunt is an ignorant vulgarian, ever striving to be genteel. His poems seem to be inspired by the society of kept mistresses, the characteristics floating on the surface of the Hippocrene are glittering and rancid obscenities, and similar flowers of invective are scattered broadcast. The authorship of the 'Coleridge' is identified by a letter from Wilson, and the little story is eminently suggestive of the man, and of his permanent relations with 'Maga.' He had gone for a walking tour in the North; the day of publication was drawing nigh and Blackwood had been pressing for 'copy.' Wilson writes that he had lightened his knapsack of sundry heavy books sent for review; that he had knocked off the Coleridge article in the Highland hostelrys during the evenings, but that it had unfortunately fallen out of his pocket when he was climbing Ben Macdhu. Mrs. Oliphant charitably suggests that irritation at the loss of the manuscript may account for the venom when *contre cœur* he had to repeat his labours and renew his griefs.

The conception of the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' and the contemptuous designation of 'The Cockney School,' indicate the national feeling which had originated in the apotheosis of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that court of summary appeal over which Jeffrey presided. It was the radiance of the Northern Aurora Borealis which illuminated the darkness of the literary horizon. That sentiment pervades the colloquies of the 'Noctes.' The question is always being asked, directly or indirectly, Can any good thing come out of the South? The poets of the Lake School are tolerated or praised, because they lived in a debatable land which was virtually Scottish. But it was *de rigueur* with the rising young *littérateurs* of the North to extend what was at best supercilious patronage to everything exotic. And indeed at that time, had Blackwood secured all the native help he desired, there was little need to go further afield. Of course what he coveted above all was the steadfast support of 'The Great Magician of the Border.' Mrs. Oliphant describes with considerable humour the ingenious strategy he adopted to attain his end. He approached Scott through his friend and grievance Willie Laidlaw. As all the later bargains between Scott and the publishers stipulated for the transfer of a certain quantity of John Ballantyne's unsaleable stock, so Laidlaw was to have a fixed remuneration from the

magazine, in the hope of occasional contributions from Scott. To do him justice, Laidlaw was modest enough; but Scott in his large-hearted sympathy was never backward in pushing a friend—witness ‘the cursed lot of dung carts,’ to which he laughingly referred when thinning his plantations with Lockhart.

Blackwood on one occasion wrote to Wilson: ‘All I shall say is that you have been the genius and the living spirit which has animated the work, and whatever success it has had I owe most unquestionably to you in the first and chief place.’ But Lockhart for a time was at least as indispensable, though subsequently diverted by other objects. His special gifts were the complement of those of his friend: his *verve* was unfailing, and his energy and emulative collaboration stimulated Wilson to unwonted exertion. His own bursts of fluent activity were phenomenal, and it would have been harnessing a thoroughbred to the plough to expect him to combine pace with assiduity. The contrasts between the men are remarkable. Lockhart’s deeper and more sombre nature is consistent throughout. As he aged he gave Blackwood excellent advice, and repudiated the excesses of which he had once been guilty. ‘Peter’s Letters,’ written in early youth, display his quick and acute perceptions of idiosyncrasies; his novels, and especially the tragedy of ‘Adam Blair,’ are the outcome of the inner man, as we might expect it. Wilson to the last was the wayward boy, and, as we shall immediately show, Mrs. Oliphant has presented him in a new and unexpected light. If we were to characterise his poetry in a word, we should call it mawkish, and his Scottish stories come as a startling surprise. The robust athlete, the trenchant reviewer, the Christopher who is the incarnation of all worldly wisdom, sentimentalises like Rousseau, and transplants the hard-toiling Scottish rustics, who have never been famed for precise morality, into an idyllic paradise unpolluted by the serpent’s trail. Wilson’s novels might have been written by ‘The Man of Feeling,’ to whom ‘The Lights and Shadows’ were sent for review. In that ludicrous episode we come on one of the curiosities of literature. Blackwood sent the proof-sheets to his friend the author, provoking a perfect cyclone of indignation. Christopher, who never spared his victims when laying on the knout, writes *inter alia*, in a letter which covered many pages: ‘a base lie.’ ‘The motives of the old dotard being simply conceit and sheer incapacity.’ ‘A dull, vile falsehood.’ ‘In short, the whole article is loath-

‘some.’ The upshot was that the offensive article was suppressed, and the novel was passed over to Maginn, who did not please the novelist much better.

We said that Mrs. Oliphant had placed Wilson in a novel light, nor can we add that it shows him to advantage. Poor Mr. Blackwood had had no little trouble and anxiety in answering well-founded protests of which Wilson and his colleagues had been the causes. He had never given up a contributor’s name, though Wilson was ready to avow himself when challenged by Hunt. But matters came to a crisis with the ‘Maga’ of September 1825. Then Wilson must assuredly have lost his head, and as surely the Editor must have been caught napping. In that unlucky ‘Noctes’ Christopher ran amok, in opposition to all his veritable convictions. The eloquent champion of Wordsworth’s ill-appreciated genius roundly declared that he wrote like an idiot—that he was a good man but a bad poet. As if that were not sufficient, he went on to say of Scott: ‘Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer.’ Now, apart from any trivial exceptions to the astounding criticism, it was to Scott he was chiefly indebted for his snug professorial chair, and shortly before he had been hospitably entertained at Rydal Mount, where he had disposed of a whole jar of Miramichi herrings, ‘two of which had been at first produced as a great *bonne bouche* by the ‘Stamp-master.’ Neither Scott nor Wordsworth would have stooped to notice the escapade. It might have been attributed to some other of the brotherhood, and the affair would have blown over. But *pour surcroît de malheur* in that identical article the eccentric Tom Martin of Ballynahinch was called a jackass. The fire-eating Galway man demanded the name of the writer, and would accept no denial. Blackwood was in perplexity and Wilson in despair. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more embarrassing dilemma, for disclosure meant the avowal of almost unpardonable offences. Wilson broke down altogether, and wrote Blackwood a series of pitiable jeremiads: ‘I am absolutely an object of any true friend’s commiseration. To own that article is for a thousand reasons impossible. . . . This avowal would be fatal to my character, to peace, to existence. Say nothing to me that could add to my present misery.’ The reckless but warm-hearted Maginn came to the rescue, offering to accept the responsibility for himself—to which Wilson seems not to have been unwilling to assent—and soothing the angry passions of his countryman at a dinner, for which the bill

was sent to Blackwood. Lockhart drew up a serio-humorous apology for the magazine, and Wilson added a note with the lamest of apologies, saying he had believed that the merry spirit of Mr. Martin would have seen the humour of what at the worst was but a bad joke. 'The Professor,' to the last a conspicuous figure in Princes Street, was a man of the most wayward moods, who abused the privileges of genius. His bursts of phenomenal activity alternated with long periods of hopeless stagnation for which he is always apologising to the much-enduring editor. He passed from despondency to extreme exhilaration and devil-may-careishness, if we may coin the word, and like Johnson he was for ever making solemn vows of reformation and expressing his conviction that Blackwood might rely on a radical change in his habits. But with all his failings and eccentricities, to the last he was the mainstay of the magazine; admired and even adored in the Blackwood household, he heartily responded to the widow's touching appeal, when William Blackwood died; and he remained the staunchest support of herself and her family. Always tender-hearted and true to the claims of friendship, he was, we believe, the only one of the Ettrick Shepherd's old literary colleagues who attended the funeral of the mountain bard on the snow-sprinkled braes of Yarrow. It was a bitter autumn day, but when the other mourners had gone, Wilson remained for long, with uncovered head, bending over the grave of the Shepherd of the 'Noctes.'

That remarkable peasant-genius may rank as the third of the men whom Mrs. Oliphant might have designated 'the makers of the magazine.' All the world is familiar with the humorously touching story which he has told himself with uncompromising candour. The triumphs he scored were the surest vouchers for his gifts, and the best excuse for his childlike vanity. He paraded the innermost sentiments which more worldly-wise men would have concealed. His head was turned by the successes, as by too frequent libations. The herd-boy who had begun by teaching himself to read and to write, who had scratched down his inspirations in quaint calligraphy on a fragment of slate, as the eye in a fine frenzy rolling was turned from time to time to take stock of the wethers, might be forgiven for exaggerating his natural powers. He had an inordinate craving for notoriety, but thanks perhaps to his humble birth and breeding, he had no sense of delicacy and no false modesty. Yet the consciousness of social inferiority

emphasised his sensitiveness to fancied slights. His imperturbable coolness as a petitioner might have been called unblushing impudence, had he been better versed in the refinements of social intercourse. He applied to Scott and Byron and all his brother poets for contributions to be published in his 'Poetic Mirror,' and when they naturally declined, this mocking-bird of song imitated admirably not only their notes but their sentiments. We are indebted to Lockhart for the inimitable scene in Castle Street, when, after passing from 'Mr. Scott' to Watty, he ended by addressing his hostess as Charlotte; but he never exhibited his literary mendicancy in a less pleasing light than when he addressed an invidious petition to Lady Dalkeith, suggesting that she should turn out an old tenant who was 'a mean fellow,' and bestow the vacant farm on the applicant. As Mrs. Oliphant remarks, the Shepherd was always in want of £50, which was owing to vanity as much as Border hospitality, for the little houses of Altrive and Mount Benger were always filled with idle visitors or worthless flatterers, who fooled their host to the top of his bent. So he regarded the part he was made to play in the 'Noctes' with very mingled feelings. He was proud of being the most prominent of that illustrious company; he was pleased with the bursts of poetic eloquence attributed to him, often not unworthy of himself at his best; but his temper was sorely tried, as well it might be, when he was made the butt of the society in its merriest moods. For the Shepherd at his best might almost rank with the Immortals. Passages from 'Kilmeny' have been freely quoted, and beautiful some of them are. But in our opinion they are far surpassed by the sublimity of the ode, beginning 'Dweller 'in Heaven,' in that pitiable failure, 'The Brownie of 'Bodsbeck.' Peace to his memory! He was his own worst enemy, and he never made a greater worldly mistake than when he declined Sir Walter's marvellously good-natured offer of taking him to London for the King's Coronation. The refusal was couched in terms eminently characteristic. Having just taken a farm, it would be thought discreditable if he did not show himself at St. Boswell's Fair, and 'in 'short the thing is utterly impossible.'

It would seem that in the council of three which for a time directed the magazine Blackwood soon asserted his supremacy. It was he who had to accept the responsibility and risks. He had profited by the expostulations of eminent *littérateurs*, and had been worried by legal threats and pro-

ceedings. 'Maga' had apparently sown her wild oats and settled down. Then there came on the scene a new contributor, and nothing can be more suggestive of the strange and fascinating idiosyncrasy of Maginn than the manner in which he presented himself, and the exceeding cordiality of his reception. Wilson and Lockhart welcomed a kindred spirit, and the sobered publisher was betrayed again in to indiscretions in his enthusiasm for the talents of this Irish contributor. Maginn, who was then a schoolmaster in Cork, communicated for a considerable time under veil of the anonymous. Very absurd that mystery seems to us now, but it was scrupulously respected by the council of 'Maga.' Wilson wrote to request articles on all manner of subjects, and there he showed the instinct of the capable editor. For Maginn's adaptability was as wonderful as his versatile facility. Politics and religion, criticism, social essays, sparkling *jeux d'esprit*, satire, invective, and rollicking verse with rather halting rhyme--nothing came amiss to him. Almost at once he plunged Blackwood again into hot water by a bitter attack on Professor Leslie, who placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors. Blackwood, as usual, consented to bear the brunt, but he wrote anxiously to his anonymous contributor for materials to plead justification. Maginn's answer, still signed by fanciful initials, is a model of shrewd craft and cool selfishness. Practically, he tells the editor to take the matter calmly as he does himself, though he adds vaguely that in case of need he would put in an appearance in Edinburgh. His first descent upon the 'Saloon' was equally characteristic. He presented himself as an outraged victim clamorously demanding redress, and then revealed his identity with a laugh, pulling out of his pocket a packet of letters from Blackwood. Already he had given his proofs, as the French say, and his somewhat dangerous assistance had been duly appreciated. As Mrs. Oliphant remarks, not only had he taken chameleon-like the local tone of the convivialists of Ambrose's, but he had given such animation to the social politics of Dublin that they were followed with keen interest in the Scottish capital. His letters frankly disclose the man, and with a curious *naïveté*, bordering on simplicity, he takes it for granted that Blackwood was such another as himself. He was ready to do anything to push the magazine. He would puff it in the Press, and help it financially with puffs of journals or books which would be handsomely paid for. In point of truth, he was utterly unscrupulous. He would

never hesitate at a falsehood that might help a friend; and, to do him justice, his generous mendacity was often akin to virtue; for, as in Wilson's case, he would volunteer to be the scapegoat for articles that the writers dared not avow. On one occasion he proposes to put his name to a laudatory review of Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads' for the 'Quarterly,' the article to be supplied by someone else with a competent knowledge of Spanish. He admits that it might be carrying good-fellowship rather far, but his signature would be a passport to the pages of the periodical. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant, as a lady, is somewhat hard on his faults or foibles, but his fate is another sample of the melancholy calamities of authors, though we believe constitutional recklessness was chiefly to blame. He found his inspiration in jovial excess, and the best of good fellows, hand in glove with everybody, was the most fatal of friends to himself. The Captain Shandon of 'Pendennis' began by refusing remuneration for his work, and ended by putting his hand to anything by which he could earn a sovereign. The sowing of his wild oats never came to an end; he revolved in an ever-recurring vicious circle between the garret and the sponging-house, the tavern and the prison; and we are told that 'in the letters of the younger Blackwoods, during the forties, he appears as a melancholy ghost coming and going about the office in Pall Mall, an apparition filling the young men with speechless horror and pity.'

Again we must use the epithet 'characteristic' as to the extremely comical glimpse of Coleridge. Blackwood sought to enlist the services of that great and erratic genius. The answer came in the form of a protocol, assuming that he was requested to reorganise the magazine, declaring that he was ready to act as London editor or 'Curator,' and laying down the revolutionary lines on which it ought to be run. As Mrs. Oliphant says, the consternation with which the communication was received must certainly have been followed by peals of laughter. There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the man who wrote to Southey about his own unlucky periodical 'The Friend,' 'the plan and execution 'is so utterly unsuitable to the public taste as to preclude 'all rational hopes of its success,' assuming the rôle of subversive dictator as to the 'Maga' of brilliant promise. And the man who had calmly abandoned his children to the charity of friends by no means neglected the main chance. He stipulated for special rates of pay, with adequate remuneration for the duties of 'Curator.' His suggestions

and financial proposals were quietly ignored, and Coleridge was content to fall into the rank and file, and become an occasional contributor to the magazine.

The most life-like portrait of De Quincey—as of Kirkpatrick Sharpe—and we have reason to believe it is not caricatured, is to be found in Dr. Burton's 'Book Hunter,' under the anonym of Papaverius. Burton knew that marvellous eccentricity well, and had frequently befriended him. No man was ever more thoughtful and more thoughtless. He carried to excess the scriptural precept of taking no thought for the morrow, and he was as indifferent to the conventional decencies of dress as Scott's minister of St. Ronan's. The Ettrick Shepherd was for ever in want of £50; the Opium Eater was always urgent for five shillings, though he might have coined his brain into a reasonable fortune. His relations with the magazine were as peculiar as everything else that concerned him. Compared to him, Professor Wilson was the perfection of reliability. He doled out his articles by a page or two at a time, always persistently badgering the long-suffering editor as to the last available hour. He expected that each page should be paid on delivery, though indeed the proceeds of his work had been generally anticipated. Yet it must be remembered that each interlude of distress and despair might have been caused by having emptied his pockets to a beggar. As to his family, he seems to have trusted them in some measure to Providence, but mainly to Blackwood. And Blackwood managed him with the enduring generosity which never failed a friend, but also as one of the strongest though most trying contributors of the team. It was to 'Maga' that De Quincey sent the most immortal of his essays—'The Cæsars' and the dramatic 'Revolt of the Tartars.' For the former, in haggling *more suo* over the pay, he tells how much he has read that he might know what not to write. And there are strange revelations as to his methods of work, if we may take them *au pied de la lettre*. We are apt to regard the brightest wit as the quickest flashes of a lively fancy. Apologising for one of his habitual delays, De Quincey writes:—

'I move slowly whenever I am uncommonly witty. . . . Articles as droll as this I really cannot produce faster. . . . In fact I have never left my paper except on Thursday once to see Professor Wilson, twice during the week to get some breakfast, dinner every day, and to write three letters this morning.'

We may admire his exquisitely finished work the more

when we recall the difficulties under which it was accomplished. He was disturbed, like Mr. Micawber, by the milkman blockading his door and refusing to raise the siege till the little bill was settled. He was perpetually changing his lodgings, abandoning his books, and shirking his creditors. When the present head of the house of Blackwood was a boy, he remembers De Quincey rushing into the bath-room, where he happened to be at lessons, taking a header into the empty bath and drawing the cover over him, for the sheriff-officers were hard at his heels. But we think Mrs. Oliphant must have been mistaken in believing that his end was 'hopeless and pitiful poverty.' At least Dr. Burton writes:—

'In his latter days he was tended by affectionate hands, and I have always thought it a wonderful instance of the power of domestic care and management, that through the ministrations of a devoted offspring, this strange being was so cared for, that those who came in contact with him, then and then only, might have admired him as the patriarchal head of an elegant and agreeable household.'

We pass lightly over some contributors of the second rank, though in their day they made no inconsiderable mark. There was the prolific Galt, a pawkie Defoe, whose special talent always set limits to his soaring ambition, and in whom Blackwood at the first not unnaturally believed as a fair second to Scott. A man of business and a man of letters, he fell at the last upon evil days. His Canadian company came to grief and insolvency; his contributions were often rejected, and his extravagant proposals kindly declined. At that time Croly and Gleig were conspicuous, and the former was as fertile as Galt. He is described as a clerical Irish adventurer, and, like his compatriot Maginn, he was ever to be relied upon for any variety of work. But Croly is one of the examples of the lottery of letters: he worked hard for a high position, and he ought to have escaped oblivion. 'Salathiel,' the romance of the Wandering Jew, has scenes nearly as impressive as Sue's picture of the colossal spectres approaching each other from the opposite shores of the Straits of Behring. 'Salathiel,' by the way, was not published by Blackwood, but the writer can remember with what profound interest he read in his boyhood 'Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman,' which appeared originally in the magazine. Gleig, who we believe threw off in its pages with the 'Subaltern,' continued for fifty years to be a frequent and valued contributor. Another celebrity of the day was 'Tom Cringle.' Unfortunately we hear little of him that we did not know before, and Mrs.

Oliphant assumes that Michael Scott was a young naval officer. But, as it happens, we know something of his family, and in point of fact Scott was a West Indian planter, and possibly the prototype of his own Aaron Bang. We have often heard it asserted, to the praise of his genius, that being no seaman, the inexactness of some nautical details could only be appreciated by experienced mariners.

The first epoch of these most interesting Annals closes with the death of William Blackwood in 1834. We would gladly spare space to go into the details of that pleasant home life, which Mrs. Oliphant describes with the warm sympathy of a lifelong intimacy. Blackwood had been as fortunate in his marriage and in his family as in his business. The business he had founded was flourishing and rapidly extending, and his darling magazine had risen to high reputation and was realising its promise of a world-wide circulation. Beloved and trusted as the stay of his house, his death was a grievous blow to his widow. She had eight sons, and three had entered the publishing firm. Two were serving in the Indian army: the elder was the father of the present representative of the firm, whose younger brother, having betaken himself to his father's career, fell fighting gallantly with his guns at Maiwand. The boys at home were steady, shrewd, and well trained, but they were young. In the hour of grief and anxiety, it was to Wilson that the mother turned with the touching appeal, 'Oh, Professor, you will stand 'by the boys?' The response was hearty, and the ready pledges were kept, so far as ineradicable instincts and inveterate habits admitted. But to the last these much-enduring lads had to hang on Christopher's moods of inspiration when the magazine should have been going to press. As for Lockhart, he was 'fatherly and affectionate,' but engrossed with the 'Quarterly.' The success with which they persevered in the lines their father had laid down is a striking instance of hereditary adaptabilities. There was steady firmness, as well as patience and tact, in their dealings with irritating or exacting contributors. The editorship was still temperately autocratic, as the steering among the shoals was steady and careful. And the spirited young publishers were soon in touch and communications with the brightening lights of a new generation.

Samuel Warren had been a valued contributor in their father's days. Perhaps his letters make the best piece of self-portraiture in the volumes. The shrewd lawyer and man of the world is childlike in his transparent and innocent

vanity. The 'Diary of a late Physician' had brought him literary fame, and the correspondence is filled with laudatory remarks, which had either appeared in the press or been personally addressed to him. Perhaps forwarding these to his editors or publishers seemed to a man by no means indifferent to the main chance as all in the way of business. But the quotations with regard to 'Ten Thousand a Year' are delightfully humorous. The serial was from the first a great success, and while it ran was the *pièce de résistance* of the magazine. The young editors gave all the more attention to it, and their criticisms, sometimes carried into extensive excision, show that they had inherited their father's independence and safe literary judgement. Warren always anticipates objection or depreciation by deafening blasts on his own trumpet. For example, the studies of the Aubreys undeniably verge on the mawkish in sentimentality; consequently he clamorously declares his intense admiration for the work. When the editors take special exception to anything—and there was a grand battle over the Election Committee business, which they actually omitted—the author hastens to take legal or lay opinion to confirm his own profound convictions. The Blackwoods answer courteously, but never cede the points. The novel is in every sense a great one, for it is one of the longest ever written since the time of Richardson—so long that the publishers have been unable to reprint it in handsome form. We have given personal proof of our liking for it by reading it again and again. Yet we heartily agree with Alexander Blackwood, who found many passages 'jar on his fastidious susceptibilities,' and Thackeray, it will be remembered, satirised in his 'Snob Papers' the poignant sorrow of the beggared Aubrey, when he saw his fashionable friends driving down St. James's Street to dinner parties. Still more thoroughly do we agree when Blackwood expresses his detestation of the absurd nomenclature, and we can only marvel that he let it pass. Mr. Dismal Horror, the dissenting ranter, is bad enough; but the schoolmaster, Mr. Hic-haec-hoc, is far worse. Nevertheless it is a great novel, though had it been shorter it would have done more for the author's fame. There is drollery and much excellent fooling in it, and yet Warren must have been weak in the sense of the humorous. Perhaps there is nothing much more pleasant in the comedy of literature than the letter to the Blackwoods on the publication of his 'Now and Then,' in which he maps out the extravagantly laudatory review he expects to see published in 'Maga.'

Among the many who either volunteered or contributed, poor young Bramwell Brontë undoubtedly takes the palm for self-assurance. As a boy of sixteen he writes to suggest that, as the older supporters must be dying out, he is willing to take the burden of the magazine on his shoulders, nor has he the shadow of a doubt as to his capability. John Sterling, whose fame by a freak of fortune has surpassed his performances, had as good an opinion of himself as Samuel Warren. The appropriately named Savage Landor—the Lawrence Boythorne of ‘Bleak House’—comes down truculently and with terrible threats on a compositor, to whom he professes to attribute emendations and interpolations in a manuscript. He cannot conceive that a responsible editor could have been guilty of such sacrilege. A much-esteemed contributor, ready to turn his hand to anything, was the Rev. James White, who showed his versatility by sending ‘Sir Frizzle ‘Pumpkin, or Nights at Mess,’ from the tranquil solitude of his country curacy. His son and namesake all through life was one of the closest friends of the late John Blackwood. It was no fault of the elder White that he did not do the magazine an invaluable piece of service, for he offered an introduction to Thackeray. He writes to Robert Blackwood: ‘By the by there is a friend of mine that I promised to introduce to you. He is the cleverest of all the London writers, I think—his name is Thackeray. . . . He is shy, I suppose, for he said he wished you would *invite* him to contribute.’ Shy as he was, Thackeray wrote in January 1810 to Alexander Blackwood, offering articles which would have been something in the manner of the ‘Roundabout Papers.’ If the communication was acknowledged, the offer was declined, and Thackeray seems never to have renewed it. All mortals are liable to error, but perhaps the conductors of ‘Maga’ never made a more unfortunate mistake. Thackeray and John Blackwood became great allies, yet we think we remember in Aytoun’s Life, that the reserved author ventured to hint to the Professor of Belles Lettres his surprise that the works which had made him famous had never been noticed in the magazine.

Even Sir Archibald Alison had to put up with the free application of the pruning knife to certain contributions in political economy. Yet at that time his ‘History’ had been running from volume to volume, a phenomenal trade triumph. Successful and lucrative as it was, the young publishers ventured to suggest that it might be advantageously condensed or curtailed. These

suggestions had no perceptible effect, and indeed the Mr. Wordy of Lord Beaconsfield might have replied that •diffuseness had never interfered with his popularity. To that period belong various distinguished contributors, only dwarfed by the renown of their precursors. 'Thomas 'Ingoldsby' wrote 'My Cousin Nicholas' in his own inimitable vein, the most characteristic touch being the scene where the scapegrace prodigal cuts his father. The brilliant Israelite, Samuel Phillips, contributed the remarkable novel of 'Caleb Stukely.' Mrs. Oliphant pronounces it gloomy, and possibly it was, for the gifted author was a confirmed invalid. We remember it impressed us strongly, and the conductors agreed, for in Phillips' case they infringed their general rule, and began publishing when but two or three numbers were written. The Hardmans, father and son, for very many years did invaluable service. The younger Hardman, one of John Blackwood's valued friends, was 'Times' correspondent in many countries, before accepting the post in Paris, which he held at the beginning of the Franco-German War. Cosmopolitan as he was, he was a man of prejudices, and no Frenchman spoke more bitterly of the Prussians, for their making firewood of Buhl cabinets and annexing clocks. He had seen service with the Carlists, and his 'Student of Salamanca' has a series of most vivid pictures of the horrors of an irregular and guerilla war. And he was as much at home in the prairies of Texas as in the sierras and depoblados of the Peninsula. At that time Mrs. Oliphant herself appeared on the scene where she was to play so many parts as *prima donna*. It was through Major Blackwood, the father of the present representative of the house, that she formed the connexion which was to endure to the end. 'I recollect well the aspect of the mild and courteous 'soldier . . . which marked the individuality of this one 'figure in a literary group, by no means so distinguished.' The story sent 'in trembling' was 'Katie Stewart,' for which the Major's younger brother John, in gratitude perhaps for these first fruits of the lady's pen, always expressed unbounded admiration. At the close of the volume Mrs. Oliphant tells the touching story, which we cannot quote at length and will not spoil by curtailing, of how, when she returned to Edinburgh as a youthful widow, with her a young family dependent on her exertions, she renewed relations with the firm through her good friend 'The Major,' and passing from despondency to hopeful exhilaration,

launched herself anew on the literary world with 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.'

Bulwer began his connexion with 'Maga' by spirited translations from Schiller. As a metrical translator from the German few have excelled him, and his rendering of Bürger's ballad of 'Wilhelm and Leonore' is, in our opinion, far preferable to that of Scott. 'The Caxtons,' deliberately planned and carefully bargained for—Bulwer in some respects was an ideal man of business—marked the turning-point in his career. The man of fashion and sensation became the man of thought, and struck into fresh veins which showed the richness of his resources. He came out also as the brilliant essayist; yet, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, he could never altogether shake himself free from his earlier affectations and redundancy of fluid rhetoric. 'The Caxtons' was followed by 'My Novel,' to which he naturally attached even greater importance. In truth, it is a grand and living panorama of English life in all its aspects. But what strikes us most in these revelations of the stately and superfine Lord Lytton is a modesty of which we should never have suspected him. He writes to John Blackwood, who might have been his son:—

'As our object is precisely the same—viz. to produce an effective work which may do credit to us both—so I have only to repeat that if you see cause to doubt the key in which this is pitched, I am quite ready to lay it aside. In truth, I have taken so much pains with it and rewritten parts so often that I have got bothered with it, and really feel unable to form an opinion on its faults or merits. You will come to it freshly and will therefore judge much better.'

We may add that Lord Lytton never showed his versatility more than in 'The Parisians,' the last of his novels which appeared in 'Maga,' but which does not come within the compass of these volumes. John Blackwood chuckled over the mystification when it was attributed to Laurence Oliphant and sundry others, but seldom or never to the actual author. Kinglake, Hamley, Aytoun, and Laurence Oliphant may be said to be men of the future, and will doubtless be fully chronicled in the forthcoming volume. Hamley and John Blackwood were the staunchest of friends, but from the first the civilian had recognised the rich literary gifts of the accomplished soldier. Blackwood expresses himself forcibly as to 'The Story of the [Crimean] Campaign':—

'If the public do not take to that book they are beasts. I read it over from beginning to end two nights ago, and I rose from it with

the feeling that the writer was one of the most wonderful men who ever lived. That such a book should have been written in such circumstances (in the camp before Sebastopol) is truly marvellous.'

Well might he say so; and when the story of the war was rewritten in Hamley's later days, each one of the young Captain's prognostications had been verified, and the writer had literally nothing to retract.

The last of the notable personages brought on the stage is George Eliot. She was as sensitive to criticism as Lord Lytton was amenable. 'Mr. Blackwood, accustomed to such invitations to criticism as were contained in the letters of Bulwer Lytton, as well as of many more humble persons, fell at once under her influence.' We have often heard him recall his feelings when he first read the manuscript of 'The Fortunes of Amos Barton,' though he merely remarks in his letter to George Lewis that 'I think your friend's reminiscences of Clerical Life will do,' which must certainly have been somewhat discouraging to the hyper-sensitive novice. Like Maginn and others, the lady for long kept religiously the secrets of her name and sex. As for Hamley, for once he differed from the Editor, showing something less than his usual acumen. He suggested that the author might possibly be a man of science. 'Adam Bede' came to clench the brilliant success of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and William and John Blackwood began to believe that they had lighted on the second Scott their father had been seeking in vain. But with 'Adam Bede' the story breaks off—to be continued in a concluding volume. As we said in the opening paragraphs, it is the quintessence of candid autobiography.

- ART. III.—1. *Travels in Nubia*. By JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT. London: 1822.
2. *Report on the Soudan*. By the late Lieut.-Colonel STEWART. (Egypt, No. 11.) Parliamentary Papers. London: 1883.
3. *L'Egypte Contemporaine*. By PAUL MERRUAN. Paris: 1858.
4. *Reports on the Province of Dongola*. By C. DAWKINS and W. E. GARSTIN. (Egypt, No. 3.) Parliamentary Papers. London: 1897.

THE expedition brought last year to a successful conclusion by Sir Herbert Kitchener resulted in the restoration to Egypt of no less than four hundred and forty miles of Nile valley abandoned in 1885. Since then, by the renewed advance of the same General, again admirably conducted, upon Abu Hamed and Berber, a further length of some three hundred and fifty miles of river has been won back to civilisation, and the Berber and Suakin route has again been opened. There is, of course, no doubt that before long the Egyptian flag will wave once more over Khartum; and it may be of interest, whilst the Anglo-Egyptian forces are steadily pressing to the South, to take stock, as it were, from time to time of the character of the country thus re-acquired.

Last year's operations resulted in the acquisition of Dongola, a province forming a portion of the once important kingdom of Nubia, a State which for many centuries played a considerable part in Egyptian history. This kingdom was itself included in the vast empire known to the Egyptians, and also to the Hebrews, by the name of Kush, or Ethiopia. The confines of this area are difficult to assign, as the entire country south of Syene, the modern Assuan, would appear to have been once so styled. The inhabitants, again, would seem to have been termed Ethiopians or Nubians indifferently. The Romans certainly defined the latter as a distinct people, for in the reign of Diocletian, weary of the endless warfare entailed by the possession of Nubia, they withdrew their garrisons north of Assuan, and made a treaty with the Nubæ, or Nubatæ, that these last should defend the frontier against the attacks of the Blemmye tribes. The northern boundary of Kush was fixed by the granite barriers of the Assuan Cataract, and by the rocky chain which here extends on either side of the Nile

Valley. To the east the Red Sea formed a clearly marked geographical limit, while to the west the Libyan Desert stretched to a practically boundless extent. To the south, however, it is impossible to fix a point at which it can be asserted that the frontiers of Ethiopia were reached. The Egyptians, in the 12th Dynasty, implanted their civilisation as far south as Meroë, and perhaps even further, but to them there must always have been an unexplored land beyond. The same must have been the case with the Greeks and the Romans, and any speculations on the subject lose themselves in the impenetrable mists which surround the history of the earlier periods of this portion of the African continent.

The Nile Valley has in the past been overrun by many different races, and the invaders, in every instance, set their faces steadily southwards, endeavouring to ascend the mysterious river, and to penetrate the unknown regions from which it took its source. The struggle, as a rule, proved too severe for them, and they retired baffled, finding that the fertile plains of Egypt were easier to hold and better worth keeping than the narrow strip of soil wrested by the river from the Ethiopian deserts. Upon the few who did remain the outraged deities who claimed the Nile as their own took revenge. They gradually despoiled these intruders of their racial characteristics, and slowly but surely fashioned them into one general type. Few things are more remarkable to the traveller visiting Nubia than the reproduction, in the inhabitants of almost every village, of the features represented in the old sculptures and monuments of some four thousand years ago. Even in Upper Egypt the above fact is apparent, but nowhere is it so striking as in Nubia. There, no matter how strong the vitality of the original race, its descendants have, after a few generations of residence in the river-valley, invariably lost all resemblance to the parent stock, and have developed into one common and unchanging mould. To the foregoing one exception must, however, be made. The tribes of pure Arab blood and descent have retained the traces of their origin in a striking degree, and bear little resemblance either in feature or in character to their neighbours dwelling further north. It may be that this is due to constant replenishment of the blood, or to the fact that they inhabit those portions of the Sudan lying within the influence of the annual rainfall, and are consequently not absolutely dependent upon the river for the support of life. Whatever

the reason, it is indubitable that the Nubian type disappears, and the Arab type commences, in the vicinity of Debba, a place which is yearly blessed with a certain amount of rain.

Of the early history of Ethiopia only occasional glimpses are obtainable. The comparatively few travellers who have visited the Upper Nile have been content to occupy themselves with the study of the country and its inhabitants, rather than with an investigation of the story to be revealed by its monuments. It is true that Lepsius, Champollion, Burckhardt, Hoskins, and, more recently, Mariette and Bayard Taylor, have thrown a certain amount of light upon the archæology of this region; but as regards the details of its history the field is practically still virgin. The Pharaohs of the 12th Dynasty built the temples and pyramids of Meroë, the ancient Saba, and for nearly one thousand years Egypt was mistress of the whole Nile Valley as far south as Shendy. Under the weak rule of the Priest-Kings she gradually lost her hold of the southern provinces, and in the eighth century B.C. the Ethiopians so far gained the mastery that they became kings of Upper Egypt, and for a period of some fifty years reigned at Thebes, forming what is known as the 25th Dynasty. Of the part played by the Ethiopians during the Persian domination of Egypt very little record is existent. Herodotus relates how Cambyses, in the sixth century B.C., attempted to invade the country south of Assuan. His expedition ended in disastrous failure, as his soldiers, losing themselves in the desert, were reduced to cannibalism, and only a small remnant of the great army ever succeeded in returning to Egypt. Of the Ptolemaic rule in Nubia, again, not very much is chronicled; but that this Dynasty held sway over the country as far south as Korti, writings and maps attest. The portion of the Nile Valley lying between this place and Assuan was styled by the Greeks 'Dodescaschoenus,' on account of its length.*

The first historian making a serious attempt to record events in Ethiopia was Strabo, who travelled in Egypt during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, the country being at that time a Roman province. He describes the invasion (in B.C. 24) of Southern Egypt by the Ethiopians, under Queen Candace, whose capital was at Napata, the modern Merawi. He relates how Petronius, the Roman prefect, retaliated by

* Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

entering her country with an army, destroying Napata, and putting to flight the queen. For several centuries after this event a ceaseless warfare would seem to have been waged between the Romans and the Ethiopians, until, as has been before mentioned, the former, in the reign of Diocletian (A.D. 295-6), withdrew their garrisons, and made a treaty with the Nubians for the defence of the frontier. Of the Christian period somewhat more is known. Although, in the fourth century after Christ, Theodosius declared all Egypt to have embraced Christianity, that faith would not appear to have spread to Nubia until the fifth century, when the Monophysites threw off their allegiance to the Orthodox Patriarch. From the sixth to the fourteenth century, in spite of the Arab conquest (A.D. 638), Christianity held its own in Nubia, and a Christian king reigned at Old Dongola. The Mahomedan caliphs of Egypt apparently left the country entirely unmolested during this period, merely insisting upon their suzerainty being acknowledged by the payment of a yearly tribute of slaves. Abu-Salih, the Armenian, writing in the early years of the thirteenth century, gives an interesting description of the Christian era.* He states that there were at that time seven episcopal sees in Nubia, and, further, that as many as four hundred churches existed in the district of Alwah alone.† The patron saint was St. Mark the Evangelist, and Christianity would seem to have extended as far south as Sennaar. Thirteen kings, he tells us, reigned in Nubia, under the authority of Cyriacus, whom he styles the 'Great King,' and he recounts many curious legends and customs regarding this period. The Nubian kings were at the same time priests, and personally celebrated the liturgy in the sanctuary. This they were permitted to do only so long as they abstained from killing a man with their own hands. Should they infringe this rule the privilege was withdrawn from them, and never restored. In the eighth century after Christ the Nubians made a last invasion of Egypt, but at the request of the Egyptian patriarch recrossed the frontier after a very short stay. Even in the fifteenth century portions of Nubia must have remained faithful to Christianity. The Arab historian

* *Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt*, by Abu-Salih. Translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A., 1895.

† From its description Alwah appears to correspond with the modern Halfaiyah.

Macrizi, who himself visited the country, describes the boundary between the Christian and the Moslem districts as being at Yosto, a place which Burckhardt considers to have been the frontier of the Dongola province.* Early in the fourteenth century the Arab tribes of the Beni Umayyah invaded the southern portion of the Nile Valley, conquering the negro rulers, and converting them to Islamism.† They founded the great Sultanate of Sennaar, which in the eighteenth century attained such importance. The Arab invasion continued, and the Moslems spread all over Nubia, entering the country from the north, as well as from the east. By the end of the fifteenth century Christianity had entirely disappeared. During the next two hundred years this region was the theatre of endless warfare and of continual change of rulers.

After Mehemet Ali's massacre of the Mamluks at Cairo in 1811, the survivors fled to Nubia, making their headquarters at New Dongola, which was called in consequence 'El 'Ordeh,' or 'The Camp.' They endeavoured to work their way further south, but were defeated by the Shagiyeh Arabs, a powerful tribe inhabiting the valley of the Nile from Debba to Kirbeka. Foiled in this attempt, the Mamluks revenged themselves upon the Danagla, who were unable to offer any serious resistance. Their tyranny was so great that the whole district fell into a state of anarchy, and trade with Egypt well-nigh ceased.‡ Mehemet Ali resolved to conquer the country, and in 1820 sent an army to Assuan, under the command of his son, Ismail Pasha. The latter invaded Nubia, meeting with no opposition until he reached the territory occupied by the Shagiyeh. These he defeated, and eventually reduced the whole area, including Sennaar, to subjection. His behaviour to the inhabitants was marked by such extreme barbarity that, driven to despair, they determined to revenge themselves. Upon his return journey Ismail was burnt alive at Shendy, while reposing in his hut after an orgie. The perpetrator of this act of retribution was a Jaalin chief named Malik Nimr, *anglicè* 'King Tiger,' who was the last of the deposed kings.§ This tragedy gave rise to terrible reprisals on the part of the Turks. The celebrated Daftardar, Mahommed

* Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

† Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, 'Report on the Soudan.' Egypt, No. 11, 1883.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

Ali, succeeded to the command at the death of Ismail Pasha. This man, who on account of his cruelties was surnamed 'The Butcher,' devastated the country to such an extent, that the state of ruin into which it gradually lapsed may be said to date from his time. He exported the people wholesale to Egypt, to serve as recruits for his master's (Mehemet Ali) army. At the same time he levied taxes to an exorbitant degree, and called upon the inhabitants to pay far more than they could possibly raise from the produce of the land.* To such straits were they eventually reduced that they were unable to till the soil, and large areas of land were thrown out of cultivation. This policy was continued with such effect by the Turkish governors who succeeded him, that the once fertile provinces fell into a state of poverty from which they have never since recovered. In 1856, Said Pasha, the then Viceroy of Egypt, visited Nubia, and, struck by the misery which everywhere prevailed, endeavoured to introduce a series of humane reforms, which, had they been put into effect, would have gone far towards repairing the ruin caused by his predecessors. Unfortunately, he did not stay to see that his regulations were enforced, and the Turkish officials continued to rob and oppress the people as before. During the reign of the Khedive Ismail, Nubia became a place of banishment for all the bad characters of Egypt, and the latter emptied her prisons into the former. Lawless bands of Bashi-Bazuks infested the whole country, plundering and maltreating the inhabitants with impunity.† The arrival upon the scene of Gordon Pasha, and the subsequent events which terminated in the rebellion of 1883, are too recent to need any description here.

At the commencement of the present century the Sudan proper was divided into three kingdoms—Sennaar, Darfur, and Kordofan. The first of these was again subdivided into nine separate States, or 'Dars,' each under a semi-independent ruler, or 'malik.' These 'Dars' were called Sukkot, Mahass, Dongola, Monasir, Isyut, Robatab, Berber, Shendy, and Halfaiyah.‡ The province of Dongola was at that time considerably smaller in area than at present. To the north, the 'Dars' of Sukkot and Mahass formed separate States; and to the south the district of Ambigol

* Paul Merruan, '*L'Egypte Contemporaine*,' 1858.

† Report on the Soudan. Egypt, No. 11, 1883.

‡ A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola, by an American in the service of his Highness. Cairo, 1822.

was the dividing limit between Dongola and Monasir. At the present moment the province is divided into eleven districts—viz. Sukkot, Mahass, Hafir, Argo, El Ordeh, Khandak, Dongola el-Aguz, Ambigol, Merawi-Bahri, and Merawi-Kibli.* Each of these is placed under the charge of a ‘mampur,’ or civil sub-governor, who is responsible for the collection of the revenue, &c. Previous to the rebellion the northern frontier was fixed at Khor-Musa, five miles south of Wadi-Halfa. The southern boundary was then Hagar-el-Beda, or ‘El Kab,’ which is situated some hundred miles upstream of Merawi. The total length of the province was at that time about 514 miles. Since last year’s expedition the northern limit has been changed, and is now at Akasheh, eighty-seven miles south of Wadi-Halfa. The southern frontier is, for the present, Bellal, a point eleven miles east of Merawi.† These alterations reduce the total length to some 358 miles.

The entrance to the Sudan from Egypt is guarded by a succession of natural barriers, forming what might almost be described as a series of Titanic steps, of varying height and length, through which the river finds its way to the north. The first of these—the Assuan Cataract—is comparatively small. At Wadi-Halfa the second and most important of all is met with; and, following out the above simile, the entire region, comprising the Second and Third Cataracts, may be compared to a gigantic stair. This surmounted, the plateau extending from Hannek to Merawi is attained. Not far south of the latter place, however, a fourth and extremely long and difficult step, in the shape of a series of cataracts, bars the way. This traversed, Abu Hamed is reached. Between this point and Khartum further difficulties are encountered in the rapids known as the Fifth and Sixth Cataracts, the first of which forms a very formidable obstacle to navigation. Indeed, the last expedition has demonstrated that the difficulties of these two cataracts had been underrated; and there is, in truth, hardly a worse rapid on the river between Assuan and Berber than that of ‘El Bagier,’ some eighteen miles north of the Fifth Cataract. That the steamers passed successfully through these long reaches of bad water reflects the greatest credit on the English and Egyptian officers engaged

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.

† The above was written previous to the capture of Abu Hamed by the Egyptian troops.

in the work. Another most formidable obstacle has been discovered still higher up the Nile in a ridge of rock that extends nearly across the river a little below the junction of the Atbara. At low water this ridge, called by the Arabs 'Um Tiur,' is said to form a clear drop of two or three feet, and thus through navigation between Berber and Metemmeh during the summer months is impossible. It may be necessary ultimately to prolong the new railway a few miles north of Berber in order to get beyond this obstruction. The desert railway to Abu Hamed, constructed at an average rate of more than one mile per diem, when one recalls the difficulties due to climate and transport, and especially the waterless district traversed, has been a veritable triumph of good management and persistent effort, and it is impossible to praise too highly Lieutenant Girouard and the Egyptian Army Railway Corps, by whom the work was carried through.

It is, however, with the province of Dongola more especially that we wish to deal. In that portion of the Nile Valley which contains the Second and Third Cataracts, the river has forced itself a tortuous passage through a succession of deep gorges and precipitous clefts. Its course is continuously barred by massive piles of granite and porphyry, through or over which it has succeeded in finding a channel. These obstructions form, during the period of low water, a series of rapids, most of which are impassable for boats. The cultivated area upon either bank is limited, and although probably at one time of greater extent than at present, could never, from the physical formation of the valley, have been of any considerable importance. This district, which comprises the old kingdoms of Dar Sukkot and Dar Mahass, has a total length of some 236 miles, with a total fall in the river bed of 264 feet, or rather more than one foot per mile. The scenery of this tract is wild in the extreme. From Wadi-Halfa to Dal, a distance of one hundred miles, the desert on either hand is known to the Arabs by the appropriate name of the 'Batn-el-Hagar,' or 'Belly of Stones,' and a more grimly desolate region it is impossible to imagine. As far as the eye can see, and in every direction, extends an expanse of black rock, interspersed with stretches of yellowish-grey shingle. Peaks of the most fantastic and irregular shapes stand up on every side, and the jagged blocks are piled one upon another in bewildering confusion. It might almost be fancied that the whole had once been an ocean, which in the height of

its disturbance had been suddenly petrified into rigidity. Through this dreary waste the river has torn out a path. Its course can be traced, upon close approach, by the fringe of date palms which lines its banks. Wild as it is, this district is not devoid of a peculiar beauty of its own. Its very ruggedness and loneliness, when viewed through the magical medium of the Nubian atmosphere, have a certain charm, which perhaps affects the observer more strongly than do softer and more romantic scenes. The morning and evening effects present a daily succession of the most enchanting pictures. Just before the sun rises the whole desert becomes tinged with a faint creamy pink or salmon colour, while the distant peaks are flushed with the most delicate rose, amber, and violet tints imaginable. The rocks in the foreground meanwhile stand out, a series of cold grey masses, their shadows being marked by splashes of vivid brown. With evening, again, the beauty of the colouring is, if anything, intensified. For some minutes after the sun has disappeared below the horizon the brightness fades away, and the whole landscape becomes swathed in a transparent veil of pearly grey, which is apparently the precursor of the darkness. Suddenly a faint ray of light shoots up from the point which marks the path of the departed sun. This is speedily followed by many similar heralds of the coming transformation. The colours gradually deepen and grow brighter, until the whole western sky is enveloped in a sheet of the most brilliant flame. Orange merges into crimson, crimson into rose, which again dissolves into luminous gradations of purple, violet and blue. Directly overhead a shade of exquisite pale green marks the limits of the illumination. Through all these tints there glows a wondrous metallic lustre, which is quite indescribable, and to which no artist could ever, in the slightest degree, do justice.

The Nile scenery in Sukkot and Mahass recalls portions of the Rhine Valley. The resemblance is heightened by the remains of the old fortresses which crown many of the crags. These, with their bastions and castellated towers, might well be mistaken for the ruins of Rolandseck or Drachenfels. The view looking up and down the river from Dulgo is one of extreme beauty. On the west bank a dark green belt of trees slopes down to the water's edge, and in the background extends a range of picturesquely shaped hills. These at sunset are bathed in a golden haze,

which softens their hard outlines and veils their barrenness. A richly wooded island adds to the picture, and, were it not for the 'shadowed livery' of the inhabitants and the never-ending plague of flies, one might easily for the moment imagine oneself in Europe. Keddain, again, with its isolated hills guarding, one on either bank, the black mass of the Khaibar Cataract; Kosheh, with its noble stretch of river and pyramidal rock; Firket, with its striking cliff standing sentinel over the scene of last year's battle; Abri, with its sloping pebbly beach, christened by the English officers the 'Brighton of the Sudan,' may one and all be instanced as beautiful spots which impress themselves vividly upon the memory. Even the scenery of the Dal rapid, which marks the head of the Second Cataract, possesses a savage wildness which almost amounts to beauty. The river here rushes between rocky islands, some of them of considerable extent, and containing the remains of once important fortresses. These islands, long uninhabited, are now covered with a thick growth of acacia and tamarisk trees, the brilliant green of which makes a perfect contrast with the glistening black of the rocks and the opal tints of the water. The east bank is flanked by a line of frowning cliffs, while to the west stretches the Libyan Desert. A writer* has well described this place as follows :—

'All the refuse odds and ends of creation, the pieces left after the rocks and mountains of the rest of the world were fashioned, have been thrown out together here. A sea of black stone mounds, out of which rise occasional mounds of still blacker stone, and long chains of rugged peaks.'

Cultivation in this region is at present practically non-existent. What little the Turk left disappeared with the advent of the Dervish Emir Wad-el-Nejumi in 1889. The latter in marching northwards forced the entire population of Mahass and Sukkot to accompany him, at the same time seizing their cattle, destroying their sakihs, and cutting down their palm trees. The tract to this day bears silent witness to the destruction which he wrought; the population has never returned, and with the exception of a very few centres, the river banks are practically deserted. Previous to the year 1820 these two districts must have been in a flourishing condition, if an anonymous American writer who

accompanied Ismail Pasha's expedition is to be credited.* He waxes enthusiastic about the fertility and prosperity of these places, more especially as regards Sukkot. He describes the fertile islands, the succession of villages, the teeming population, and the thick groves of trees. Finally he says:—

‘The country bordering the river is a beautiful plain: as far as the eye can reach, as fertile as land can be, and covered with a great variety of trees, plants, and fields of corn, comparable to which in point of luxurious fertility Egypt itself cannot show. The whole country is absolutely overwhelmed with the products of the very rich soil of which it consists.’

It is difficult to associate this description with the region as it is at present, and to understand where or how ‘beautiful plains’ could lie in the narrow strip of land between the cliffs and the desert. Making due allowance, however, for exaggeration in these statements, they would certainly seem to show that previous to the Turkish occupation these two districts enjoyed considerable prosperity. The tyranny and oppression of Mohammed Bey and his successors speedily brought about their inevitable result, and travellers visiting the country some thirty years later record a very different state of things to the above.

The southern portions of the Dongola Province, lying between Hannek and Merawi, a distance of nearly 200 miles, differ largely from those just described. The desert on either side of the river is undulating and comparatively low. A band of cultivation more or less continuous is met with on both banks. Palm trees are abundant along the line of the Nile, and in many places luxuriant growths of trees skirt the edge of the water. The slope of the river and country is gradual, being under five inches per mile, or less by one-half than that ruling in the cataract region. The east bank of the Nile is here bounded by the Nubian Desert, or ‘Atmur,’ i.e. without water, which, extending in an unbroken sheet to the ridges bordering the Red Sea, is inhabited chiefly by Arabs of the Bisharin and Ababda tribes. On the west bank is the so-called Libyan Desert, but in the immediate vicinity of the Dongola Province the general level is broken by several large ‘wadis’ or valleys. For nearly half the length of the province, i.e. from Hannek to Debba, the great depression known by the name of the

* A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola. Cairo, 1822.

Wadi-el-Kab runs parallel to the river for some 130 miles. It contains a line of eight to ten oases, and wells are fairly numerous. It is, as its name implies, the home of the Kababish tribe of Arabs, who congregate round the wells and use it for pasturing their flocks. As the southern end of this valley is within the limits of the rainy zone, good grazing ground is to be found during certain seasons of the year. A ridge separates this wadi from the Nile, the intervening desert rising from the latter for a considerable distance, and afterwards sloping down to the valley in a succession of terraces. The lowest portions of the Wadi-el-Kab must be considerably below the level of the river when in flood. Although the depression is continuous, sundry rocky bars traverse it at different points of its length. South of Debba the Bayuda Desert, in area many thousands of square miles, fills up the whole space bounded by that great bend of the river upon which are situated Omdurman, Shendy, Berber, Abu Hamed, Merawi, and Debba. It is traversed by numerous wadis, forming the chief caravan routes, and along which wells are found at intervals. The Wadi-Abu-Dom stretches like a chord from Metemmeh to Korti, the Nile itself forming the arc. This line, and the wells of Jakdul and Abu Klea, will always be associated in the minds of Englishmen with the memorable march made by Sir Herbert Stewart and the desert column in 1884. The Wadi-Mukattam commences some sixty miles west of Omdurman, joining the Nile at Debba, and is the main route followed by caravans between the Nile and El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. As a considerable portion of the Bayuda Desert lies within the area visited by the annual rains, and as all parts of it are subject at times to heavy storms, much of its surface is covered with scrub and low trees. The principal tribes inhabiting it are the Kababish, Hawawir, Sowarab, and Hassaniyeh, while the Jaalin are settled upon the river banks adjacent. Above Merawi the aspect of the country changes rapidly, the Nile running for some eighty miles through a rocky wilderness very similar in appearance and sterility to the Batn-el-Hagar, and here the dangerous rapids known as the Fourth Cataract are met with. From Abu Hamed to Berber the desert is again comparatively flat, but the navigation of the river is extremely difficult. The rapids of the Fifth Cataract occur in this reach, and form even in flood a formidable obstacle to the passage of boats. A few miles south of Berber the Atbara River joins the Nile, the angle between the two channels

forming what was once known as the 'Island of Meroë,' and here the famous ruins of Saba or Meroë are to be found. Between the Atbara and Khartum no special difficulties to navigation are encountered, and the country is generally open. The Sixth Cataract, although not formidable in itself, might with little trouble be rendered nearly impregnable were the heights of the narrow gorge through which the river here passes to be fortified.

But to return to the Province of Dongola. In ascending the river from Hannek it is worth while to notice the curious defences of the little village of Hafir on the western bank, the scene of the action between the Dervishes and the Egyptian gunboats. A wide plain, rising gradually as it recedes from the river, stretches away westward. Upon the high ground, well out of the range of the Egyptian guns, was massed the Dervish army. The severe fire which saluted the steamers was produced from a few small trenches parallel to the river, and not far from the water's edge. These were little more than two feet in depth by some eight feet in width. The only protection to the riflemen was afforded by a small parapet, about two feet six inches in height, raised in front of each trench. These parapets were pierced with rude loopholes, by means of which the fire was directed. The guns were located in two small forts; but in each instance the safety of the occupants was entirely due to their invisibility from the steamers. A few miles south of Hafir the island of Argo, twenty miles long, with an average breadth of two miles, is approached. This was once an independent kingdom, and possessed a royal family of its own, whose descendants exist to this day.* It must at one time have been extremely fertile, as traces of extensive cultivation and numerous remains of villages and wells are still visible. At the present moment the interior is entirely waste, and it is only on the lands bordering the river that any crop is raised. The line of an old canal, now choked with sand-drift, is easily followed. Argo also contains the ruins of what must once have been a large temple. This tract, if seriously taken in hand, might be restored to its former fertility with comparatively small difficulty.

The village of New Dongola (El-Ordeh), on the west bank of the river, is surrounded by a large and shallow depression which is connected with the Nile at either end. This in flood time becomes a swamp, and must tend to make the place

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897

liable to malarious exhalations. At one time the traces of a fort and castle, supposed to have been erected by the Mamluks, existed, but these have now almost disappeared. The remains of the earthworks thrown up by Mustapha Yawar, the Mudir of Dongola, during the English expedition are still visible. The town once contained a large and important mosque, but this is now roofless and dismantled, having been destroyed by the Dervishes, who prohibited worship in any building not erected under the auspices of the Mahdi. North of the old town lies the present military station, the troops all housed in 'tukuls,' or straw huts plastered with mud. The white ants are, however, so numerous and destructive that the framings have to be constantly renewed. In the military storehouse, the old 'Beit-el-Mal,' is to be seen an enormous heap of dried dates collected by the Dervishes. This mass, which must contain many tons of dates, supplies good fodder for the horses and camels of the force. New Dongola was at one time the centre of a considerable commerce. It owed its importance chiefly to the fact that several of the principal desert trade-routes converge upon the river at this point. The Dervishes, possibly because of the unhealthiness of the site, did not inhabit Dongola itself, but constructed their village, or 'deym,' on the high land in the desert at some distance. This 'deym' is a fairly well-constructed block of buildings, with wide streets and houses built of unburnt bricks. The house of the Emir, Wad-el-Bishara, is a substantial and comfortable edifice, with large rooms and courtyards, and certain pretensions as regards architecture.

For some distance before the town of Old Dongola (Dongola el-Aguz) is reached, the commanding bluff upon which it is situated is visible on the east bank of the river. From this place, which is thirty-five miles south of El-Khandak, the province takes its name. Founded, according to Slatin,* by a slave named Dangal, who during the early Christian period rose to be ruler of the district, the town was once the most important centre of the district, and was the capital of the Christian kings of Nubia. It is now in ruins, but its remains show that it must formerly have covered a very considerable area. The writer before quoted, Abu-Salih, the Armenian, thus describes it:—

'Here is the throne of the king. It is a large city on the banks of

* Fire and Sword in the Soudan, by Rudolf Slatin Pasha; translated by Lieut.-Colonel Wingate, C.B.

the blessed Nile, and contains many churches and large houses and wide streets. The king's house is lofty, with several domes made of red brick, and resembles the buildings of Al-Irak, and the novelty was introduced by Raphael, who was King of Nubia in the year 392 of the Arabs (A.D. 1002).'*

The remains of many stone and brick houses are still standing, and even at the period of the Mamluk invasion the place retained some importance. This site should repay exploration, as being not unlikely to yield interesting relics of the early Christian era. An old canal took off from the river near at hand, but it seems doubtful whether it was ever completed. The important military post of Debba, the 'Pselscis' of the Romans,† is established on the western branch of the Nile, nearly forty miles south of Old Dongola. Here the Bayuda Desert commences, and from here starts the trade-route to El Obeid. A fort has been built, and the camp is well laid out. The station should be a healthy one, situated as it is upon dry sand high above the river, and well placed as regards the north wind. Debba forms one of the line of fortified posts which block the advance of the Dervishes across the Bayuda Desert from Omdurman. Still ascending the river, and passing the old castles of Abkar and Dufar on the east, and that of Hetani on the west bank, the village of Ambigol is reached. This was formerly the headquarters of the district which bears its name, but with the military occupation the offices have been transferred to Korti, some five miles further upstream, from which point the desert column started for Metemmeh in 1884. The present camp is constructed upon that formerly made use of by the English force, and the fort built by the latter still stands. At Tangasi, some twenty miles upstream of Korti, several caravan routes strike the river, and a market is held bi-weekly, largely attended by representatives of the principal Arab tribes: Shagiyeh from Merawi, Kababish and Hawawir from the western desert, and even Jaalin from Metemmeh. These last bring in cattle for sale, but the Khalifa has of late done his best to stop the trade. South of Korti the cultivation on the Nile banks improves, and increases in width. Sakiehs are numerous, and date palms flourish in abundance; and as Merawi is approached there

* Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt, by Abu-Salih; translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A.

† Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

is an air of prosperity about the country which is sadly wanting in the northern districts. The military frontier station is actually situated at Abu-Dom, on the west bank of the Nile. Merawi itself stands on the opposite bank, close to the ruins of the ancient city of Napata. The garrison here last year was a large one, comprising several infantry battalions, some squadrons of cavalry, a mule battery, and the famous camel corps. The lines were well laid out, clean, and well kept, and the parade-ground can hardly be matched in the world—a portion of the great Bayuda Desert, as flat as a billiard-table, with a surface of hard clean sand, and of endless extent, it is well suited for the evolutions of an army corps. A parade of the troops here formed a sight that lingers long in the memory of those who have been privileged to see it. The different types of the men, the horses, the mules, and the camels, all combined to form a most impressive picture, the uniqueness of which was heightened by the background of desert stretching like a yellow sheet to meet the horizon.

The panorama of the river as seen from the camp is one of great beauty. Looking upstream, the solitary mass of Jebel Barkal (the Holy Mountain) stands out in bold relief, with its groups of adjacent pyramids cutting the sky-line. A fringe of palms marks the limit between shore and water, and the long, broad reach of stream, flowing past from the distant hills which indicate the gates of the Fourth Cataract, completes a picture not easily forgotten. It is true that the Nile scenery between Hannek and Merawi is not marked by a wild grandeur such as is to be found in the district of Mahass and Sukkot. It possesses, nevertheless, a very considerable charm of its own, due, it must be admitted, rather to the effects of light, shade, and colour produced by the clear atmosphere and the brilliant sunlight, than to any very striking features in the outlines of the landscape. The river throughout this whole length glides along in a broad, glassy sheet, as if untroubled by any knowledge of the difficulties which it will have to surmount in its course to the north. The graceful groups of feathery palms, and the deep green of the mimosa and tamarisk trees are mirrored on its surface with startling clearness. Behind lies, perhaps, a pale green band of young wheat or a rich golden expanse of sand. The quaint shaped boats with their dark, patched sails, and the delicate blue of the sky overhead, add their quota to an effect which is in the last degree charming. Seen by the light of the Ethiopian moon, the

aspect of the Nile is one of surpassing beauty. Moonlight in Egypt is characterised by a mellow richness of colour never to be seen in colder climes. This must, however, yield in radiance to the effect produced on a night in Nubia when the moon is at the full. A flood of yellow light fills the atmosphere, and the desert reflects a warm glow which contrasts vividly with the indigo-blue of the sky. The air is balmy and dry, and, with the exception of the monotonous, but not altogether unmusical, drone of the *sakiehs*, a perfect stillness reigns. Amidst such surroundings, it does not require any great stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself in an enchanted land.

The climate of the Dongola Province varies to an extreme degree with the different seasons of the year. In the winter—i.e., from November to March—it is as a rule cool and temperate. The middle of the day is warm, but the nights are often excessively cold. North and north-east winds prevail throughout the year, but in spring-time the ‘*kham-sin*,’ or southerly winds, blow at not infrequent intervals, bringing in their train heat, and clouds of dust. From April to October, the heat is intense, but even during this period the range of temperature is very great, 40° F. in the twenty-four hours being not uncommon. In the early summer months dust storms are prevalent, and frequently last throughout the entire night. It is a peculiarity of the climate that the wind often gets up at sunset, and blows harder during the night than in the day-time. The atmosphere, except in those latitudes lying within the influence of the tropical rains, is extraordinarily dry. Even in the winter months the skin of the face and lips cracks, and the hair becomes brittle. The ‘*kharif*,’ or rainy season, begins as a rule early in June, and lasts from fourteen to twenty days. In the present year rain fell around Merawi during the latter half of May, but this was exceptional. Merawi and Korti may be considered as being within the limits of the rain area, and even as far north as New Dongola heavy showers and thunderstorms at times occur. Regular and continuous rainfall is not, however, met with much to the north of Shendy, or the 17th degree of latitude. Upon the whole the climate is a healthy one, although the variations are trying, and Europeans suffer consequently from diarrhœa, dysentery, and disorder of the stomach.

As regards population, area of land under cultivation, and wealth of every kind, the country has suffered terribly from the Dervish conquest. A population of 75,000 in 1883 is

now reckoned at 56,000, of whom the great majority are women, and amongst the males old men and boys predominate. In the same period 100,000 acres of cultivation have been reduced to 25,000. On the different islands considerable areas exist which might be cultivated were population and cattle available. The agricultural year is divided into two periods, known by the names of 'Nili' and 'Shitwi.' In the first are sown all crops dependent upon the flood water for irrigation; in the second, those which are watered artificially when the river is low. The 'Nili' crops, which are put into the ground during July and August, are chiefly maize, millet, Indian corn, cotton, bamia, dukhan (*Pencillaria spicata*), sesame, and a kind of haricot bean called 'kish-ringig,' or lubia.* The 'Shitwi' crops, sown in December, are principally wheat, beans, and barley. The harvesting of the principal flood crops takes place in the months of December and January, and that of the winter crops in April and May. Maize and dukhan cover the largest area, and constitute the staple food of the inhabitants. Cotton is only grown in small quantities, and is used for the manufacture of a common cloth made in Dongola, and known by the name of 'tamur.'† Lubia is used for feeding cattle, and sesame is cultivated for the purpose of extracting the oil, with which the Nubians delight to anoint their persons. All agricultural methods are primitive to a degree. No ploughs are used, but the ground is prepared for the seed with a small hoe, called 'turia.' A forked stick, called 'shilluka,' having one prong much shorter than the other, is used for sowing. The Dongalawi is a poor cultivator. Previous to the rebellion the land was cultivated by black slaves, most of them 'Shilluks' and 'Dinkas' from the White Nile. The Khalifa seized the greater portion of these negroes for the purpose of recruiting his 'Jehadia,' or black bodyguard. The people were consequently obliged to till the soil themselves, with the result that both the area and the yield were considerably diminished. As in Egypt, irrigation is effected by means of 'sakiehs' (waterwheels) turned by oxen, and by 'shadufs,' or poles balanced upon an upright timber and weighted at one end; a basket which lifts the water forms the counterpoise. The height to which the water has to be raised on to the land is, at the maximum, about 18 feet.‡

* Report by Chitty Bey, of the Finance Ministry. Cairo, 1897.

† Ibid.

‡ Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.

Before the evacuation of the Sudan in 1885 there were 6,451 sakiehs in the province, while the latest returns give the total figure as only 1,600.* Several hundreds have been repaired since the reoccupation of the district, but want of cattle with which to work them must for a long time to come prevent further increase upon any considerable scale. Taxation was formerly levied upon the sakiehs and shadufs, each of which was supposed to irrigate a certain fixed area. There were several categories of waterwheels, the rates applied bearing relation to their position with regard to the foreshore of the river. These rates of taxation were high, amounting in some classes to as much as five Egyptian pounds per sakieh.

The date palm has always played an important part, both as regards the revenue and the food supply of the Dongola province. In 1882 there were some 600,000 fruit-bearing trees in the province, paying an annual tax of two piastres Egyptian (about 5*d.* in English money) per tree. Many of these were destroyed and burnt by the Dervishes, and the total number now existing is only 376,000.† The inhabitants appear to have totally neglected these trees for years. Nowhere have they troubled themselves to prune the superfluous shoots, an operation which is indispensable if the maximum yield is to be obtained. Some of the Dongola dates are highly prized, and at one time there was a considerable export trade. The Fourth Cataract would appear to be the southerly limit of the date palm as a fruit-bearing tree. It grows in considerable quantities on the Nile banks as far even as Khartum, but it never produces fruit south of the Merawi district. There would seem, consequently, to be considerable possibilities of trade between the Dongola Province and those localities in which this favourite article of food cannot be produced.

The inhabitants of the Dongola Province belong for the most part to that strange race known by the name of the Barabra, or Berberi. These occupy the Nile Valley from Assuan to Debba, although south of Hannek there is a considerable infusion of Arab blood in their veins, and they call themselves Danagla, or Dongalawi. The purest types are perhaps to be met with between Assuan and Korosko, and in the districts of Sukkot and Mahass. The origin of the Barabra, or true Nubian, race has formed the subject of

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.

† Ibid.

much speculation. These people resemble neither the Arab, the negro, nor the Egyptian, and are undoubtedly a race apart, with a physiognomy and language entirely their own. Lepsius and Bayard Taylor considered them to be an offshoot of the great Caucasian race. It has been asserted that the Nubians are of the same stock as the 'Berberi' of Northern Africa, a term applied to the Towaregs and the Kabyles of Mount Atlas. The language, colour, and type of these latter, however, differ entirely from those of the Nubians, and the grounds upon which this theory has been advanced would appear to be extremely slight.* Others, again, consider the name Barabra to be merely a corruption of the Greek word 'Barbaroi.'† However this may be, the fact remains that they are to this day a people totally distinct in characteristics and in language from any other known in the world, and that, as the existing monuments amply testify, they have preserved the cast of features, and to a certain extent the style of dress, which distinguished their predecessors in this region some four thousand years ago. In colour the Barabra vary very considerably. To the north the general flesh-tints are olive, but in advancing south they deepen, and skins of ebony black may often be seen. Although hardly realising the epithet applied to them by Herodotus—'the tallest and the handsomest of all men'—their features are fairly regular, and many of the men are decidedly good-looking. They are well-proportioned, of middle height, and slight build. The hair is often slightly crisped, but not at all woolly, and bears no resemblance to that of the negro. North of Hannek, where, as has been said, the purest specimens of the race are to be found, the men are, as a rule, beardless, and the hair on the face is limited to a small growth on the upper lip and under the chin. They seem to have in great measure lost the characteristics which they must have possessed when the Romans constituted them the guardians of the frontier, as they are not now credited with a large allowance of personal bravery. They offered no resistance either to the Turks or to the Dervishes, and are never called upon for service with the Egyptian army.‡ Large numbers of the men emigrate annually

* Description de l'Égypte pendant l'expédition de l'armée française, 1823. *

† Elisée Reclus, 'Nouvelle Géographie Universelle,' 1884.

‡ It is possible that their exemption from conscription is not so much due to their lack of personal courage as to an order issued by

to Cairo, and become domestic servants. From the neighbourhood of Kalabsha nearly all the syces (grooms) in Egypt are recruited. Their intelligence is above the average, and far greater than that of the Egyptian fellahin. South of the Third Cataract the effect of the Arab blood is very evident, both in the language and the disposition of these people. Whereas the northern Nubian is comparatively temperate and extremely jealous of the chastity of his womankind, the Dongalawi is much addicted to the consumption of strong liquors, and his ideas of morality are extremely lax. The Dervishes entirely prohibited smoking or the use of alcohol, and at the same time forbade the people from indulging in the dances of which they have always been so fond. Since the reoccupation of the province a very large demand has sprung up for tobacco; and although to a certain extent the art of dancing has suffered from the period of forced abstinence, the villagers are returning to their dearly loved amusement, and at every gathering the older women may be seen teaching the younger ones how to posture and step. Many of the Barabra scar their faces with two or three parallel seams, produced by means of a knife or a razor. These cuts differ from the marks which distinguish the Shagiyyeh and Jaalin, inasmuch as they are not horizontal, but slope downwards from the cheekbones, and indeed some are almost vertical. The practice, although common, is not a universal one. In religion the Barabra are Mohammedans of the Maliki sect. The northern Nubian is inclined to be fanatical, whereas the Dongalawi is an easy-going and rather lax follower of the Prophet. They all, however, reverence their 'fikis,' or priests, to an extreme degree. The Khalifa forbade the pilgrimage to Mecca, asserting that a visit to the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman was not only a sufficient, but a better, guarantee of salvation than the former.

Between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa the usual dress of the poorer classes is the 'galabiyeh,' a blue cotton blouse similar to that used universally by the Egyptian peasant. When

Mehemet Ali, and never since repealed. When invading Syria his Nubian regiments suffered greatly from the cold, and are reputed to have broken up the stocks of their muskets for firewood. The Viceroy, furious at this conduct, gave orders that they should be disbanded, and never again called out to serve as soldiers. The Berberin servants during the late expedition showed no disinclination to follow their English masters under fire.

working in the fields the clothing of the men consists merely of a rag round the loins, and even this is sometimes dispensed with. A white skull-cap, known as the 'takya,' is the usual head-dress all over Nubia, and round it are twisted sundry folds of linen forming a turban, the size and material of which denote the means of the wearer. In Dongola proper the peasants also wear the galabiyeh, but the colour is more often grey or dirty white. The headmen or sheikhs, on gala occasions, clothe themselves in long, flowing white garments, with very loose and baggy trousers, and on their feet they wear leather slippers, or long riding-boots of soft leather if they can afford them. A thick white turban completes their costume. The dress of the women consists of a cotton garment folded several times round the body, leaving, as a rule, the right arm and shoulder uncovered. In addition they carry a long sheet, or wrapper, which covers the head, and which can, when necessary, be used to hide the face. They rarely veil, and in the southern portions of the province never do so. To the north, where the men are more fanatical, the mouth is sometimes covered in the presence of a stranger or a European. The women dress the hair very similarly to the style depicted on the old sculptures, with straight bands on the forehead and a mass of braids at the back and sides of the head. These they are fond of decorating with common glass beads and shells. The men as a rule shave the crown of the head, and both sexes saturate the hair and anoint their bodies with sesame oil or melted fat. Earrings are commonly worn by both sexes, and the women wear large copper or silver anklets, and rudely marked ivory armlets from Kordofan. Charms and amulets containing sacred writing are much worn, and a rosary of wooden beads is very frequently seen. During the period when the Dervishes held the province every man within the limits of the Khalifa's authority was forced to wear the 'jibba,' or patched coat. This consists of a short-sleeved white smock-frock, made of a strong but coarse cotton cloth. Upon it are stitched various rectangular patches of different colours. These are, as a rule, black and blue, but are also occasionally red and brown. The neck, sleeves, and edge of the skirt are bound with leather, and a slit is left in the coat to permit of the sword-belt passing through it. The 'jibba' is a garment of very ancient origin, and dates from the days of the Prophet. The patches are supposed to indicate that the wearer has no regard for worldly goods, but is content to assume the garb

of the poor. On the evacuation of the province by the Dervishes the people immediately discarded the 'jibba,' and returned to their former style of dress. The Dongalawi peasant rarely carries any arms beyond the 'nabut,' a long wooden pole shod with iron, not unlike the old-English quarter-staff. The wealthier people, and those obliged to travel in the desert, carry a two-handed sword with a cross-handle, the shape of which has evidently been handed down from the days of the Crusades. The blade is perfectly straight. Many of these swords bear Arabic inscriptions, and some of those in use must be of great age. The handle consists of a steel crossbar, with a wooden hilt tipped with bone or ivory. The sword and the broad-bladed spear were the universal weapons of the Sudan previous to the introduction of fire-arms. The chief food of the poorer classes is bread made from maize or 'dukhan,' and their favourite drink is 'merissa,' or 'bouza,' made from the 'dhurra' bread.* This latter, which is strongly leavened, is broken into small pieces, mixed with water, and kept for some hours over a slow fire. More water is then added, and the whole is left to ferment for about forty-eight hours. In colour it resembles muddy beer. Burckhardt states that there are several varieties of this decoction, classed according to the degree of fermentation. The strongest is known by the name of 'um-bulbul,' or mother of nightingales, and is so called because it causes the drunkard to sing.† Another liquor is prepared from the fermented juice of the date.

The Nubian language differs from any other known, and at the present time it apparently possesses no written character. It is supposed by some that the tablets discovered by Lepsius at Jebel Barkal, which are written in what has been called the Meruitic character and are as yet undecipherable, may eventually throw some light on this question, and may even prove to be the old Nubian writing. There are three dialects of the spoken language and into that spoken in the most southern part of the province many Arabic words have crept. Reinisch, the great authority upon North-Eastern African languages, writing in 1878, considered that there was yet a fourth variety of dialect. The Barabra language in no way resembles Arabic, being much softer and containing few, if any, gutturals. It may be of interest to mention that the syces and Berberin servants who

* Dhurra, i.e. maize.

† Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

accompanied the late expedition, and whose birthplace was north of Korosko, found themselves on arrival at Dongola able to speak the dialect of that place with ease, whereas they could with difficulty make themselves understood in the intervening districts. The probable reason for this is, that the old direct route between Northern Nubia and Dongola lay through the desert, the mountainous and inaccessible regions of Sukkot and Mahass being left far to the westward. This would account for the fact that the inhabitants of these two districts have preserved not only their language, but their type, in a purer form than exists in those places more frequently visited by the Arab and Egyptian traders. Between Korosko and Ibrim lies a short length of river where Arabic is chiefly spoken, the Ababda Arabs, who held the trading route to Abu Hamed, having established themselves there. Steindorff (Bædeker) considers the Nubian tongue 'as belonging to a special group of African languages, such as the Fulba of West Africa, Nyam Nyam of North Central Africa, Funi of the Blue Nile, and Masai of East Africa.'

At or near Debba the Barabra race ceases, and the Shagiyeh takes its place, occupying both sides of the river as far south as Kirbekan.* This was once a warlike and powerful tribe, and was the only one which offered any serious resistance to the Mamluks, and to the troops of Mehemet Ali in 1820. The latter, however, broke their power, and they have since degenerated sadly, becoming during the Turkish occupation little better than a horde of lawless robbers, infesting the country and taking toll from the more peaceable inhabitants. The Shagiyeh are of pure Arab descent, and in feature still resemble the Arabs of the Hedjaz. Owing to the introduction of black slaves into their harems their blood is now considerably mixed. They are tall and well-proportioned, dark in complexion, and in no way resembling the Danagla. The males brand themselves with three horizontal gashes upon each cheek. The Shagiyeh and Jaalin claim a common origin, being descended from two brothers named Shagh and

* In the Arabic the name of this tribe is spelt شَيْكِيَع, Shekiyeh.

As throughout the Sudan the Arabic letter 'Kaf' (ك) is pronounced very hard, and more like a (g) than a (k), the spelling of the name as used in this article more nearly follows the pronunciation than were the true Arabic spelling to be given.

Jial. The Shagiyeh Arabs were formerly in the habit of fighting on horseback, and are still noted for their horsemanship. The chiefs, or emirs, used to wear a long quilted cotton coat, surmounted by a shirt of chain-mail. This dress is rarely seen nowadays, as they have long since lost their fighting qualities. They armed themselves with the two-handed sword before described, and each horseman used to carry a bundle of spears in his hand. Their saddles and bits are very similar to those used everywhere by the Bedouin tribes, the former being high-peaked, with shovel stirrups, and the latter being extremely severe, and powerful enough to pull a horse upon his haunches while at full gallop. The Shagiyeh, like every Arab, in riding grips by the calf of the leg, and not by the knee, which latter he keeps well turned out. Although professing strict adherence to the precepts of Islam, he is an inveterate drinker, and his women have a reputation for extremely loose morals, and never veil. The language of the Shagiyeh is Arabic, of a form much purer than that spoken in Egypt. South of Kirbekan and almost as far as Berber the Monasir and Robatab Arabs are located, now reduced to a very small number, and bearing an evil reputation for treachery and fanaticism. The Monasir were the murderers of Colonel Stewart and his party in 1884.* In the long reach of river between Berber and Khartum, but stopping short at the Halfaiyah country, the Jaalin are settled. This tribe is, with the exception of the Baggara, the largest and most powerful among the Arabs of the Sudan. As has been already stated, the Jaalin are of the same descent as the Shagiyeh, and much resemble the latter in appearance. They are tall and dark—darker than the Shagiyeh—and they also are invariably marked with the three horizontal cuts upon either cheek. They have, however, less hair on the face and chin than their kindred tribe, and in character they differ entirely from the latter. The Jaalin are strict Mahommedans, and abstain altogether from fermented liquors. They are very jealous as regards their women, and have the reputation of being the most moral and trustworthy race to be found in the whole Sudan. They, with the Baggara and black troops, furnished the most important elements of the force at the disposal of the

* The Monasir claim that their name is derived from Mansoura, an important town in Lower Egypt. They assert that their ancestors migrated from this place.

Khalifa, but they are supposed not to be well affected to him, and are probably only awaiting a favourable opportunity to desert his cause.*

The Halfaiyah Arabs, who replace the Jaalin on the Nile bank in the neighbourhood of Khartum, are not nowadays important either in numbers or in fighting powers. South-west of Omdurman, and due west of the White Nile, the fierce races of the Baggara have their home. Their territory is a large one, and extends from the north of Kordofan as far south as the Bahr-el-Ghazal, in the 10th degree of latitude. To this tribe the Khalifa himself belongs, and it now furnishes the pick of the latter's fighting-men. The Baggara form the finest cavalry in the Sudan, and invariably fight and hunt on horseback. They wear the 'jibba,' and their arms are the sword and the broad-bladed spear, with a shield made of hippopotamus skin. Many of the emirs still wear chain-mail in action, and the universal headdress is the 'tahya,' or white skull-cap, with several folds of linen wound round it. They wear beards, but have a custom, peculiar to themselves, of pulling out by the roots all hairs growing on the upper lip. The origin of this habit is the wish to prevent the milk from being soiled by their moustaches when the bowl, as is customary, is handed round from one to the other. Married men shave the head, but bachelors wear the hair long, and curl it in ringlets. When hunting, their ordinary dress consists of a shirt, without trousers, but they frequently dispense with clothes entirely. In complexion they are fairer than either the Shagiyeh or Jaalin. Their features are good, and show traces of Arab descent, but their expression is, as a rule, fierce and forbidding. They are very fanatical, and do not use tobacco, and in public, at all events, never touch spirits. Their immorality as regards women appears to be inordinate. The present Khalifa has some four hundred women in his harem, which latter he is continually recruiting. His son (Shekhuddin), at the age of sixteen, had as many as twenty women belonging to him. All the emirs and chiefs follow suit, according to their means. The Baggara are, as their name implies,† owners or keepers of cattle, of which they own large herds. They possess no camels, as, their country being subject to heavy annual rainfall, these animals

* Since the above was written the Khalifa's forces have attacked the Jaalin, defeated them, and taken possession of Metemneh,

† Bagar in Arabic means a cow.

would be of little use during the wet season. East of Khartum, in an area extending in one direction to Kassala, and in another to Sennaar, is found the once-powerful tribe of the Shukhriyeh Arabs. The late wars and the tyranny of the Khalifa have sadly diminished their numbers and influence, and only a remnant now remains of this formerly important clan.

The principal nomad tribes, or 'Abu Naga' (fathers of female camels), occupying the eastern deserts of Nubia, but possessing no definitely fixed location, are the Ababda, Bisharin, Garrarish, and Gehimmab. On the western bank of the river the chief tribes are the Kababish, Sowarab, Hawawir, and Hassaniyeh. All these are Arabs of more or less pure descent. They are split up into numerous subdivisions. The Ababda, who are closely allied to the Bisharin, have for years held the trade-route between Korosko, Abu Hamed, and Berber. They are dark, approaching to black, in complexion. Their features are good, and of the Arab type, showing no trace of negro descent, and they are generally taller and more strongly built than the Barabra. The Ababda are essentially carriers, and their chief possessions consist of herds of camels, sheep, and goats. Their ordinary language is Arabic; but they are said to possess a dialect of their own, which they speak among themselves, and which is unintelligible to strangers.* The Bisharin are supposed to be the descendants of those Blemmyes against whose attacks upon the frontier the Romans subsidised the Nubataë. Numerically they are the most important tribe now to be found in the eastern desert. Their habitat extends from the Nile Valley to the coast of the Red Sea. In colour they are lighter and redder than the Ababda. In character they are savage and avaricious, and they are probably the most adroit thieves to be found in the desert. Like the Ababda, they are herdsmen and camel-drivers. They profess Mahomedanism, but are not fanatical, and would appear to still preserve some traces of the old pagan superstitions, for it is asserted that they worship, or at least reverence, certain birds, and the whole serpent tribe.† Westward of the Nile, the Arabs occupying the most extensive area of country are of the Kababish tribe. The Wadi-el-Kab is their real home, but they are to be met with to the north of this depression, and also in many parts of the Bayuda Desert.

* Elisée Reclus, '*Nouvelle Géographie Universelle*,' 1884.

† Burckhardt, '*Travels in Nubia*,' 1822.

They hold much the same position on the west as do the Ababda on the east bank of the Nile. Previous to the rebellion the entire carrying trade of the nation found to the west of El Ordeh was in their hands. They used to convey their commerce, on camels, by what is known as 'the forty days' 'march,' to Esneh, Girgeh, and even as far north as Assyut. In complexion the Kababish are very dark, and in figure tall, slight, and of wiry build. They were formerly large camel owners, and possessed numerous flocks of sheep and goats. Like most of the Sudan Arabs, the Kababish are fond of plaiting their hair and saturating it with oil or grease. In character they are superior to the eastern tribes, being braver and more trustworthy, and according to Slatin, they were the last of the Bedouins who remained faithful to the Egyptian Government during the rebellion. The same writer states that they lost heavily in 1887, when their sheik, Saleh el Kabbashi, was killed by the Dervish emir, Fadlallah Aghan.* From this time their power was entirely broken. In the Bayuda Desert numerous offshoots of the Kababish are to be found. The principal of these are the Hawawir and the Hassaniyeh, who, with the Sowarab (a branch of the Shagiyyeh), form the most important of those tribes now designated as 'friendlies.' These three last-mentioned differ much in complexion from the parent races, being comparatively fair-skinned. Their tint approaches copper-colour, and is not unlike that of the Indians of North America. They invariably travel on camel-back, and in stature are small and of slender build. They have recently distinguished themselves, as, in a fight which took place between them and the Dervishes not very far from Korti, they completely routed the latter, taking from them many camels and a considerable amount of spoil. In Kordofan the chief tribe of Arabs is known by the name of Nouba. This is a bold and hardy race of Negroids, inhabiting the mountain ranges. They are considered by some to be the descendants of the Nubæ or Nubians.

As late as the commencement of the present century Nubia was divided into a number of small kingships, or 'dars,' each under a ruler who bore the title of 'malik,' or king. These petty despots, who, although paying tribute to the negro Sultan of Sennaar, were practically independent, waged continual war upon one another. Traces of their castles and fortresses are to be found in almost every place

* Fire and Sword in the Sudan.

of importance in the district, and it was not until the advent of the Mamluks in 1812 that their independence was in any way assailed. The title of 'malik,' which is identical with the name used in the Hebrew Bible to designate the sovereigns of Canaan, still exists, and at the present moment many of the more important sheikhs style themselves 'wad-el-malik,' or son of the king.

The Dongola Province is not nowadays rich in domestic animals. These comprise the camel, horse, bullock, sheep, donkey, and goat. The camels of the Kababish and Ababda were formerly renowned for their endurance and fleetness, but the Dervish rule has much reduced their numbers. At the commencement of the rebellion, the Shukhriyeh tribe alone possessed something like 170,000 head, and a very few years later they could with difficulty produce between 2,000 and 3,000 animals. In a less degree, a similarly wasteful policy has been pursued in all districts where camels once used to abound, and it will take many years of quiet to restore the numbers to anything approaching their original figure. The Dongalawi breed of horses, which was also once so famous, has for the same reason become nearly extinct. Some few are still to be found in the possession of the wealthier sheikhs. Although Abu-Salih, the Armenian, writing in the thirteenth century, described these horses as very small and not bigger than donkeys,* they now average from 14 hands to 14 hands 3 inches in height. The Dongolese horse shows traces of Arab descent, and is a fairly well-shaped animal as regards his back, barrel, and loins. His one pace is a gallop, and he is trained to spring in a series of bounds from his hind-legs. He does not stay well, and is more suited for show than for real hard work. Although the Dervishes levied toll upon all horses which they found in the province, their cavalry is not as a rule mounted upon horses of this breed. The supply is chiefly obtained from Darfur, which district produces a hardier and more useful horse than does that of Dongola.

The Dongola Province was, before the Mahdist rebellion, the centre of a large and important trade with Egypt and the Western Provinces of the Soudan. Most of the principal caravan routes have access to the river at some point or other in this district, and consequently the merchants interested in the export and import of the different articles of commerce

* *Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt*, by Abu-Salih; translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A., 1895.

made the province their headquarters at certain seasons of the year. The late Colonel Stewart, in a report written in 1883,* gives many interesting details regarding the Sudan trade as then existing. The principal exports were gum, ostrich feathers, senna, wax, ivory, hides, and slaves. The last named were brought from the White Nile; and, with the exception of senna and hides, none of the foregoing were produced in the Dongola Province itself, but passed through it *en route* from Kordofan, Darfur, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces. The chief imports were cutlery and manufactured cotton goods. The Dongola district formerly exported considerable quantities of dried dates to Berber and Khartum, also a certain amount to Upper Egypt. Chelu Bey, in his work on the Sudan,† gives the total annual export of this article of food from the Dongola Province alone as 200,000 hectolitres, or about 250 tons. Natron was also, in former years, despatched in large amounts to Upper Egypt. This salt is obtained chiefly from the Zagawa Marsh, about nine days' journey from El-Ordeh. Trade in Dongola has for many years ceased, but there seems to be no reason why, given a settled Government, it should not revive and assume its old proportions. The inhabitants at present demand tobacco, tea, sugar, and bright-coloured cottons, and with returning prosperity this demand will almost certainly increase. The Dongola boats, which formerly carried much of the trade, are of the most primitive and ingenious construction. They are built of the wood of the acacia, entirely without nails or iron fastenings. They carry a square 'lug' sail, which, however, being set at an angle, has the appearance of a 'lateen.' All the rigging and cordage is made out of the fibre of the palm tree. Since the reoccupation of the province modern boats have been brought over the cataracts from Upper Egypt. Sail-boats would appear to be an innovation dating from the Turkish invasion. The American writer before quoted‡ states that previous to the arrival of Ismail's force none existed in the province. The people crossed the river by means of log canoes or rafts, and were much astonished by the sight of the boats in which the Pasha and his suite made their appearance.

The archæologist in Dongola has apparently a fruitful

* Report on the Soudan. Egypt, No. 11, 1883.

† De l'Equateur à la Méditerranée, 1891.

‡ A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola, 1822.

field before him. It is true that Lepsius, Mariette, and others personally visited many of the monuments, and described them with a certain amount of detail. They were, however, unable to attempt excavation upon any extended scale, and there is little room for doubt that discoveries of the highest importance will be made once exploration is seriously taken in hand. Among sites of interest may be instanced the ruins of the Semneh, Amara, Soleb, and Dulgo temples, in the cataract region. South of Hannek, the island of Argo contains the remains of an apparently large temple; and at Bakri, on the west bank, further ruins are visible. A few miles upstream of Merawi is the necropolis of Jebel Barkal, with its rock-hewn temples and groups of pyramids. Merawi itself is situated on the site of Napata, the residence of the warrior-queen Candace, and the capital of the ancient Ethiopian sovereigns. Here in 1853 Mariette discovered the stelæ which record the duration of the Nubian Dynasty in Egypt, and from here the tablets inscribed with the Merutic character were brought. It was to this place that the priests of Ammon fled, escaping from the massacres instituted by Cambyses at Thebes in revenge for the decimation of his legions in Ethiopia. It may, then, be confidently hoped that these ruins will one day yield information of incalculable value, which may assist in the solution of many problems, at present inexplicable, regarding the earlier periods of Ethiopian and Egyptian history. A few miles further downstream, at Kurra, other groups of pyramids exist.* Beyond the limits of the province, near Shendy, lies the once famous 'Island of Meroë,' the ancient Saba. To this place tradition assigns the distinction of having been the capital of the Queen of Sheba.† Travellers who have visited it relate that forty-two pyramids are still standing, while the ruins of some forty to fifty others are easily traceable.‡ To persons interested in the Christian period the numerous remains of Coptic churches and monasteries will strongly appeal. The fortresses of Mahass and Sukkot must also be of interest to many. Some of these latter are supposed to

* Opposite Kassinger, on the west bank, about twelve miles upstream from Abu Dom, a large and important group of pyramids has been found, which appears to have been as yet unexplored.

† The Abyssinians claim Shoa as having been the home of this Queen.

‡ Burckhardt and Bayard Taylor.

have been designed by the Bosnian soldiers sent to Nubia by the Sultan of Turkey early in the sixteenth century.

The geologist will find much to attract him in the study of the formation of the cataracts. Although the geology of this area is, to a certain extent, similar to that of the Nile Valley between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa, it has never yet been scientifically investigated. When and where did the Nile burst the barriers that once held up its waters, and thus give back to the desert large areas formerly covered annually by its floods? That such a catastrophe did happen admits of no doubt. The inscription discovered by Lepsius at Semneh records the fact that the river in the 12th Dynasty (B.C. 2000) averaged a height in flood greater by some 27 feet than that reached by its waters in the present day. Again, de Gottberg, who made a careful study of the cataracts in 1857, found traces of alluvial deposit on the plains south of Hannek nearly 11 feet above the highest point touched by even the highest floods.* This event, so disastrous in its effects to Southern Nubia, is supposed to have occurred in the 13th Dynasty, during the reign of the Hyksos kings. Various opinions have been put forward regarding the position of the barrier, or barriers, which once retained the Nile. By some it is asserted that Jebel Silsileh marks the spot, the sandstone ridge here extending across the river upon either side. Those holding this theory base their arguments upon the circumstance that alluvial mud is found upon the plains adjoining the river as far north as Silsileh, and no further. Others consider that the last cataract of the Nile was situated at Jebelain, a limestone reef which traverses the river-bed not far from the town of Esneh. It does not enter into the province of an article such as the present to attempt to criticise these views. One fact, however, in connexion with them is difficult to explain. Many of the monuments on the Nile bank between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa belong to a period anterior to that in which the barrier is supposed to have given way. If, then, this latter was situated at Silsileh, or even as far north as Assuan, these monuments must have been annually submerged, and could hardly have stood as they have done. De Gottberg maintains that there must formerly have been several cataracts, which have since disappeared, between Wadi-Halfa and Assuan. These, being composed of schists, were more easily worked away by the action of the water than

* de Gottberg, 'Les Cataractes du Nil,' 1858.

were the harder rocks of the other and still existing rapids. He considers that the older monuments were in all cases erected downstream of these vanished barriers, and were consequently out of reach of the highest floods.* The ruins of a small temple belonging to the 12th Dynasty, and situated south of Wadi-Halfa, on the west bank of the river, would appear to indicate that the Nile flood-levels, at the time of its erection, could not have been more than 10 feet above their present height. If this fact can be established it would seem to prove that the bursting of the principal obstacle or bar took place at some point in the Second Cataract, and to the south of Wadi-Halfa.

In conclusion, it may be permitted to look a little ahead as regards the future of this interesting province. The railway from the navigable reach below the Second Cataract to that above the Third Cataract, constructed in the face of the greatest difficulties, has brought the province of Dongola into close and easy communication with Egypt. Already it is said that Cook's tourists can book from Cairo or from Charing Cross to Dongola! There is no apparent reason why in the very near future they should not book via Korosko and Abu Hamed to Berber. What the province of Dongola needs most urgently is an increase of the population, and of cattle available for the requirements of agriculture. It is hardly to be expected that the refugees will return in any considerable numbers until Khartum has been retaken. A glance at the map will show how easily a raiding party might slip down from Omdurman, ravage the Nile bank at some point between the military posts, and return as it came. It is true that, with the assistance lent by the friendly tribes and the excellent sources of intelligence now at the disposal of the Egyptian staff, the departure of such a party would probably be at once known, and arrangements made for intercepting it. The refugees cannot, however, be supposed to understand this. They only know that such raids are a possibility, and until they are rendered altogether impossible it is not likely that complete confidence will be restored, or that the population will flock back to the province in any large numbers. Although the area of culturable land is not very great, it is amply sufficient, given an equitable administration, to enable the province to pay its way, and be no sort of burden on the finances of Egypt. Even in the days of the Khedive Ismail the annual budget of Dongola stood out

* 'Les Cataractes du Nil,' 1858.

in bright contrast with those of the other provinces of the Sudan, inasmuch as it was the only one which showed a surplus of revenue over expenditure. If such a result was possible under the conditions then existing, how much more certain should it be of attainment in the future with a just and strong Government! Industries (chiefly agricultural) will undoubtedly spring up. Many of the larger islands appear to be favourably situated for the cultivation of sugarcane and cotton, and, as has been recommended in the official reports, much might be done in the direction of encouraging forestry and the growth of trees suitable for fuel. The export of natron, if properly worked, should bring in a certain annual revenue, and the cultivation of the date-palm might with advantage be largely extended. The country is especially suited to this tree. It would grow, were water available, in tracts of desert where little else could be produced. It forms the staple food of the Bedouin tribes, and, as each fruit-bearing tree is taxed, a large increase in the numbers would not only be profitable to the producer, but would bring in a steady increase to the revenue. With returning prosperity there should be an increasing market for cotton and other European goods, and it seems certain that before long the trade in gum, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c., will return to its old channels. Whether the engineers of the future will ever attempt to restore what Nature has destroyed, by artificially raising the flood waters of the Nile to the levels at which they used to stand four thousand years ago, is a speculation which hardly comes within the scope of this article to seriously discuss. It may be permitted, nevertheless, to dream that such a possibility will one day become an accomplished fact, and to look forward to a time when tracts now lying sterile and waste, will, by the united efforts of hydraulic and electrical engineering, be restored to the fertility which they must once have enjoyed. Should such anticipations be ever realised, there is no reason why this portion of the old Ethiopian kingdom should not again merit the title of 'Bakou,' or the Wonder, bestowed upon it for its beauty by the Arab historian, Macrizi; or that its people and its wealth should not again deserve that glowing description rendered of them by the Ichthyophagi to Cambyzes, which tempted him to his ill-fated invasion of the country.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Irish University Question: The Catholic Case.* Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Archbishop of Dublin. With a Historical Sketch of the Irish University Question. Dublin: 1897.
2. *Statement of the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the Irish University Question.* Dublin Daily Papers, June 23, 1897.
3. *Reports Presented to Both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* By the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway for the Session 1896-97. Dublin: 1897.
4. *The Fifteenth Report of the Royal University of Ireland.* Dublin: 1897.
5. *The Sixty-third Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* Dublin: 1897.
6. *Debates in the House of Commons on the Irish University Question.* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1897.
7. *My Campaign in Ireland.* Part I. '*Catholic University Reports, and other Papers.*' By CARDINAL NEWMAN, of the Oratory. Printed for private circulation by A. King & Co., Aberdeen: 1896.

TWO generations have passed away since the broad-minded statesman who carried Catholic Emancipation endeavoured to complete his conception of religious and educational freedom by the creation of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland; and it is just a quarter of a century since the only statesman who has dared to rival Sir Robert Peel by dealing with both the educational and the religious systems in Ireland, shipwrecked the powerful administration of which he was the head in an endeavour to accomplish the difficult task of satisfying the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the educational sphere on lines which could be approved, or at least not vehemently dissented from, by the great body of English middle-class and Protestant opinion.

It is foreign to our purpose to recall here the circumstances which, alike in the case of Sir Robert Peel and of Mr. Gladstone, hindered the acceptance, by those for whose benefit they were primarily intended, of the solutions propounded by those statesmen; but it is certain that, whatever the causes, the failure to solve the problem of University education has been to the intellectual developement and the

social welfare of Ireland a deplorable, if not disastrous, drawback. The disadvantages, from an Imperial or British point of view, of a system which has, rightly or wrongly, engendered an ever-irritating discontent are too obvious to need definition. As for the loss to Ireland, the disabilities imposed upon Roman Catholic Irishmen of the middle classes by their deficiencies in higher culture cannot possibly receive clearer or more convincing expression than has been given to them by a distinguished Irishman, who, though still living, was old enough at the date of the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's scheme to bear a part in the angry controversies which raged around the 'godless colleges.' Writing, long after the event, of the action of O'Connell and the Roman Catholic bishops in relation to Peel's measure, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has said :—

'The result has been that during two generations a section of the Catholic youth have been educated in a system disapproved of by their religious superiors; another section have been educated in Trinity College, a purely Protestant foundation; and a large section have been entirely deprived of collegiate training, a calamity perhaps as disastrous as the Famine. It is hard to estimate the suffering and humiliation which have attended the generations since launched into life without requisite discipline. . . . Among the friends of the measure it may be that some fixed their eyes too exclusively on the gain of rearing students in friendly intercourse, and too little on the danger to faith. But others fixed their eyes too exclusively on victory, and too little on the sacrifice at which it was to be purchased. I have since lived nearly a quarter of a century in a new country where young men flock in quest of fortune, and I have seen troops of bright intelligent young Irishmen forfeit great opportunities and fall into inferior positions because their education had been unpractical and defective. And it was impossible to believe that this calamity might not have been averted when I saw in that country two universities, having none of the provisions on which O'Connell insisted, where the students attend classes together and live where they think fit without ecclesiastical or academic supervision, where there are no separate professors and no separate classes of studies, and where on the council of each university there was a Catholic archbishop. A fairer and better system than the one accepted in Australia might assuredly have been obtained in Ireland in 1845.'

To-day, as much as when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote these words, the 'calamity' of which he speaks remains unmitigated by legislation, although a long series of responsible statesmen have successively sought a solution of the difficulty. It is proposed here to consider whether or not there is anything in the present circumstances of Ireland,

in the present attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy towards the educational problem, and in the present condition of English parties, which affords ground for hoping that the difficulties which impeded the success of Peel's legislation, and which even the ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone proved unequal to surmount, might prove less insuperable should the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury attempt a settlement of the question.

The hostility with which the Queen's Colleges, almost from the moment of their inauguration, have been regarded by the majority of those for whose benefit they were intended has been primarily due to the action of the Irish bishops; and a survey of the history of the University question from the time of Sir Robert Peel to the present proves incontestably that it is to the failure of English statesmen to reach an agreement with those influential personages that the ill-success which has attended so many projects for the redress of what has for sixty years been an admitted grievance is mainly to be ascribed. If that hostility clearly and indisputably rested upon fundamental and immutable dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, such as neither the Irish bishops nor Rome herself could be expected to recede from, it must be confessed that the task of legislating on this question in a manner satisfactory to Roman Catholic opinion would be one so fraught with parliamentary danger to the ministry attempting it, as to be plainly outside the domain of practical politics. But on analysing the history of the controversy between the opposite educational ideals which are represented by the Roman Catholic bishops on the one hand and by English Protestant sentiment upon the other, it will be found that the often apparently uncompromising declarations which have proceeded from time to time from the spokesmen of the Irish hierarchy have not been incompatible with a rule of expediency which is far from dishonouring, and which even the rigidity of Catholic dogma seems happily elastic enough to admit of. The resolutions in which the present members of the Irish hierarchy have recently defined the views of their Church upon this matter indicate a considerable modification of the demands put forward by some of their predecessors. From this changed attitude of the bishops it is evident that, while the hierarchy may be expected to ask for an impossible maximum as long as even their minimum is unlikely to be granted, they are capable of a statesmanlike appreciation of the possibilities of compromise.

It is plain from the resolutions that these bishops feel that the public opinion of Great Britain and the voice of the statesmen who represent that public opinion now approximate much more closely than formerly to their own, and that as a consequence they are able on their part to do something towards diminishing the extent of the gulf which has hitherto rendered agreement impossible. There is, therefore, in our judgement, sufficient reason for holding that the maximum of what statesmen are prepared to give, and of what public opinion will sanction, does, in fact, coincide with the minimum, at any rate, of what the hierarchy are prepared to accept. If this be so, the question resolves itself at last into one of terms rather than of principles.

The late Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those curiously unpractical essays* in which he delighted to play the politically unprofitable part of the candid philosopher, has characterised with admirable pungency and acuteness the attitude of most English politicians in the palmy days of middle-class Liberalism towards the demand of the Irish Roman Catholics for a Roman Catholic university. Mr. Matthew Arnold was not, and did not profess to be, a practical politician. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything less persuasive in its immediate effect upon the persons and classes who were the subjects of his criticism than the polished suavity of his irony. Neither the British puritan, nor the 'Daily Telegraph,' nor even Mr. Lowe, was at all likely to be influenced in the desired direction by the urbane sarcasms in which they were so divertingly ridiculed. But ill suited as were Matthew Arnold's literary methods to aid the direct achievement of his practical objects or the immediate fulfilment of his ideals, his political writings are by no means deficient in truth of observation or fruitfulness of suggestion. Their personalities have now lost their sting, and possibly with it something of their interest for the public, but much of the matter still remains appropriate; and on some points more general recognition is now accorded to some of his unpalatable truths than was conceded in the lifetime of the censor.

It is not, however, for the purpose of recalling the critic's gibes at the Liberalism of his day, or at the description, which reads so oddly now, given by Mr. Lowe of the Liberal Ministry of 1868—as having by their Irish policy 'resolved

* See Matthew Arnold's 'Mixed Essays,' p. 98—'Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism.'

‘to knit the hearts of the Empire into one harmonious cord, and knitted they were accordingly’—that we advert to Matthew Arnold’s opinions on the Irish University question. It is rather because the essay we have referred to is so remarkable for its illustration of the sagacity and acuteness of vision which occasionally aided Arnold to attain his ideal of the critical function and ‘to see things as they really are.’ Speaking of the extravagance of the Roman Catholic demands, which were, and till lately have continued to be, alleged as an irrefragable proof of the impossibility of satisfying their wishes, Matthew Arnold ventured on a prophecy of which we have recently witnessed a curiously exact fulfilment.

‘At present,’ he observes, ‘the Roman Catholic hierarchy perceive that the Government cannot seriously negotiate with them, because it is controlled by popular prejudice and unreason. In any parleyings, therefore, they feel themselves free to play at a mere game of brag, and to advance confidently pretensions the most exorbitant, because they are sure that nothing reasonable can be done. But once break resolutely with the prejudice and unreason; let it be clear that the Government can and will treat with the Irish Catholics for the public institution of a Catholic university such as they demand, such as they have a right to, such as in other Protestant countries Catholics enjoy. Would the Irish bishops prove impracticable then? I do not believe it. I believe that a wholesome national feeling, thus reasonably appealed to, would be found to spring up and respond; and that here we should have the first instalment of the many ameliorations which the public establishment of Catholic education is calculated to produce in Ireland.’

The Irish University question is still as unsettled as when these words were written. But unquestionably we have witnessed in recent years in reference to this subject a closer approximation of Roman Catholic to Protestant opinion than formerly prevailed, an eagerness on both sides of the controversy to find a common ground of agreement, of which twenty years or so ago there were few, if any, signs. More particularly is this manifest from the declarations of the Irish hierarchy, which have exhibited a progressive reasonableness corresponding to the progressive liberality of English opinion as expressed by English statesmen. Between the attitude of the bishops in their negotiations with Lord Mayo thirty years ago and the position they now adopt, there is a difference alike of tone and of substance which is as remarkable as it is satisfactory; and this difference certainly furnishes a striking illustration of Matthew Arnold’s prescience.

Without exaggerating favourable symptoms and either arguing from the sentiments of an individual minister, however eminent, to the opinions of the Government as a whole; or assuming from the declarations of the Irish bishops a complete agreement of Irish Catholics, the speeches of Mr. Balfour and other statesmen, coupled with the response of the hierarchy, appear to suggest a more immediate solution of the problem than appeared probable a year or two ago. At all events it seems no longer premature to review the whole question in the light of recent important declarations, or to examine in some detail the elements of the problem with which statesmen have to deal.

As showing at a glance the distance which has been travelled since Mr. Lowe declared that it would be impossible, in the face of the feeling existing in England, Scotland, and part of Ireland, to found and endow a Catholic university in Ireland, it may be useful to preface what we have to say by grouping together the declarations of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Mr. Lecky, and others, in which the existence and nature of the grievance under which Irish Catholics labour have been admitted and defined. For these declarations form a notable addition to the 'long catena of 'authorities drawn from both sides of politics' cited by the present leader of the House of Commons nearly nine years ago, in his celebrated speech at Partick, as concurring in the admission of the grievance of Irish Roman Catholics in relation to University education:—

'I repeat in the House what I have said outside the House, that in my opinion something ought to be done to give higher university education to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. . . .

'The experiment of undenominational higher education has now been tried sufficiently long to make it, I am afraid, perfectly clear that nothing Parliament has hitherto done to promote that object will really meet the wants and wishes of the Roman Catholic population of that country. This being so, we have no alternative but to try to devise some new scheme by which the wants of the Roman Catholic population shall be met.' (Statement by Mr. Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons, August 28, 1889.)

'A cause which I believe is not a cause of one special form of religious denomination, which is not a form of Roman Catholicism against Protestantism, but which is emphatically the cause of higher education against the want of higher culture, under which we have unfortunately condemned so many persons in Ireland for these many years past.' (Speech of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, July 9, 1897.)

'No fault can be found with the spirit in which the right hon.

gentleman has approached this problem, as to which we had really arrived at an agreement in point of principle four years ago. On the clause in the Home Rule Bill relating to Irish Universities there was then a discussion as to whether the Irish Parliament should be allowed to endow a university. The right hon. gentleman then moved an amendment providing that the Irish Parliament should be prevented from endowing any body of the kind, and he has often expressed the same views which he has expressed to-night. I, on that occasion, while declining to assent to the amendment of the right hon. gentleman, proposed an amendment providing that the Irish Parliament should be allowed to establish or endow a place for university education, subject to two provisions, one of which was that they should not endow any theological chair out of public funds. I have read with great satisfaction the statement of the right hon. gentleman, because I believe that it will tend to promote the settlement of this question and the cause of the higher education in Ireland.' (Speech of Mr. Morley in Debate on Amendment to the Address, January 23, 1897.)

We thus see that between the leader of the present House of Commons and the statesman who, among the members of the Front Opposition Bench, has had most to do with Irish affairs, something not very far from an identity of opinion has been arrived at. In principle, at all events, what Mr. Balfour desires Mr. Morley approves, and it is difficult to believe that in the face of this effective agreement and these large admissions the renewal of substantive proposals for the settlement of the question can be much longer deferred.

But notable as is the condition of opinion among responsible English statesmen of both parties, the extent to which opinion has been crystallising in Ireland is even more remarkable. The conviction of the desirability of giving legislative effect to Mr. Balfour's views is no longer confined to those who would directly benefit by such a step. Classes, creeds, and institutions which a quarter of a century ago offered a resolute and successful resistance to the principles underlying Mr. Gladstone's luckless measure, have now not merely withdrawn their opposition to the provision of further facilities for the higher education of Roman Catholics, but they have, by their accredited representatives in Parliament, urged the Government to legislate, and to legislate at once. The language used by the members for Dublin University, speaking in their places in the House of Commons, on behalf of the authorities of Trinity College, and in the name of the great bulk of its graduates, has defined the attitude of the university with unmistakeable

clearness, and should dissipate once and for all the notion that the great and famous seat of learning which has so long been the chief home of letters and of the higher culture in Ireland, views either with fear or with dislike the endowment of a Roman Catholic college or university. The University of Dublin is of course concerned, and properly so, to take care that whatever advantages it may be proposed to confer on Roman Catholics shall be provided without interference with her own work. But, subject to this proviso, Trinity College is ready to offer a hearty welcome to every new competitor in the race of learning. She regrets, indeed, that despite the successive enlargements of her statutes, which have enabled her to become to so many of the foremost Roman Catholics of Ireland throughout the present century a veritable *Alma Mater*, and notwithstanding that Roman Catholics may, and do, participate in the highest honours and most valuable emoluments she has to bestow, the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland have remained suspicious of her influence and jealous of her share in the affections of so many members of their flock. But while the University of Dublin continues to offer to Roman Catholic Irishmen the advantages which she was the first among the universities of the United Kingdom to hold out to members of their faith, and while she still hopes that not a few of these may continue to avail themselves of what she has to give, she has no selfish desire to deny to those who will not come to her the advantages of a university education in accordance with their own ideals. She may, and indeed does, share the scepticism to which Mr. Lecky has given expression as to the ultimate benefit to Ireland at large of the almost complete separation of denominations which have hitherto been to a large extent united within the walls of Trinity College, but she has no desire to insist upon forcing her principles upon those to whom they are distasteful. Her feelings in this regard approximate in fact with curious exactitude to John Stuart Mill's despondent acquiescence in the same policy, as recorded by Mr. Morley:—

‘He seemed disposed to think that the most feasible solution of the Irish University question is a Catholic university, the restrictive and obscurantist tendencies of which you may expect to have checked by the active competition of life with men trained in more enlightened systems.’

But it is not in the authorities and representatives of Trinity College alone that the altered point of view of Irish

Protestantism may be noted. The change of sentiment has been felt in quarters less open to liberalising influences than that great seat of learning. 'The Protestantism of the 'Protestant religion' is nowhere more jealously guarded than in the Protestant province of Ulster. There, by virtue of its history and traditions, religious doctrines and educational principles are held by the representatives of all the Christian communions with more than common tenacity; for there the whole conformation and complexion of society follow in their shape and colouring the form of its ecclesiastical organisations and the shades of its religious beliefs. It is in Ulster that the fiercest, if not the most formidable, opposition to the very notion of a Roman Catholic university has hitherto been evinced; and it is in Ulster that the missionary process of which Mr. Arthur Balfour has spoken in one of his most recent speeches is more especially needed. Yet there are signs that, even in Ulster, opinion is growing tolerant of the claims of the Roman Catholics in respect to higher education. It is not without knowledge of the trend of opinion in that province that Mr. T. W. Russell, in a speech addressed to his own constituents at Fintona, on October 25, has declared himself a convert to the views of Mr. Balfour on this question. This declaration coming from such a quarter is among the most remarkable of all the utterances we have quoted. It would be difficult to name a member of Parliament whose antecedents seemed to render his acceptance of a Roman Catholic university more unlikely. Saul, among the prophets was not a more unlooked-for apparition than the present parliamentary secretary of the Local Government Board among the supporters of the Roman Catholic demand. Mr. Russell is, as he stated at Fintona, 'a Protestant of the Protestants.' He has been the untiring foe of denominational education in every form. He has pushed his enmity to a principle so repugnant to his ideas as a Scotchman and a Presbyterian to the point of fiercely opposing his own political leaders on other branches of their Irish educational policy. In 1891, as he reminded his constituents, he 'kept the House of Commons sitting far into 'two mornings, dividing against a large grant of money 'for setting up purely denominational colleges.' Truly he is entitled to boast that his 'record in this respect cannot 'be impeached.' But Mr. Russell knows Ireland and knows Ulster, and this is what the member for South Tyrone—Scotchman, Protestant, Radical as he is—has to say upon this question:—

'Then, I am told that to set up a Roman Catholic university in Ireland would be to endow Romanism; and the Protestant Church was not disestablished and disendowed in order to endow its great rival. I agree. During all my career in Parliament I have been utterly hostile to the State endowment of religion. But where do we stand? Unfortunately it is no longer possible to stand on that platform. On the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland the purely Roman Catholic College of Maynooth received a very large commutation sum, and the money thus given was scandalously taken from the Irish Church revenue. And what is the intermediate system of education but an endowment of Roman Catholicism, and out of the Church revenue too? What is our denominational training college system but an endowment of Romanism, with a sop thrown to the Church of Ireland? And even in the Royal University there is a large expenditure against which this charge might well be brought. *I say it is too late to fight this principle. It has been conceded; and if education is to proceed, it cannot wholly be avoided.*'

It is true that Mr. Russell estimates at their full value, if not at more than their full value, the difficulties in the way of legislation by the present Government on the University question. He dwells upon the demands which must in any case be made upon Mr. Balfour to find time for other Irish business of importance. He takes note, too, of the fierce opposition which may be expected to be offered to any proposals for a Roman Catholic University from Non-conformists in England and Wales, and from Presbyterians in Scotland and in Ulster. Nor does he omit to mention that in grappling with this thorny question the Government will get no gratitude from the Irish Nationalists. But, in Mr. Russell's judgement, the magnitude of the issue overrides all objections, and he concludes his speech by urging that things cannot remain as they are in the field of education, and that early legislation is inevitable.

Such being the attitude of leading statesmen of both parties, of influential politicians, and of the spokesmen of classes intimately concerned in the question, let us see what is the position in Ireland, and how that country has been dealt with by successive cabinets in regard to the much-vexed subject of denominational education.

In entering on the consideration of any proposal for the endowment of a university, or of a college affiliated to a university, established upon a strictly denominational basis, it is unquestionable that the instinct of most educated persons, at any rate of most persons educated at English or Scottish universities, is adverse to any such idea.

Most cultivated people, in accepting, so far as it goes, Cardinal Newman's definition of a university as 'a place of teaching universal knowledge,' probably consider that this definition scarcely covers the whole matter. They are inclined to think that a university is not alone a place in which every element of knowledge may be studied, but that it is also a place in which every element of knowledge may be studied by all classes and sections of the community in which and for whose benefit such a university exists. Having regard, too, to the course of educational controversies in these countries, it is certain that the vast majority of those who give intelligent consideration to the matter will require strong reasons to induce them to accept a denominational *pis aller* in exchange for their undenominational ideal. And before asserting that any such *pis aller* should be accepted, even in the case of Ireland, it is necessary that the urgency, not to say the inevitableness, of such a solution of the Irish difficulty should be proved in the completest manner. For not only is the denominational system one from which public opinion in most parts of the United Kingdom instinctively shrinks, but it is one which for many reasons may seem likely to be more especially injurious as applied to the case of Ireland. It is there that the poison of sectarian animosity, which is so peculiarly noxious to the harmony of social life, has always been most powerful, and many will say that a further step in the same direction is not the expedient best fitted to effect an improvement. Ireland, it will be urged, may have many needs, and much to ask for at the hands of the Government and of the Imperial Legislature; but a further stimulant to the acridity of her sectarian divisions is surely not sought for or suggested by any of her friends. Are there not causes of difference in abundance, it may be asked, without the sanction of the State being given to an attempt to stereotype in each new generation those deeply rooted divisions of religious sentiment which have so long scarred the features of society in Ireland, and which men of all parties have so strenuously laboured to terminate? These are weighty considerations. But an analysis of the educational history of Ireland tends, we are convinced, to prove that, important as they are, they are overweighted by facts which it will not be the part of statesmanship to ignore. No one who is anxious to form a just estimate of the strength of denominationalism in relation to University education in Ireland can rightly comprehend the position without taking account of the history of the analogous question of primary education in

that country. The process by which a system carefully and elaborately devised in the interests of undenominationalism has been diverted by both Roman Catholics and Protestants to denominational purposes is so full of instruction for the student of the University question that it seems not irrelevant to preface our further reference to the latter subject by some account of the origin and working of the great fabric of national education established in Ireland more than two generations ago by a Whig Chief Secretary, who was afterwards to be a Tory Prime Minister.

Prior to the year 1814 it may be said that there was practically no recognition on the part of the State of any obligation to lend its aid to the work of educating the Irish people. Grants of public money had not, indeed, been finally withdrawn at that period from the old Charter Schools. But those institutions, founded in 1733, and endowed by the State at the instance of Primate Boulter, had, by the close of the last century, not only signally failed in their original object of 'bringing over the children ' of Roman Catholics to the State Church,' but had proved unequal even to the more legitimate function of educating the Protestant poor. The business of education had accordingly fallen into the hands of purely voluntary associations, and of these the two most important were the Hibernian Association, founded in 1806, whose headquarters were in London, and the Kildare Place Society, founded in 1811.

But though the task of educating the poor of Ireland was left, down to 1814, to the unaided exertions of these voluntary societies, the Government had already been making some practical endeavours towards the establishment of a satisfactory system of State-aided education. In 1806 the Cabinet of All the Talents appointed an influential commission, which sat for six years, presenting no fewer than fourteen reports. This commission was the first to lay down the cardinal principle upon which primary education in Ireland was subsequently founded, and upon which, in theory, it has ever since proceeded. In their final report the commissioners recommended 'a general plan of education ' for the lower classes, keeping clear of all interference with ' the religious tenets of any, and thereby inducing the whole ' to receive education as one body under one and the same ' system and in the same establishment;' a conclusion which was expressly based upon the principle that any attempt to influence or disturb the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination must be necessarily fatal to every effort at reform.

As a result of these recommendations Parliament resolved in 1814 to give some effect to the views of the commission by making grants to the Kildare Place Society, whose regulations were framed in the spirit of the principles thus insisted on. But, though founded in a very liberal spirit, the Kildare Place Society did not give general satisfaction. While excluding all other religious books, and not attempting to interfere with the religion of the children attending its schools, it enjoined the reading of the Bible, without note or comment, as an essential part of its general system of instruction. This was not at first objected to by the Roman Catholics, large numbers of whose children attended the schools; but, after a few years, opposition to this principle began to make itself felt. In 1821 O'Connell made himself the mouthpiece of Roman Catholic discontent, and it must be acknowledged that, as Mr. Stanley subsequently observed, in a Church which denies to Adults the right of unaided private interpretation of the Scriptures, objection to the open Bible, as part of the compulsory educational curriculum for her children, was by no means surprising. Acting under episcopal direction, the priests in many districts began to withdraw their children from the schools of the Kildare Place Society. In other places, if the hibernicism may be pardoned, the rules of the society were evaded even where they were observed. Lord Cloncurry, in his 'Personal Recollections,' narrates how a priest, desirous of retaining the financial help of the society, but objecting to its rules, got rid of the difficulty as to Scripture education by a pious fraud. He caused the Bible to be read daily in his schoolroom, but rendered submission to the regulation innocuous to the faith of his pupils by deferring its observance until the end of the day, when all the scholars had departed.

As a consequence of this opposition, and in response to a petition from the Roman Catholic prelates, Parliament in 1824 again appointed a Commission to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, and 'to adopt such measures 'as might promote the education of the Roman Catholic 'poor in Ireland in the most effectual manner.' The new Commission sat for three years, presenting its final report in 1827. In this document the majority of the commissioners came to conclusions identical with those enunciated by their predecessors in 1814 as to the paramount importance of the principle of united secular instruction for all creeds. No immediate action in Parliament followed this inquiry;

but in 1828 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and presented a report which became the basis of the scheme of national education ultimately adopted and formulated by Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) in his celebrated letter to the Duke of Leinster. This report was founded on the principles laid down by the commissioners in 1814 and 1827, and declared in its first paragraph that its recommendations were designed 'for the purpose of carrying 'into effect the combined literary and separate religious 'education' of children in the schools aided by the State. Its views were endorsed by yet another Committee in 1830, and on the accession of Lord Grey to power steps were at length taken to give effect to the policy thus repeatedly put forward.

The proceedings and reports of these commissions and committees are conclusive, it must be admitted, as to the objects which Parliament had in view in devising a scheme of national education for Ireland. They are ably summarised in Mr. Stanley's letter to the Duke of Leinster, which has always been regarded as the real charter of the National system. From the date of its establishment down to a very recent period no sort of doubt has ever been felt by the public, or by the Board of National Education itself, that the primary and essential principle of the system is the combined secular and separate religious education of the children. The commissioners themselves have, in their annual reports, affirmed that the 'principle of the system, 'and which we consider fundamental and unalterable, is 'that the national schools should be open to Christians 'of all denominations,' and the late resident commissioner, Sir Patrick Keenan, himself a Roman Catholic, in a very interesting address on Education, delivered in 1881 before the Social Science Congress in Dublin, began his outline of the system he so ably administered with the statement that the 'fundamental principle of the system 'was that it was to be one of combined secular and moral 'and separate religious instruction.'

In the early years of the National system the representatives of the Established Church, together with the Roman Catholics and the Nonconformist bodies, combined in a loyal and harmonious effort to make the new system a success. Archbishops Whately and Murray sat together on the National Board as at first constituted; and, encouraged by the hearty approval of the latter prelate, the Roman Catholics eagerly availed themselves to the fullest extent of

the benefits of the new system. For several years the two creeds worked together without the slightest friction; and, although in 1839 an attempt was made by a section of the Roman Catholic bishops to induce the Propaganda to proclaim its disapproval of the national system, the effort received no countenance at that time at Rome. In 1852, however, the death of Archbishop Murray, and the appointment of Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, led to the introduction of less harmonious relations between the representatives of the two communions. Objections taken by the Roman Catholics to some of the books used in the national schools were allowed by the majority of the commissioners, and led to the retirement of Archbishop Whately from the National Board. The priests, under the direction of their new ruler, and animated by the Ultramontane policy then in favour at Rome, a policy of which Cardinal Cullen was in a peculiar degree the representative, began to show signs of dissatisfaction, and succeeded in putting an end to even the limited recognition which had at first been given to the system of common religious instruction. Indeed, they manifested for a time such an evident desire to completely denominationalise the system that a shrewd observer ventured in 1858, with a sagacity which can be appreciated to-day, to prophesy that 'when they are strong enough they will clamour for a grant for separate Roman Catholic education, even at the expense of consenting to one for Protestant education.' *

From the moment that Cardinal Cullen, in obedience to a policy approved at Rome, and subscribed to so far as regards the Irish hierarchy in the resolutions of the Synod of Thurles, made a vigorous and sustained effort to subvert the principle upon which the primary system was founded, and upon which it still theoretically rests, may be dated the decline of the national system as an effective machinery for securing mixed education. For a time, indeed, many of the Roman Catholic prelates adhered to the principle of mixed, or, as we prefer to call it, united education. But for reasons, and under circumstances, which have been admirably described by the late Professor Cairnes in one of his essays on the Irish University question, the 'high' Catholic ideal won the day; and since 1852 denominationalism has been pursued with zealous fervour by the rulers and dignitaries

* See 'Journals, Conversations, and Essays, relating to Ireland,' by Nassau William Senior, vol. 2, p. 112.

of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, almost without exception. Ignoring the principles upon which the present system was founded and on which its administration has been conducted for more than sixty years, the majority of the present members of the National Board have recently been engaged in attempting the complete subversion of the system they are charged to carry out, and have sought to procure the sanction of successive Chief Secretaries to the excision from their rules of the regulations relating to religious instruction. But in that effort, backed though it is by the whole weight of Roman Catholic influence, and aided by the section of Protestant opinion which still abides by the antiquated ideals of the Church Education Society, these agitators have not yet completely succeeded.

But though the system still remains in theory a mixed system, in practice it has grown to be all but completely denominational; and, in the language of Mr. Arthur Balfour, 'we support in Ireland a system more favourable to the Catholics than is afforded by the Exchequer of any Catholic country in Europe to the Catholics of that country.' Already the system has proved elastic enough to embrace, without injury to the religious susceptibilities of their conductors, the schools of fifteen orders of nuns and of six orders of monks. Only one section of Roman Catholic schools still remains outside the system, and the majority of the National Board having, after three years' deliberation, failed to include these schools—those of the Christian Brothers—without violating, in theory as well as practice, their fundamental principle, have boldly proposed to throw that principle overboard. They have determined not only to waive the rules which guarantee its observance for the benefit of the Christian Brothers, but to depart so far from the principle that all schools shall be open to children of all creeds as actually to permit the compulsory exclusion of all but one sect. This proposition has not, as yet, been acquiesced in by the Government; indeed the present Chief Secretary has given it a decided negative. But the fact that those who administer the national system have felt warranted in recommending it is eloquent of the distance traversed in this matter since 1831. Coupled with the statistics supplied by the Commissioners of National Education in their report for 1896–1897, it is surely conclusive as to the hopelessness of any attempt to make united instruction a reality in the primary schools of Ireland. It appears that of 8,606 national schools in

operation on December 31, 1896, with a roll of 815,248 pupils, 5,248 schools with a roll of 501,577 pupils were attended solely by Roman Catholics or solely by Protestants. Thus of the total number on the rolls, 62·2 per cent. were in schools attended solely by Roman Catholics or solely by Protestants, and only 37·8 per cent. were in schools attended by Roman Catholic *and* Protestant pupils.* It may be added that the movement in the direction of denominationalism has been continuous and progressive for many years, the percentage of schools attended by Roman Catholic and Protestant pupils having fallen from 49·4 in 1887 to 37·8 in 1896.

The foregoing narrative has shown how potent has been the influence of the Irish hierarchy in relation to a system designed to destroy, or at any rate minimise, the evils of denominationalism. In the struggle between the State and the hierarchy the former has been decisively worsted; and, though Parliament still makes a stand in behalf of some subordinate principles, it has itself formally admitted its substantial defeat upon the large issues involved. In 1891 a question arose as to the relation of the State to the colleges for the training of national school teachers in Ireland. Complaints had been urged by both Protestants and Roman Catholics of the unfair treatment of the denominational training colleges in regard to State aid, as compared with the great undenominational institution founded by the State to provide teachers for the national schools. It was complained that whereas the State foundation, the Marlborough Street Training College, which was maintained on the mixed system, was supported exclusively by State grants, the denominational colleges were obliged to contribute one-fourth of their cost from private benefactions. In response to the demands for equality which pressed upon him from both sides, Mr. Arthur Balfour not only assented to the principle of uniform treatment in the matter of the annual grants, but applying the principle retrospectively to the building of the colleges, and in recompense for the State provision of the buildings of the State college, he caused a sum equal to the certified valuation of the denominational training colleges to be paid out of the public funds to those institutions. We make no complaint of the policy of the Government in yielding to this demand; but we assert that in so acting it absolutely

* Vide Sixty-third Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, pp, 11, 12.

surrendered the principle of undenominationalism as a fundamental maxim or as a condition precedent to State aid. The State theory of education has not been expressly repudiated ; but it has been tacitly ignored. No sort of distinction is made between institutions formed on the Government model and those which are established in the interests of one or other of the great religious denominations, and the State is as liberal to those who attack its own system as it is to those who support it. The facts on this point have been summarised once for all with a clearness and cogency which leave nothing to be desired in a speech delivered by Mr. Gerald Balfour, speaking as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the Debate upon the Address at the commencement of the Session of 1896:—

‘The education system in Ireland is denominational in theory to a very large extent, and it is so to even a larger extent in practice. There is nothing in Ireland which corresponds exactly to the distinction between board schools and voluntary schools. In Ireland all schools are maintained, almost entirely maintained, out of grants provided by Parliament. No restriction whatever is placed on the character of the religious teaching. A denominational religion is taught in the vast majority of the schools, it is quite true, as in the voluntary schools in England ; but there is this immense difference between the two nations—that whereas in England pecuniary loss or disability is inflicted on voluntary schools in consequence of their denominational character, in Ireland no such distinction is made. It ought to be clearly understood once for all that everything which the most extreme advocate of voluntary schools in this country is asking for is already conceded in Ireland, and if we had in this country the system which now prevails in Ireland, it appears to me that all the complaints with regard to voluntary schools, especially those from Roman Catholic quarters, would be completely met.’

The foregoing sketch of the Irish system of primary education furnishes conclusive evidence of the strength of denominationalism in Ireland, and it does not appear to be more hopeful than it is logical to seek to crown the edifice built on these foundations by insisting on erecting a non-denominational university at the top. Let us see, however, how things stand at present in relation to undenominational university education. Let us start with the University of Dublin, which justly boasts that its highest rewards are open equally to all comers. And let us see who it is that comes to it. The authorities of Trinity College do not, we believe, give any particulars of the religious beliefs of their students. To do so, they probably consider, would only emphasise distinctions of which they desire to take as little

account as possible. But we are approximately correct in stating that, of over twelve hundred students who entered in the five years ending 1895, less than one hundred, or about 6 per cent., were Roman Catholics. It may be urged that this disparity is to be accounted for by the fact that the university-going classes are in the main Protestant. No doubt this is to a great extent the case. But it is less and less so with every year that passes. The intermediate system has multiplied enormously the number of Roman Catholics who seek a university education, and it is impossible that, if Trinity College were satisfactory to Roman Catholic parents, it should not number a far larger proportion of Roman Catholic students. That it fails to attract them is due to a state of things in no wise discreditable to the University of Dublin, arising out of the history of the country and the traditions of the place, and which, notwithstanding the progressive liberalism of the authorities, has given to it what its distinguished senior member, Mr. Carson, has described as 'a distinct Protestant aroma.'

If we turn from Trinity College and the University of Dublin to the unsectarian foundations which have been established by Parliament in the vain hope of providing an undenominational solution of a denominational problem, we shall not find the case any better. The Queen's Colleges, which Sir Robert Peel established in the north, south, and west of Ireland, have admittedly failed to answer the objects of their founder, so far as regards the higher education of Roman Catholics. It is not, indeed, a legitimate subject of complaint that the Belfast College should be predominantly Protestant, since it is established in the midst of a predominantly Protestant population, though it is scarcely encouraging to find that of 5,679 students who have entered the college since its opening in 1849, no more than 305 have been Roman Catholics, and that the number of Roman Catholics on the roll has been actually diminishing in recent years. But there is no alleviation to the gloom of the figures for Cork and Galway during the same period. At Cork, indeed, where the presidents have been continuously Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholic students numbered, in 1896-7, 116 out of 206 students on the rolls, but this number is much smaller than that on the rolls of a few years ago, and the diminution has been steady for several years past. At Galway, of 2,489 students who have entered since 1849, no more than 1,048 Roman Catholics have been sent up by the most Catholic province in Ireland

to the college founded for its benefit. Even more disappointing than these figures is the contrast between the numbers entering in the early years of the institution and those who matriculated in 1896-7. In the first year of its existence thirty-eight Roman Catholics entered the college. Last year the number had fallen to twelve, and in 1895-6 it was as low as nine. No argument could prove more irresistibly than these figures the failure of the Queen's Colleges to meet the educational wants of Roman Catholics.

If, then, it may be regarded as established, first, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are entitled to look to the State for adequate provision for their higher education, and, secondly, that the attempts hitherto made to meet their wants have been, for one reason or another, incomplete and ineffective, let us see what it is that their spokesmen ask for, and the nature of the difficulties that stand in the way of a final and comprehensive settlement of the question.

In the document cited at the head of this article the Irish hierarchy have dealt with four points which, as they inferred from the course of discussion in Parliament, are regarded as fundamental even by those English statesmen and Irish Protestant politicians who have assented unreservedly to the general justice of the Roman Catholic claim. The first of these points is the regulation of the proportion of laymen to ecclesiastics on the governing body of the University. This is a question upon which, down to a very recent period, the Roman Catholic bishops have been understood to preserve a very unyielding attitude, and it is one which in the negotiations between Lord Mayo, representing the Government of Lord Derby in 1867, and the representatives of the Roman Catholic hierarchy led to the most serious divergence of opinion, the latter body remonstrating strongly against the provision for lay representation contained in the Government scheme. On this point, however, the current of public opinion has run in favour of a more liberal policy than the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland were prepared to sanction thirty years ago. The schism between the clerical and Parnellite parties in politics, as illustrated by the Meath elections, has not been without its effect upon the public opinion of Irish Roman Catholics, and the bishops no longer push their claims to the extent of demanding a clerical majority on any governing body which may be created. In their memorandum of 1897 they admit, for the first time without reserve, that they 'are prepared to accept a majority of laymen.'

We must, however, in candour confess that, little as we like the idea of ecclesiastical predominance in the governing body of a University, there is some justification for the jealousy of the hierarchy on this subject. The predominance of the lay element in the governing body of a university or college presupposes the existence of a laity competent to assume the highest educational functions. It is in the best interests of Ireland that a Roman Catholic laity—cultivated, religious, yet independent of ecclesiastical direction in matters unconnected with faith and morals—should exist in ever-increasing numbers. No one, however, who really knows Ireland can honestly claim that such a laity exists. In December 1896, a number of representative Roman Catholic laymen published a declaration of their views on the subject of university education. The declaration, which had remained open for signature for nearly a twelvemonth, and which may, therefore, be considered exhaustive, was undoubtedly signed by many persons of distinction; but it is a singularly unimpressive document, though it is subscribed to by eleven peers and five members of the Irish Privy Council, and by about twelve hundred individuals of all classes. The melancholy truth is that the number of Irish Roman Catholic laymen who are capable of forming independent opinions of any serious value on the subject of university education is exceedingly small, and in the absence of any substantial body of educated lay opinion the bishops may have some right to doubt the wisdom of confiding to laymen too large a share in the government of the university. It is but just to observe, however, that the chief cause of this want of a cultivated lay opinion among Irish Roman Catholics is the absence of adequate provision for their higher education. It is scarcely fair to argue that a Roman Catholic university is unnecessary because the university-going class among the Roman Catholic community is so small. To a great extent it is small because there is no university.

The second point to which the bishops address themselves is the question of the endowment of theological teaching. On this point English, Scotch and Irish opinion is agreed. Neither Unionists nor Radicals, neither Churchmen nor Nonconformists, neither Protestant laymen nor Roman Catholic laymen, desire to see a chair of theology endowed out of the public funds. This particular point was incidentally settled during the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893, when, on the question of university

endowments being raised by Mr. Balfour, an amendment of Mr. Morley was adopted by consent sanctioning the endowment of a university by an Irish Parliament subject to two provisions, one of which was that no theological chair should be endowed out of public funds. The bishops accept unreservedly the solution suggested by Mr. Morley and accepted by Mr. Balfour, and are ready to assent to any guarantees that may be necessary to secure that the moneys voted by Parliament shall be applied exclusively to the teaching of secular knowledge. This difficulty in the way of legislation may, therefore, be looked on as definitely removed.

In relation to the important topic of the appointment and removal of professors, the declarations of the bishops are scarcely so satisfactory; at least, they are a little vague. They propose to refer all complaints which may arise 'to the decision of a strong and well-chosen Board of Visitors, in whose independence and judicial character all parties would have confidence.' This would be highly satisfactory if the board so described could be constituted. But boards in whose independence and judicial character all parties have confidence are, unhappily, not common in Ireland, and it will be for the ingenuity of Parliament to supply some more definite safeguard for the protection of the teaching staff against arbitrary dismissal. The fourth point discussed by the bishops is the condition on which Mr. Morley has somewhat pedantically laid especial stress—namely, that the provisions of the University of Dublin Tests Act of 1873 should apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the new university so as to open up its degrees, honours, and emoluments to all comers. To this no objection is offered. It would be surprising, indeed, were any entertained. For the possibility of students other than Roman Catholics presenting themselves for examination in the new university seems exceedingly remote.

Having thus dealt, in a spirit of reasonableness and enlightenment which cannot be too freely acknowledged, with the objections or misgivings most commonly entertained in regard to the endowment of a Roman Catholic university, the bishops proceed to refer to a point of much importance, and it is the last of their observations to which we need refer. They express their belief that the interests of higher education will be better served by the creation of a university than by the establishment of a college. It is evident from this mode of putting the matter that

there is still an open mind in the highest Roman Catholic quarters on the important question of college or university. The point is one of some consequence, because the claim put forward by the bishops on former occasions has been commonly regarded as a claim for a university in the fullest sense of the word or nothing; and it is obvious that the readiness of the hierarchy to accept a college as distinguished from a university considerably reduces the difficulty in the way of providing a satisfactory solution of the question. In the 'Historical Outline of the Irish University Question' with which Archbishop Walsh opens the useful collection of contributions to the discussion on the subject embodied in the volume cited at the head of this article, the Roman Catholic view on this point is presented in very clear language. Dr. Walsh, while stating that the bishops have always desired to have a university, endowed as such, as distinguished from a college, asserts that they have always acquiesced in the possibility of settling the question on other lines; and intimates that, subject always to 'the essential 'condition of equality,' they are prepared to accept in lieu of a university an endowed college or colleges.

We are not altogether clear that even from a non-Catholic point of view the Roman Catholic ideal is not to be preferred to its alternative. If by their readiness to accept a Catholic college in a non-Catholic university is meant the affiliation of an endowed Roman Catholic college to Dublin University, with a board of management representative jointly of Trinity College and of the new institution, we should much prefer to see a completely independent university endowed. And this for a reason entirely unconnected with any misgivings as to the abstract possibility of securing effective government free from friction under a joint board. There are, happily, examples in Ireland of the successful union of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the administration of great public institutions, and we see no reason why, if a new university were created, the principle of dual government should not be applied. But there is one condition of university reform which appears to us to be absolutely fundamental—as fundamental as the condition of equality upon which Archbishop Walsh so legitimately insists. It is essential that the boon to be bestowed shall not be granted at the expense of institutions which have done and are doing a great work in their own sphere. No scheme of reform which can injure the efficiency of Trinity College is admissible, and an affiliation of a Roman Catholic college to Dublin University could

not fail to injure both college and university. If the statements we have referred to as justifying the unwillingness of Roman Catholics to rest content with Trinity College are well founded, they mean that Trinity College and the University of Dublin—expressions which are really synonymous terms, so closely are the college and university interwoven in constitution and in tradition—possess, in virtue of their three centuries of splendid work, a distinctive individuality, a *genius loci*, a power of attraction, which add enormously to their value, and which are dependent on the maintenance of the traditions and forms of government in which they have their origin. No change which would lessen the utility of Trinity College can possibly be contemplated; and no change which would affiliate a Roman Catholic college to the university could fail to have this effect, by reason of the altered educational standard which would have to be adopted. Such a scheme is, however, outside the range of the possible, since it could never be acquiesced in by the representatives of Trinity College; and so long as the equality of Roman Catholics can be achieved by other means this is in itself a sufficient objection.

It is impossible then to found a Roman Catholic college within the University of Dublin. But there appears to be no reason, *prima facie* at least, why an endowed Roman Catholic college affiliated to the Royal University should not meet all the requirements of the case. There would, in this case, be no such weakening of the utility of a successful and ancient institution as in that of the University of Dublin. The Royal University is but sixteen years established, and it is founded as an examining body, empowered to give degrees to all comers. At present it draws its students mainly from the Queen's Colleges, and from the college of that unendowed Catholic University in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, of which the origin and early struggles are detailed in the very interesting volume entitled 'My Campaign in Ireland,' published by the custodians of Cardinal Newman's papers. There is no reason that we can suggest why a Roman Catholic college richly endowed out of public funds, and possessing all the dignity, so far as its constitution goes, which belongs to Trinity College, should not be conducted successfully in connexion with the Royal University. That university is already framed as to its governing body on a thoroughly representative basis. Several of its fellowships have been held by professors of the Catholic University, and the re-arrangement of its curriculum to suit the exigencies of the

new system should not be a matter of any great difficulty. Such a plan would have the further advantage, fraught with no injury to the Roman Catholic college, of possessing elasticity enough to admit of the affiliation of the Queen's College, Belfast, on a similar basis, in the probable event of the recognition of Roman Catholic claims leading the Presbyterians to unite in a logically irresistible demand for a separately endowed Presbyterian college.

For such a union of sectarian colleges within a university administered by a joint governing body representative of the colleges there is no parallel within the United Kingdom. But a precedent, and a highly successful one, has been furnished by one of the British colonies in the University of Sydney. That university was founded in 1850, and to give the degrees a title to recognition outside the colony of New South Wales a charter was conferred upon it in 1858. Its senate is composed of sixteen Fellows, of whom twelve must be laymen, and of not less than three, or more than six, professors. The senate elects the chancellor and vice-chancellor of the university, and controls the appointment of its professors. Its Fellows are elected by convocation, a body representative of the Fellows, professors, and examiners in the schools of the university. A conscience clause protects any student who prefers to be freed from the obligation from attending university lectures or passing examinations in ethics, metaphysics, or modern history. The statutes of the university provide for the affiliation of colleges, and at present the University of Sydney embraces three strictly denominational colleges, viz.—St. Paul's, St. John's, and St. Andrews, which represent respectively the Anglican, the Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian communions. Each of the colleges of St. Paul's and St. John's consists of a warden and a council of eighteen Fellows, of whom six must be clergymen and twelve laymen, the laymen not necessarily belonging to the same religious denomination. The warden must in the case of St. Paul's be an Anglican clergyman, in that of St. John's a Roman Catholic priest. The visitor of the former college is the Protestant bishop of Sydney, in the latter the Roman Catholic archbishop. The Presbyterian College of St. Andrews is governed by a principal, who must be a minister, and by the councillors, of whom not more than four may belong to the ministry.

The rules of the colleges amply provide for giving a religious stamp to their system, and in effect restrict the

students of each to a single denomination. For example, the rules of St. John's College oblige all students to attend morning and evening prayers, mass, and all public services in the college chapel, and to approach the Sacrament at least once a term, and they provide for gratuitous and systematic instruction to all students, resident or non-resident, in the doctrines and practice of the Roman Catholic Church.

It appears to us that the University of Sydney supplies a hopeful precedent for such a solution of the Irish University question as we have hinted at above. We cannot undertake to say to what extent the arrangement suggested would be palatable to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, who, in the absence of a really representative lay opinion must be accepted as practically acting in this matter for Roman Catholic Ireland. We feel pretty confident, however, that, in so far as a thoughtful and independent laity does exist, such a solution would be acceptable to those of the Roman Catholic communion who have given real consideration to the matter. Upon one point only does it seem necessary to enter a caveat. We have expressed unreservedly our view, which has not been lightly formed, that the circumstances of Ireland, the character of its population, and the natural title of the majority of its inhabitants to have their conscientious views on the subject of education fully respected, justify the provision in that country under State auspices of a system which would neither be sought nor sanctioned elsewhere in the United Kingdom. But our admissions in this regard are subject to one reservation which we will not do the advocates of a Roman Catholic university the injustice of hinting at the possibility of their objecting to. The standard of university education must not be unnecessarily or unduly lowered. If we advocate the extension of the university system to classes which have not hitherto been reached by the best efforts of Parliament, it is not because we are willing to see restrictions placed upon the pursuit of knowledge, but because we desire that the area of education in its fullest and highest sense should be widened and extended.

In a letter addressed to the Premier on the university question in 1889, the Duke of Argyll has given a characteristic account of the effect of Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1873 in this regard, a bill prepared by a cabinet of which his Grace was a member, and to which he gave a presumably reluctant assent:—

'In that year, 1873, we followed our distinguished leader into a

celebrated mess. We produced a scheme which was, in itself, inherently absurd. We admitted that it was impossible to combine Catholics and non-Catholics in higher university education in Ireland, if that higher education was to be what it had always been elsewhere over the civilised world. But we suggested that it might be lopped, truncated, and maimed. Our suggestion was that in Ireland education would still be higher education, although it might be wanting both in philosophy and history. As Sir Lyon Playfair tersely put it, in a country which had given birth to Bishop Berkeley Philosophy was to be dropped out of academic teaching, and in the native land of Edmund Burke Modern History was to suffer the same fate.'

We do not profess to anticipate that, in relation to the topics of the Duke of Argyll's sarcasm, any marked advance on the ideal of 1873 is to be looked for in the advocates of a Roman Catholic university. As in the case of the University of Sydney, so in any system of Irish university education which Roman Catholics can at present be expected to accept, the study of philosophy and history must be, if not exactly 'lopped, truncated, and maimed,' at any rate pursued under restrictions which we will not pretend to approve. And that is one reason why, disliking the notion of giving the *imprimatur* of the State to a system in which those studies have not full freedom, we should prefer the endowment of a Roman Catholic college to the endowment of a Roman Catholic university. We believe, however, that it is not over-sanguine to anticipate some relaxation of the strictness of Roman Catholic notions on this subject, and that the religious guides of the majority of Irishmen are not, after all, very far from accepting that definition of the true relations between religion and merely human knowledge which has been so beautifully supplied by Tennyson in the dedication to 'In Memoriam':—

'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
'That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.'

We are fully conscious that the substantive suggestions contained in the foregoing paragraphs are, most or all of them, open to criticism from the widely different stand-points of the various parties interested. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that very different ideas are entertained by persons whose views are entitled to great respect. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, for example, whose title to speak on educational matters does not depend merely on his posi-

tion as President of the Queen's College at Cork, considers that the solution of the problem is to be found in the expansion of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork into separate and independent Universities constituted upon a representative basis. Such a settlement of the University question is undoubtedly attractive; but the chief infirmity in the proposal is that the personages who, *pace* Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, really control Irish Roman Catholic opinion, will have none of it. The scheme would add dignity to the provincial colleges, but it does not propose to alter the basis of their teaching, and those who have hitherto remained outside them would remain outside them still. Of the President's proposal, considered as a practical suggestion, it is enough to say that on the very day on which Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's lecture was reported in the Irish newspapers, Archbishop Walsh declared, in a letter to the 'Freeman's Journal,' that the ban under which the Queen's Colleges have lain since they were established can never be removed so long as the system of education embodied in them continues to be what it is.

We have put our views in a concrete form, not so much with the object of enforcing the arguments in favour of the solution of the difficulty which we have ventured to recommend, as because in an article upon the University question substantive proposals will naturally be looked for; and we are prepared to defend the creation of an endowed college for Roman Catholics as upon the whole the most satisfactory expedient. We are not, however, wedded to our suggestions in matters of detail. What we are really concerned for is that the people of the United Kingdom should recognise fully and frankly the claims of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to a better and fairer system of university education than at present exists. It is now more than thirty years since Lord Mayo, on behalf of a Conservative administration, admitted that a just claim existed for the creation of a university of a denominational character which would stand in the same position towards Roman Catholics as Trinity College does towards Protestants. It is, as we have already remarked, a quarter of a century since Mr. Gladstone, in the name of the old Liberal party, made equally full admission of the Roman Catholic grievance, though he proposed to remedy it by means widely different. Contemporary statesmen in the front rank on both sides of politics concur in allowing the justice of the demand, and, as we have pointed out, the fierce

opposition which was formerly manifested in Ireland towards any and all proposals for the solution of the difficulty, though it has not disappeared, has considerably abated in violence. That claims so generally admitted should continue to be ignored by Parliament in deference to popular prejudice or to a theory of education, and in opposition to the highest needs of a nation, is neither justice nor statesmanship. The undenominational ideal has always been the ideal of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It remains our ideal still. But convinced that that ideal has no chance of acceptance in Ireland, and recognising that the whole trend of opinion amongst the great majority of the Irish people is, and has long been, in the exactly contrary direction, we feel that persistence in a denial of the Roman Catholic demand is not a course which can be justified any further, either upon the grounds of equity or upon those of political expediency.

ART. V.—1. *A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.*
Par EDMOND DEMOLINS. Paris: 1897.

2. *L'Europa Giovane: Studi e Viaggi nel paesi del Nord.* Di
GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Milan: 1897.

TWO races and two irreconcilable ideals of society struggle for mastery in the battle-field of Western civilisation. As between races, the battle is practically over. Latin Europe—that is to say, roughly, France, Spain, and Italy—sees itself year by year more closely restricted to its own boundaries. Italy has been obliged almost to resign her only foreign possession; Spain's dependencies daily threaten either to break away or to rot off; France alone, where the southern stock is mixed with a strong northern infusion, retains her vitality, but in spite of a feverish activity in acquisition shows no real power to expand. The Teutonic-speaking peoples already predominate even in Europe, where their ascendancy is curbed, partly by internal hostilities, partly by the presence of a third element—the huge bulk of Russia; outside Europe they overrun the habitable world. In South America Latin civilisation still maintains itself, but holds a precarious existence merely by the patronage and sufferance of the Anglo-Saxon North. As between ideals, however, the conflict is at its fiercest. Over against the commercial type of nation, the free Anglo-Saxon community, where the State exists for the convenience of the individual rather than the individual for the State, is set the Roman or military type, governed by a highly centralised bureaucracy, and tending ultimately to Cæsarism. The racial character of the struggle is for the time obscured, because at the very head and front of the forces of militarism stands the Emperor of Germany with his drilled nation of Teutons behind him. The ideal of the succumbing race perpetuates itself among a section of the victors. A society whose first object is to reduce the army to its lowest dimensions pitted against one which strains every nerve to enlist the last available man would seem of necessity condemned to undergo the fate of the unwarlike; yet Great Britain spreads faster and farther than any other European nation, and the whole world shows a surprising disposition to avoid war with the United States. We are all of us conscious of the facts, yet there is naturally a widespread uneasiness abroad, at least among us English, and we begin to ask whether the unarmed merchant can be safe in the

midst of camps. It is, therefore, well worth while to consider how the problem looks from the other side. Admitted that our policy has paid so far, is it suicidal rashness to continue it? How is it that the unarmed race manages to hold its armed competitors at a disadvantage? Two very remarkable books have been published within the last year that seek to answer this question. One of them, 'Young Europe,' by Signor Ferrero (a disciple of Lombroso), proceeds to explain the victory of the Teuton over the Latin; the other, by M. Demolins, a student of social science, seeks to discover, as its title sets out, 'wherein lies the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon.' They should repay study, not so much because they may enable us to sleep quiet at nights, undisturbed by dreams of national degeneration, but because they show us how we impress a foreigner, and to know one's strong points is the best wisdom. It is not by patching up what is weak but by strengthening what is strong, not by assuming the defensive but by pushing a successful line of attack, that nations as well as individuals attain to success.

Both Signor Ferrero and M. Demolins are of opinion that the winners in the international struggle are winning because they are the people who have known how to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life. The industrial revolution occasioned by the improvement of machinery and the wide use of coal has altered society root and branch. Individuals can no longer, except the few fortunate, step peaceably into the shoes of a father or an uncle, and no nation can retain of hereditary right the monopoly of any industry. Every place has to be fought for, while, on the other hand, every place is open to him who can win it. But we can only advance by making ourselves a necessary part of the great machinery; we are all of us, more or less, one of the nine men who take part in producing a pin. In short, the rewards for work are greater, but it is harder to get work, and when work is procured it is more laborious and more irksome than it used to be. Why then, under these new conditions, does the Teuton outstrip the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon his German or French competitors? Signor Ferrero points you to a physiological difference. In the Latin the sexual impulse develops earlier and remains more powerful than in the Teuton; it wastes a worker's energy and it distracts his attention. Consequently the colder northern, though not superior in skill or intelligence to the southern—Signor Ferrero says he is inferior—works

harder at all work and more steadily at mechanical work. M. Demolins assigns a moral cause. The Anglo-Saxon succeeds, he says, by reason of his greater enterprise, his independence of character, and his power of initiation, all of which are partly cause and partly effect of his social system. Crudely stated, there does not seem to be much in this theoretical assignment of causes, but it is in the working out and application of principles that they acquire their interest and value. Let us develop first Signor Ferrero's theory, as being much the less important. Practically he starts with the utterances of Tacitus respecting the Germans—a chapter which still expresses the difference between the Latin races and their northern neighbours. ‘*Sera juvenum Venus ideoque inexhausta pubertas.*’ Physical precocity interferes with the intellectual and bodily development of the Latins, and from the first the sexual desire is with them a hindrance, not, as so often with us, the greatest of all helps. The craving for a particular woman becomes with the man of German race a stimulus to exertion; the ideal element in his love which Signor Ferrero recognises, but recognises as strange, enables him to wait years, if necessary, for the fulfilment of his wishes; but with the Latin the same craving is a paroxysm, hampering all his activities. Besides, the emotional crisis is not done with once and for all. The Englishman, says Signor Ferrero, is a monogamous animal, while at any given moment the Latin's horizon is apt to be occupied by a petticoat or a succession of petticoats. Allied to the superior sexual morality of the English and Germans is a more practical conception of duty. The Latin expects his life to be variegated, interesting, and exciting. Duty to the Italian means something of the heroic order, a leap into the abyss if need be; but ordinary life does not call for Marcus Curtius. ‘What distinguishes the German or English workman from the French or Italian is his greater conscientiousness.’ He does not need so much supervision, and this runs through the whole framework of society. The big wheels of the machine that are in view—prime ministers, generals, and the rest—cannot work in Italy because the little unseen cogs come to a stop for want of the workaday virtues. ‘Somebody has remarked that one of the great qualities in a German workman is his ability to endure boredom,’ and consequently the Italian is at a disadvantage wherever mechanical work has to be produced. Do you want an example? Italy and France produce better pastry than

England, but they cannot approach English biscuits. Why? Because each individual piece of Italian pastry is an artistic creation—light, airy, full of candied fruits or exquisite cream, shaped into graceful or fantastic designs. Your London pastrycook only offers you stupid rectangles or lozenges, consisting of a stuff like pomatum, and rouged like a clown in the circus; but the English biscuits! ‘What delicacy of flavour! what lightness of paste! what variety and grace of form. From the biscuit brittle as a wafer to one that is hard and compact as a crust, the English have taught the world how to manufacture the article in gross.’ But biscuit-making is an affair of machinery, the attentive carrying out of a prescribed process, and this lies wholly outside the Italian’s genius, just as his light creative touch with confectionery is beyond the Englishman’s range. The example is a trivial one, but it exemplifies the whole racial divergence. English people readily accept monotony; returning from their work in a train, they sit by droves silent and stolid, whereas half a dozen Italians together in a compartment turn it into a petty theatre. Signor Ferrero may or may not be right in connecting this greater excitability and liveliness with a more strongly erotic temperament; but it is interesting to get from a Latin observer the admission that English standards of sexual morality do not rest upon an elaborate hypocrisy. Not only does he concede the greater chastity of our race and the more ideal character of attachments between men and women of Teuton stock; but he recognises on the most material grounds the value of this superiority. In the comparative chastity of Englishmen and Germans lies a very great cause of their success in the struggle for existence. Proceeding upon his lines from cause to effect—or, if we do not accept his psychology, taking merely the fact in itself—we find that the salient difference between the races is the Teuton’s superior capacity for patient mechanical labour—a quality which never acquired its full value till an age of machinery was inaugurated, and one which accounts in great measure for the enormous acquisitions of English capital.

‘Industrial capitalism developed in England because it was found more profitable than other systems of labour; it was found more profitable because it suited the character of English workmen; and it suited the character of English workmen because the Englishman is more patient and capable of methodic labour, thanks to his sexual coldness.’

And the consequence of racial characteristics shows itself

even more clearly in the New World than in the Old. 'Latin America has remained almost purely agricultural. 'English America has in a short period rivalled England 'in the magnitude and perfection of her industries.' This means that in Signor Ferrero's judgement our workmen have taken the lead in the world precisely by those characteristics which the Socialist of Mr. Morris's type would wish to see eradicated. In an era of mechanical production, the mark of the best labourer is to do faithfully some monotonous and uninteresting piece of work. The sentiment which needs to be fostered, if we are to maintain our supremacy, is not the artist's pleasure in creation, but the sense of duty to one's work. It is a necessary warning, a counterblast to a good many theories which maintain that our first business is to make the world a pleasant place to live in.

In public life Signor Ferrero holds the opinion that every people has the government it deserves, and the Latin peoples have theirs.

'The social type natural to the Latin, the original creation of this people, so genial, so sensuous, so active, yet so greedy of enjoyment, is Caesarism. That is a type which bases itself on agriculture and militarism; its essence is the systematic plunder of tillers of the soil, violently carried out through a taxation which the State levies in order to maintain a brilliant oligarchy of parasites grouped round the central authority; of soldiers who make useless wars and win useless colonies; of officials paid for doing nothing; of financiers who rob the State chest and use Government as a tool in their gigantic depredations on the public purse; of men of letters, scientists, and artists, supported out of public money. Caesarism is a *régime* which rests on four pillars: a showy rhetoric of patriotism and military glory; a colossal system of mendicity under State patronage, which ranges from soup-kitchens for the poor to the construction of useless public works; a capricious and tyrannical bureaucracy, which harasses the people, especially the labouring classes; and a monstrous system of political corruption. The Roman Empire was the masterpiece in this kind, the supreme type of government by brigands and art patrons, by robbers and almoners; all the three great Latin Governments—France, Italy, and Spain—are merely three petty reproductions of that cyclopean structure, like Michael Angelo's "Moses" copied in a plaster statuette.'

Out of this violent declamation what conclusion arises, when the theories are applied to existing political facts? Plainly that one of the German races has got saddled with a political structure which is hostile to its natural development. There is Caesarism in Germany, and the only difference seems to be that it rests not on a corrupt, but on an

incorruptible, bureaucracy, and consequently that its cramping effect is multiplied enormously. Yet Signor Ferrero does not despair of Germany—or, rather, one should say, that the question of racial ascendancy does not interest him. ‘*L’ Europa Giovane*’ is a purely philosophical inquiry; its author’s standpoint is cosmopolitan. He preaches no reformation, is coldly contented to write down the decadence of his own race among other facts and draw conclusions from it. The progress of civilisation does interest him, and to his mind the hope of Europe rests with the Teutons. It is the Germans who are to be the great civilising agency of the future, the cement of new societies, because the German is of all men the most adaptable. Naturally peaceful, he has been trained into the perfect soldier, yet he can put off his militarism without an effort and go back into civil life. If he goes abroad, so adaptable is he that before a year is over he speaks the new language fluently, and in a generation he and his are naturalised without the least promptings to return. Patient, laborious, versatile, the German goes wherever civilisation gives him an opening, and falls easily into the existing order of things, an admirable citizen, bringing with him habits of thrift, knowledge, and energy. And so Signor Ferrero has a vision of Germany, that great mother of nations, fertile in men, but otherwise barren enough, placed in the centre of Europe like a great ant-hill from which stream out, north, south, east, and west, long lines of peaceable workers. That is very true; the value of German emigrants to alien countries is enormous. But what is their value to Germany? They emigrate, many of them, to escape their mother-country and its exacting demands upon the citizen; they lose their language—in America there are very few German newspapers, and those few restricted in circulation—and they become absorbed into the community they enter, which, nine times out of ten, is an Anglo-Saxon community. The Englishman, on the other hand, goes abroad without the German’s industry, sobriety, or knowledge, but where he goes he joins himself to other Englishmen, and before many years are over they have an England, big or little—if it is only a lawn-tennis club—of their own. In short, the workers in the new worlds may be German, so may the foremen of industry, but it looks very much as if the whole direction of new civilisations would fall into Anglo-Saxon hands.

That at all events is the opinion of M. Demolins. His book, ‘*A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons,*’ is one

of those amazing treatises of which the French alone have the secret—a masterpiece of brilliant writing and methodical arrangement. It is not a cold piece of reasoning, but a passionate exhortation, a call to France to be up and doing before it is too late. France sees her position in the world challenged, and the first thing for her to do, he says, is to realise the true danger. Who is the enemy? he asks. Is it the German, with his disciplined battalions and his scarcely less disciplined commerce, who undersells competitors in all the markets of the world? Industrial superiority, if it existed in alliance with such an overwhelming military power, would mean assured triumph. But the one superiority of the German consists in his ability to produce cheap goods which find a ready sale in all the half-civilised marts now being opened up with such rapidity in Africa and elsewhere; and this ability to produce cheap goods proceeds from the thrifty habits of old-fashioned Germany, which was of necessity the poorest country in Europe. Every day the discontent of the German with his conditions increases; the standard of living goes up with the spread of education, and the willingness of German workmen to work for a starvation wage cannot last for ever. Once that is gone, France is face to face with a nation diseased to the heart, cramped by a militarism imposed upon it from above which crushes out individual energy, and deeply permeated with the leaven of Socialism which destroys the main principle of activity, in destroying the impulse to personal aggrandisement. Even as it is, Germany is formidable only in Europe, and the struggle now between nations is not to maintain their old limits, but to acquire new ones. Who, then, is the enemy?

‘The grand peril, the grand menace, the grand adversary, do not come, as we are apt to believe, from across the Rhine; militarism and socialism have taken in hand to deliver us of the enemy in that quarter, and their work will not be long in doing.

‘The grand peril, the grand menace, the grand adversary, are on the other side of the Channel, on the other side of the Atlantic; they are wherever is found a pioneer, a settler, or a squatter, of Anglo-Saxon blood. People despise this man because he does not come, like the German, with big battalions and guns of the latest pattern; they despise him because he comes alone and with a plough. That is because they do not know the worth of a plough and the worth of the man.

‘When we know that, we shall know where to look for the peril; but at the same time we shall know where to look for the remedy.’

England succeeds, says Signor Ferrero, because it is a country of hard work undistracted by a thirst for fresh sen-

sations, and dominated by a sense of duty in the details of life. England succeeds, says M. Demolins, because it is the country of self-help. It is the country of self-help because the whole course of Anglo-Saxon education tends to make men self-reliant; because Anglo-Saxon society is 'particularist,' not 'communitarian,' composed, that is, of individuals, not of families for units; because in these communities the individual takes rank in virtue of himself, not of his occupation; lastly, because they are the least socialistic communities in the world, the states which interfere least with their citizens whether to restrain or protect. The purpose of the following pages is to show the application of these principles, and to sketch in rough outline the indictment which M. Demolins brings against the social arrangements of his own country. In his attack upon the system of education he brings forward many arguments familiar enough here. The whole, he says, is a vast system of cram (*chauffage*) directed solely to preparing youths for an examination. Well, we also have heard the like of that. But there is no doubt that the examination plays a much greater part in French life than with us, for every young Frenchman wants to get into a post under Government, and all these posts are only to be reached through an examination. Moreover the candidate may be kept dangling in suspense till he is thirty, whereas with us three and twenty is the very latest age at which a man can enter any profession by competitive examination. The result of all cramming is of course to deprive teacher and taught alike of any special individuality, and in addition to this, in France, as in Germany, the school system has been manipulated for political purposes. In neither case has the experiment been successful, but complaints of ill success avow the intention. The German Emperor is disturbed because the spread of education does not eradicate Socialism; French politicians are disappointed with the result of the anti-clerical propaganda which the *lycées* were designed to conduct. But whether successful or not, in each case, so far as the Government can effect it, Government dictates the intellectual tendency of all education. Boys at school are given a ready-made code of beliefs and political aspirations; when they become Government officials they find a fresh set of formulæ which have to be swallowed, and the result is to emphasise that likeness between one Frenchman and another which was noted two hundred years ago by Bèat de Muralt in his letters on the French and the English. Ask a Frenchman,

he says, the reason of his conduct, and you will get nothing from him in the last resort but 'Cela se fait,' or 'Cela ne se fait pas;' whereas the English 'go boldly against a custom, 'however well established, when their reason or inclination 'estranges them from it.' That shrewd old lady Madame du Deffand made the same remark when she wrote to Horace Walpole:—'The English are an odd people; each 'individual is an original; there are no two of the same 'type. We are just the opposite; with us all people of the 'same profession resemble each other. To have seen one 'courtier is to have seen all.' With the French system of education and with the German, upon which it was expressly modelled, M. Demolins contrasts the English. The two institutions which he quotes as typical are by no means so; one is an agricultural college, the other a school in Scotland where boys are taught carpentering and how to lodge mōney in the bank; in short, something entirely unlike the usual public school. But M. Demolins repeats with enthusiasm the saying of a public school boy that 'at his school boys 'learnt very little except may be how to behave;' and that expresses very well the spirit of our public school system. French boys and German boys are overworked, and their exercise is made as distasteful as a lesson. We perhaps overdo the other thing, but at all events we do not turn out a spectacled generation; and the most valuable part of our education is the sense implanted in every boy that he will have to provide for himself. This is really the root fact of the matter, the cardinal point upon which all M. Demolins's logic hinges. In England a father considers that he has done enough for his son if he rears him and educates him up to the age of manhood, as he himself was reared and educated. The French parent accounts it imperative upon him to provide for the boy; every infant that comes into the world has to be furnished with a portion. From this conception of duty two sets of facts follow; first, that the State gets a weaker class of citizens; secondly, that it gets fewer of them. The French youth does not take thought with himself what he shall do or be; he leaves it to his father to settle that. All that is incumbent upon him is to pass, if possible, whatever examination is put before him, and accept the career it leads to. He knows that if the thing can be managed his father or his friends will get him some sort of permanent billet under Government which will give him a modest but progressive income so that he can map out his life ahead with great certainty. He knows that if

he fails his people will keep him at home, and that in any case they will arrange a suitable marriage with a girl who will bring him a fortune answerable to his own. All this, it must be allowed, is little calculated to develop a spirit of enterprise in the youth. But in proportion as the responsibility on him is light, so is it heavy on his parents. When children, boys and girls alike, have to be provided for in this complete fashion, it becomes impossible to afford many children; hence the voluntary limitation of the family. That it is voluntary M. Demolins proves conclusively; the French type is just as prolific as any other, but under existing conditions it is only the poor in France who can afford to have a large family, since their children alone are accustomed to count upon their own exertions for a livelihood. The result is a diminishing population—a hundred thousand vacancies annually in the social ranks which do not get filled up. The population, it is true, remains stationary, because into these gaps pour foreigners of all classes, Belgians, Swiss, Germans, Italians, and make the struggle hard for the French.

‘The result is that our only sons, spoilt children, brought up under a glass case, and for ever tied to their mother’s apron-string, meet these children of large families, inured to a severe discipline, and are beaten all along the line. Our business men and our engineers prefer Swiss or German clerks and Belgian or Italian workmen, because they find them more obedient, more hardworking, more thrifty, and less exacting. It is these foreigners who are the salvation of French commerce—but for them we should produce twice as dear, and be still more impotent in the face of foreign competition. But what does it cost us to be saved by them? It costs us our moral worth and our energy lowered, our force of expansion destroyed, our colonial power and our prestige in the world annihilated, and even our nationality slowly submerged by this alien invasion.’

There one touches the political aspect of the question. French young men have not the impulse to colonisation or foreign adventure because their families will provide for them comfortably at home. French parents will not have more than one or two children because they will have to provide a *dot* for each. It follows that there is no surplus of population which is driven to emigrate, no need for swarming; and no spirit of adventure that might replace necessity as a stimulus. Colonisation has never been a natural impulse in France since colonisation became important to modern Europe; when a French colony has been founded, kings or statesmen have acquired foreign posses-

sions and have induced their subjects to go and occupy the land. But Great Britain has for the most part been reluctantly obliged to annex territories where her subjects, acting on their own initiative, have already acquired great interests. France still keeps the desire for acquisition, as witness her grasping policy in West Africa, but she does not seem able to profit by her new territories. She exports functionaries not colonists. 'Even in Algeria, which is at our doors, and where we have been sixty years in occupation, there are only 300,000 French as against 250,000 Europeans of various nationalities who threaten to submerge us.'

Another and an obviously kindred characteristic which runs all through French life is the tendency to avoid risk and responsibility. This has the utmost effect upon the financial position of the nation. France is sometimes said to be the richest country in the world; it is certainly the one where there are most savings, and Paris is the greatest market of securities. A Frenchman's ideal, says M. Demolins, is to have his fortune in a portfolio; to have his income proceeding exclusively from investments which require no outlay of energy and bring him in so much a quarter as if by clockwork. It is the nature of such property to be unstable; land cannot run away, but securities may be converted into waste paper. Consequently there is no country where a financial crash brings with it such widespread ruin, and the hatred of the Jew financiers in Paris is based upon a well-grounded feeling that they have the nation by the throat. It follows also that the country is the loser by the sum of countless energies. Much of the money which in England or the United States would fructify in commerce or agriculture under the direction of its owner goes into the shares of some company or a Government security. France gets one man idle the more and the money goes off to work mines in Johannesburg, or to build railways in Russia. It is the country of the *rentier*, and the *rentier* may be a charming individual, easy, happy and unperturbed, living peacefully on his economies and not driving his pursuit of fresh gains till the plough-stilts drop from his hands or the ledger swims under his eyes; but the country of *rentiers* is not likely to hold its own in the struggle against a race who have no desire even in old age for repose. We are accustomed to praise French thrift; but certainly M. Demolins throws a new light on the matter with his eulogium of Anglo-Saxon prodigality. In a society where men spend as fast as they gain the individual is

perpetually stimulated to fresh exertions. The true principle of democracy, the salvation of the new order, was formulated by Napoleon in his phrase about *la carrière ouverte aux talents*. If the world is to be served by its best men, there must be free competition everywhere and no handicaps; a ready passage from one class to another always open. Men must not be afraid either to go up or go down. Well, in France, if we may believe M. Demolins, caste still remains; people are slow to attempt to go up and are in mortal terror lest they should appear to be going down. In France you have the symbol of social differences in dress; with us everyone dresses alike. The French workman with the blouse gets the blouse into his very composition. He may amass money, for, although he is not a good man to make money, he is good at saving it, but he simply becomes a rich workman; his tastes, his speech, his dress, and his dwelling are what they were before; the only difference is that he has money in the bank. The same phenomenon presents itself in Ireland, where one may see the family of a farmer who rents a thousand acres of excellent land, living in a cabin with earthen floors, and dressed as no English workman on thirty shillings a week would care to be seen. That is, says M. Demolins, because Ireland is Celtic and belongs to the primitive communitarian type, where the home is a fixed and material centre with an extraordinarily strong hold upon the affections, but where the only conception of duty to the home is to keep a roof tree over it, to keep the family centre unchanged. The English workman on the other hand does not value himself much on his savings or on his family, but a great deal on his personal respectability. He desires first of all comfort; plenty to eat for himself and his wife and his children; a decent house for them to live in; decent clothes for them to wear. He prefers to raise the standard of comfort rather than to lay up for a rainy day, trusting to his own exertions if a pinch comes. Self-reliance rather than prudence is his virtue, and prudence is not a virtue that gets much work out of a man. He has no attachment to any spot; he will go wherever his work takes him; and if he sees his way to better himself by emigration he will emigrate. The Irish workman emigrates under the pressure of dire necessity and with pangs like the parting of soul and body; he is always looking homewards from his exile. The French workman is more prudent than the Irish, and is therefore seldom driven to expatriate himself. The English workman, comparatively devoid of the sentiment for his country,

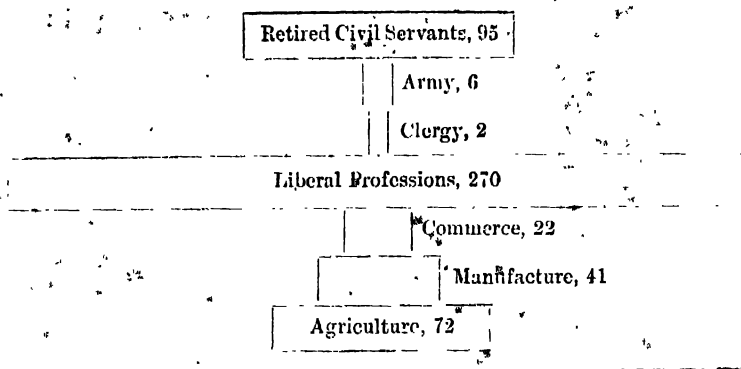
emigrates for better wages ; and, if he emigrates, does not lay by money either to return home or to bring his kinsfolk after him, but spends it as he makes it in improving his social condition. Consequently the passage from class to class in Anglo-Saxon communities is continuous and almost imperceptible ; in America classes hardly seem to exist except as defined by the rate of expenditure. The Englishman, as compared with the Frenchman, has a wide field of choice. In France, a man who follows one of the black-coated professions accounts himself disgraced if his sons have to live by trade in any form, and simply does not contemplate the possibility of their labouring in their shirt-sleeves. With us the sons of an earl may run a steam laundry, may set up as wine or tea merchants, or, if they feel a taste for more elegant employments, may open a milliner's shop. When capital is not forthcoming for their ventures, and brains are pronounced inadequate for such things as have to be done now-a-days with brains, the younger sons emigrate to Texas and set up a ranch ; when they have dropped their money over that, they conduct tramcars in New York, or open a lamp store in San Francisco. No gentleman would like his sons to do these things at home, but few mind how the 'lost legion,' that Mr. Kipling writes of, makes its way abroad. In the United States this last remnant of the old prejudice has disappeared and no occupation seems to be accounted degrading ; all are honourable, and more or less so in proportion to the profits. To us it seems (as it generally seems to the Briton) that we have hit upon a happy and illogical compromise between two absurdities. M. Demolins goes like a true Frenchman to the limit of his logical tether, votes for the code of the United States, and preaches to his countrymen the gospel of the self-made man. However, of the two extremes we recognise that the American is more manly than the French. The bright ideal of every Frenchman would seem to be the life of a Government official, some sort of a public employ at a fixed salary. These situations with us are scarcely held in the same honour ; excellent as we know our public servants to be, we regard the public service as the career for a respectable mediocrity. To begin, as a barrister does, by fighting for your own hand, and to be enrolled for the public only when you have proved your exceptional value, is the dream of ambitious youth rather than to mount slowly and regularly the ladder of official promotion.

In France, in short, the State is the great dispenser of

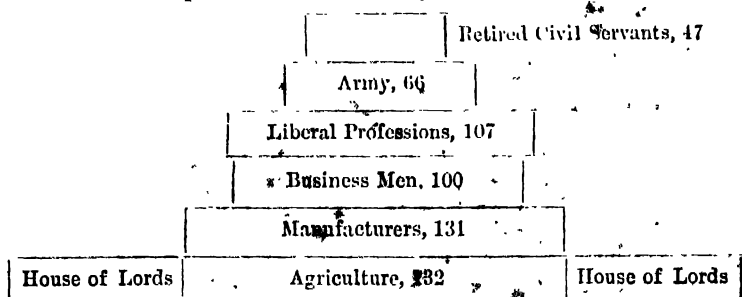
patronage, the great abstract personality to which every Frenchman looks for favour and employment. It is hardly too much to say that with us the State is the servant of the individual, with Frenchmen the individual is the client of the State. "We ask the State simply to see that we get fair play, that our activities may employ themselves unimpeded. They look to the State to tell them where to employ those activities, and to pay them for the employment. Such a conception is not without its historical descent; first Louis XIV., and afterwards Napoleon, imposed upon the nation this ideal of relations. Louis XIV., jealous of the local power of great nobles, drew them from their estates to Court, taught them to regard relegation to their beautiful châteaux as banishment, and schooled them to group themselves round him, or rather below him, like carp in a pond, waiting for the morsel of preferment that he might choose to throw in their way. Napoleon carried still further the system of Imperial centralisation, until it was firmly rooted in the minds of Frenchmen that the highest prosperity came, not from individual exertions, but as an unlooked-for and almost accidental distribution from an upper providence. Systems change, but the central fact remains. Paris was made something totally different from London. London is not so much the seat of government as the centre of national industry; Paris is a thing apart, a town claiming for itself special social and intellectual privileges, because of its immediate contact with the source of authority and its influence upon that source." A noticeable consequence has been the decline of agriculture in public esteem. The great landed proprietor as we know him is a power chiefly in his own county, and respected in the State, not because he has Government influence, but because he is a big man in Yorkshire. He does not exist in France. The old aristocratic prejudice against commerce is a natural survival, but the contempt for occupations upon a landed estate and for country life is a modern growth definitely imposed by a Government which desired to aggrandise the State at the expense of the individual. It became the fashion to look down on agriculture as bucolic, and to this day it is said to be hard for a Frenchman to get a wife who will consent to bury herself in the country. The result shows itself as significantly now under a democracy, when Government is elected by a population largely agricultural, as under the Empire. England is a country far less agricultural than France, yet the representation of agriculture in Parliament

is infinitely greater, and M. Demolins shows this by a table so curious as to be well worth reproducing.

Composition of the Chamber of Deputies, 1896.



Composition of the House of Commons, 1896.



To this should be added the immense preponderance of landed interest in the House of Lords. The French Senate resembles the Chamber of Deputies in its elements:

This graphic representation designedly gives to the eye an impression of relative stability and instability. Agriculture, says M. Demolins, is of all professions the most stable, and after agriculture, commerce. Landowners and merchants are the people who stand to lose by social revolutions, and they therefore should make the base of any representation. Consequently the English fabric stands like a pyramid based upon steadiness; the French is in continual oscillation, swayed to and fro by a multitude of men who have little to lose and much to gain by altering the existing status. Most people would freely admit that the owner of property makes a better member of Parliament than the man who supports himself by his brains; yet

the habits of the French people and the forms of the French Chamber tend to give the latter a great advantage. When all speaking has to be done from a tribune the trained speaker has the field to himself; in the House of Commons your business man or country squire may make weighty suggestions from his place, without any formalities of a set oration. But the truth would seem to be that agriculture and commerce are ill represented in France because they find it hard to get suitable representatives. The pick of the nation does not go into them.

'There is, perhaps, no country where agriculture is so completely abandoned and out of favour as France. A father will only make his son a farmer when he thinks him unfit for any other career. To live on one's estates is accounted the worst, of exiles; a Frenchman would sooner be an official in the paltriest provincial town than live at his country place. In 1871 the republican press, wishing to discredit a section of the National Assembly, thought it sufficient to fasten on the deputies who composed it the name of "country folk."'

(To translate this 'yokels' or 'bumpkins' would obscure the point; the equivalent of *ruraux* has absolutely no suggestion of contempt in our language.)

The result is that men who own land become absentees, and the representation falls into the hands very largely of country doctors; for peasants do not return peasants to Parliament. Men of commerce are kept out of the Chamber partly by its interminable sessions, which occupy a man's whole time, partly by its academic and declamatory character, and chiefly because, their occupation being of no great repute in a country besotted in its worship of the 'liberal' professions, they do not command popular esteem. In short, taking the French Chambers as representative of the nation, their composition points strongly to a national attraction and a national repulsion. All the best brains and energy of the country seem to avoid the two productive branches of employment—agriculture and commerce. All the best brains of the country seem to seek an employment which will deliver them from any undue demand upon their energy; they are drawn towards posts in the service of the State, which afford a moderate salary for a moderate exercise of the faculties; which leave the holder in no doubt as to the continuance of his income, and offer a comfortable pension for old age. The ambition of the average Englishman is to be his own master; the ambition of the average Frenchman is to be head of a department.

That is, in a nutshell, the view of M. Demolins: the Anglo-Saxon wants to make his own way for himself, the Frenchman wants to have it made for him. As between individuals, the man who avoids risks has, perhaps, the better assured future; as between nations, 'there is no duel possible between the particularist race which maintains its power of initiation at the highest possible pitch and the communitarian type where individual enterprise is stunted and undeveloped.'

One sees the application of this in the field of theoretical politics. England and the Anglo-Saxon communities succeed because they are the least socialistic countries in the world of civilisation. Socialism in England and America, says M. Demolins, practically does not exist. Signor Ferrero's view would be rather that in these countries Socialism only exists practically. There is a natural cleavage in their views of the future, but a considerable resemblance between their sketches of the present position. To M. Demolins the problem is simply this. Why do the Anglo-Saxons outstrip the rest of Europe in the race for wealth and ascendancy in the world? It is because they are a people who believe profoundly in self-help. What is Socialism? It is a creed which inculcates chiefly the duty of helping others. Who believes it? Either those who feel that life has favoured them unduly and whose soul rebels against an injustice done to their suffering brothers—this class is not a large one, though M. Demolins underrates its importance—or they are the people who feel that to maintain their footing in the world is a severe struggle, and demand that the struggle should be made easier. Socialism in his view is the cry of those who feel that the pace is being made too hot for them—it is the protest of the laggards. The altruism which they preach is not very different from egoism; it is altruism at some one else's expense. The struggle for life is a hard fact now-a-days, and the Anglo-Saxon welcomes it because he is backing himself to win and because his notion of happiness consists as a rule in exertion. The Latin seeks to avoid the struggle and is anxious to call in Government—'the State, which is the new providence of Socialism'—to ordain that the pace shall be slackened. Of this ideal M. Demolins profoundly disapproves. 'Social salvation is like religious salvation; it is an affair for the individual not for the community.' Every man must work out his own salvation. The Socialist ideal is that no man should need to work to the uttermost; that he should have reasonable leisure, and a

certainty of decent existence in return for reasonable exertion. The particularist ideal, on the other hand, is again an ideal of happiness; but it is that everyone should find his happiness in sustained exertion. Socialism in short is the creed of those who are afraid of progress. It looks not forward but backward to the age when every family or every tribe was bound to find a provision for its own weaklings, as in Irish cottages the care of idiots is a sacred duty.

That is a very interesting point of view and one necessary to be kept before us; but it does not cover the facts. No nation is more notoriously hardworking than the German, and Germany is by all consent the focus of Socialism. Signor Ferrero sees the truth when he says that Socialism in Germany is a religion. Now, a religion is always a force, but that force is extremely apt to act as a solvent of society; and in Germany you have two irreconcilable ideals counteracting each other. You have a Socialist ideal widely permeating a people who take their beliefs seriously, and who might rapidly enough—if they were let—shape themselves into a great Socialist community. On the other hand, you have this same people, which is extremely malleable, being forged into a great machine under a military government. The force of Socialism in Germany is therefore opposed to the predominance of Germany among the nations, not because Socialism is a creed of the laggards, but because it is impeding in its natural development by other forces, and itself acts as a disintegrant upon them. As things stand not much is likely to come of German Socialism. It is so complete theoretically that it will contemplate no compromise. German Socialists who oppose taxes levied to maintain an army think themselves bound also to oppose taxes levied to provide the people with public parks or with new railways; and for that reason Signor Ferrero is probably right in holding that England, with its practical instinct and its fine disregard of logic, will be the first of civilised countries to solve some of the problems which Socialism presses in upon us. Keenly alive to the need of maintaining the struggle for life, England may probably devise some compromise to alleviate the lot of those who are outpaced in the contest, without endeavouring to lay down a law that the speed shall not exceed eight miles an hour; something that may help the weak without hindering the strong. All that M. Demolins has to say convinces one that the Anglo-Saxon communities can stand a much stronger dose of Socialism

than the Latin. They are naturally so slow to invoke State aid, and so ready to limit the number of officials, and to let the individual stand or fall by himself, that there is little fear of developing in them a vicious reliance upon the exertions of others. Practically we see in America a warning against the too exclusive cult of self-help. There comes a point in the developement of individual enterprise when public offices are regarded with disgust as offering only a contemptible remuneration for energy, and as being the happy hunting ground of people who want sinecures. The passionate desire of the average well-educated Frenchman to find a post for himself under Government is not so detrimental to the nation as the total avoidance of all public concerns manifested by the ablest men in America. We should be sorry indeed to see M. Demolins's philosophy accepted for the true one, since it makes the bright ideal of our nationality consist in such a career as the late Mr. Barnato's. But after all he is preaching not to us but to his own race, and we may take his book fairly as a glorification of the gospel of work. What France needs is on his showing as follows:—

‘Parents convinced that they owe their children nothing beyond education, but that must be a manly education.

‘Children convinced that they must provide for themselves in life.

‘Young men determined to seek in marriage a companion and not a fortune.

‘A Government that should reduce to a minimum the number of its functions and its officials, and thereby should throw the youth of the country back on independent careers, which demand effort, individual initiative, and personal labour.

‘Finally, and consequently, a social state in which the official, the politician, and the idle man, should be of less account than the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the merchant.’

Only under these conditions can a nation find its happiness not in having leave to cease from work, but in having work to do—and only by labour in the modern world can a nation work out its salvation.

‘It is written,’ says M. Demolins in his eloquent peroration, *‘In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread.’* That word is not merely the foundation of social power but the foundation of moral power. The nations who by endless petty combinations evade this law of labour—of intense and personal labour—have to accept a moral inferiority. As the Redskin is inferior to the Oriental; as the Oriental is inferior to the Western; so are the Latin and German peoples of the West inferior to the Anglo-Saxon races.’

It is a hard saying, not merely for a Frenchman to accept,

but for the innumerable partisans—lovers, one might almost say—whom France counts throughout the civilised world. Put ourselves out of the question. Is the Frenchman inferior to the American? Is he as well equipped for the struggle of life? Is he as useful to the world he lives in? Of his superiority on all the decorative side of existence there can be no question, but we do not wish to look forward to the day—foretold by Signor Ferrero—when all the Latin communities will be gay little islands, studded in a vast grey tossing ocean of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic peoples. Still, if we look at history, the answer is not encouraging. France has set her foot in many regions, under many constellations; she has never been backward to advance, but nowhere has she held her footing. Since Francis I. asked ‘what clause it was in Adam’s will that ‘bequeathed the whole earth to Spaniards and Portuguese?’ France has given ample reason for the cry of one of her sons: ‘What country in the world have we not conquered—and lost?’ Not once only, but three several times France has built up a colonial empire. The first, begun by Francis and Henry IV., spread perhaps to its widest when Madagascar—which to-day the French are occupying afresh—was merely to be the keystone of a great Eastern France. That Empire fell in consequence of the grasping policy of Louis XIV. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint* has always been the sentence pronounced upon French ambition. Yet the edifice of Colbert, shattered in the war of the Spanish Succession, was rapidly renewed. In America the English colonies were isolated settlements on the Atlantic seaboard, with Canada to the north and New France to the south of them, and a line of posts being pushed down the Ohio to connect the two vast tracts in the rear of the British. The same thing is happening to-day in West Africa, and if France provokes a conflict the result will probably be the same. The English only assumed a militant attitude under compulsion, but, when they assumed it, soon it was apparent that their petty settlements contained ten white men for every Frenchman in the huge domains that surrounded and enclosed them. In the East the empire of Dupleix swelled like a bubble and burst as quickly. 1814 left France at the nadir of her colonial power, yet since then a third empire of foreign dependencies is far advanced in building. The Legitimist monarchy gave them Algiers; Louis Philippe added Algeria and the occupation of parts of Oceania; since then has come the enormous increase in West Africa and the

revived dream of an Indo-Chinese ascendancy. But with each of these three succeeding attempts the impulse from the people itself has been fainter, the enterprise has been more than ever one of pure military aggrandisement. There is no apparent reason why France should not again succeed, as she before succeeded, for the ultimate benefit of others; no reason why she should not again paint upon the maps large tracts of the world in her own colour, to be altered by the next generation. She still has restless diplomats and enterprising soldiers in plenty. But of the people who will go out and work in these colonies and establish interests of their own, taking risks on their own heads, there is no output. Until the French character changes there is no probability that French history will change, and the radical characteristics of the Frenchman are caution in private life, temerity in public employments. Every Frenchman in his public character as a citizen will vote for the maintenance of a big standing army and applaud conscription; every Frenchman in his private capacity uses every means in his power to avoid military service for himself and his sons. Every Frenchman is enthusiastic for the colonial aggrandisement of France, yet no intelligent Frenchman will take upon himself the duty of providing his country with the abundance of citizens necessary to assimilate conquests. It sounds a paradoxical thing to say, but it is nevertheless profoundly true, that France is a nation in process of being ruined by the thrift and prudence of its citizens. To live poorly because it is so much easier to save money than to make it, to have no children for fear they should die of starvation, that is the summing up of the Frenchman's pennywise philosophy, and, if there is truth in logic, it is the individual Frenchman who is keeping France back in the race, just as it is the individual Anglo-Saxon who is winning the battle for his community.

ART. VI.—1. *Historical Manuscripts Commission*. Fourteenth Report, App., Part II.; Fifteenth Report, App., Part IV.: *The Manuscripts of His Grace the Duke of Portland, preserved at Welbeck Abbey*. Vol. III. London: 1894. Vol. IV. London: 1897.

ROBERT HARLEY, Earl of Oxford, will never be regarded as a great statesman, but he filled a very large space in the eyes of his contemporaries, though it is difficult to ascertain definitely the extent of his influence in the tortuous politics of the reign of Queen Anne. His biography has yet to be written, and an impartial and complete judgement on his career as a whole remains also to be given. There are few who do not know Macaulay's brilliant and misleading picture of his character. Not even damning with faint praise, the historian describes him as a person whose intellect 'was small and slow;' and he leaves him discovered by his contemporaries to be 'really a dull, puzzle-headed man.' This is a character which is admittedly composed from the fragmentary allusions of contemporary writers, some of whom were political enemies, others time-servers, who varied their praise or blame according to the exigencies of the moment. No one supposes that Harley was a genius, but there is the solid fact—which is of the highest value—that, in an age which was full of able and brilliant men, he reached the very topmost place in the political life of the time, and that for years before he did so he was regarded with consideration by the most capable men of the day. A solemn manner, a dry-as-dust knowledge of parliamentary forms, an involved way of speaking, all tending, it is said, to hide the deficiencies of his mind and to impose upon his hearers, will not raise a politician without solid capacity, to the place which Harley attained. Macaulay's condemnatory description has been followed in our own day by a depreciatory description from Mr. Elwin's pen, in his notes to his edition of Pope, which, while it has not the brilliancy of that which was written half a century ago, is equally marked by the same one-sided view. It is therefore fortunate for the sake, if not of historic truth, at any rate for the opportunities which are afforded for a cooler estimate, that the biographer and the historian have recently been furnished with a large mass of material relating to Harley through the publication of the two latest volumes of the Portland Manuscripts, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the

sub-title of which is, 'Harley Letters and Papers,' Volume I. and Volume II.

Before, however, we deal with the material contained in them, it may be desirable, having regard to the attention which has been directed, in the House of Commons, during the last session of Parliament to the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, to say a word or two on these publications. We have on previous occasions called attention to the unattractive state in which this valuable material is laid before the public. The paper and print are bad; the volumes are unbound. The paper of the 'New State Trials' is poor enough, but at any rate they are bound books, as the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission should be. But, further, each volume should be indexed as it is published. Neither of the two volumes of the Harley Papers, between the publication of which three years have elapsed, has an index, which we presume will not be made until all the papers at Welbeck have been published. Each volume should have an index—a book of several hundred pages is useless without one; and an index at the end of the last volume of a series is extremely inconvenient for the purposes of reference. It is disgraceful that an important national publication should be issued in its present condition, and even if future volumes appear in a state more worthy of their contents, it will always be matter for regret that the important collections of Hatfield and Belvoir—not to mention others—have not been published in a more desirable and dignified form.

The first volume of the Manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, which is concerned with the family of the Harleys, was published in 1894, and it covers a period from 1582 down to 1700—in other words, we are brought into contact not only with Robert Harley, but with his forefathers. His great-grandfather was Thomas Harley, his grandfather Sir Robert Harley, and his father was Sir Edward Harley. They were all of Brampton Bryan, in Herefordshire, country gentlemen with an ancient lineage, men of substance, consideration, and of influence far beyond their county. The two latter were members of Parliament. Sir Robert was a man of wit and learning; he numbered among his friends Dr. Donne, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and George Herbert, the poet. He was an austere Puritan, and an influential member of the Parliamentary party, with which he consistently acted to the time of his death in 1656. He was thrice married. His last wife was Brilliana Conway, a

woman whom we may rank with others of that age who have lived in history—courageous, sagacious, and womanly. Her letters, preserved at Eywood, and published by the Camden Society in 1853, have already afforded considerable insight into her character.

Supplemented by those which have now been issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, they give us not only a complete picture of an admirable woman, but a singularly interesting view of family and local affairs at this momentous period. She was born about 1600, and married in 1623. Like another memorable woman—Mary Lady Verney*—the trials of the times prematurely ended her life. In July 1643 she gallantly defended her husband's house for six weeks against the King's forces, but died in the following October, worn out by the anxieties and the fatigues which she had undergone during the summer.

Left in charge not only of the house, but entrusted with the management of the local affairs of her husband in 1642 and 1643, Lady Harley does not show to him the least lack of courage. Nothing could be more uncomplaining than the letter which she wrote to him on July 15, 1643, shortly before the siege of Brampton was begun:—

‘ Since you think Brampton a safe place for me, I will think so too, and I would not for anything do that which might make the world believe our hope did begin to fail in our God. But be pleased to send me directions what I should do if there should be any stir.’ (I. 91.)†

She then enters into various details connected with her husband's affairs in a thoroughly business-like manner. In the same cheerful and steadfast spirit she writes to him in the very month of her death. The letter is of interest because it may well be compared with the last which is printed by the Camden Society, which was written to her son. To him she opens her heart more than to her husband, to whom, the whole of the newly published correspondence shows, she ever wished to seem cheerful in the darkest hour. This is the letter to Sir Robert Harley, written on October 16:—

‘ 1643, October 16. Brampton.—I long to hear from you whether you would have me come from Brampton, and how I should come.

‘ On Sabbath day last Sir William Vavasour sent me a letter from my brother by a trumpeter and wrote one from himself. His letter

* See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 176.

† In these references vol. i. of the *Harley Papers* is the same as the *Portland Manuscripts*, vol. iii., and so on.

was after his usual strain, that he must proceed against me as an enemy because I had taken from my tenants what they owed me; but I hope this winter will hinder their desires against me. In Hereford there are seven hundred soldiers with Sir William Vavasour and the rest of Hereford gentry. In Leominster there is seven score soldiers and in Kingsland, fifty. Gregory Wall is their captain. At Kingston there are fifty horse billeted and at Presteign the county troop. Young that was your servant is made a captain, and his soldiers billeted in Arnstey and Darval. They say they will send soldiers to Wigmore Castle. I have put some in who I hope will keep it. Colonel Massey could spare me but eight men and a barrel of powder and a small quantity of match. My brother's letter did much trouble me, he persuades me to that which I think he does not well weigh. It has pleased God to exercise me with many troubles but my God hath not yet left me, and I hope he will not. Dear sir pray for me, for I have great need of it, that the Lord would never leave me to myself, but to guide me by his wisdom that I may be able to deal with the subtle and malicious enemies that are against me. M^r Moore is a great help to me that I may more cheerfully undergo the great burden that is upon me.

'All the children are well but I have taken an exceeding great cold which much troubles me. I beseech the Lord to preserve you and to give you a comfortable meeting with your most affectionate wife. I have scarce time to write which has made me scribble.' (L. 117.)

Now we may compare this with the last which she wrote to her son:—

'MY DEARE NED,—Your short but wellcome letter I receaved by Prosser, and as it has pleased God to intrust you with a greater charge, as to change your trope into a regiment, so the Lord in mercy blles you with a dubell measure of abillitys, and the Lord of Hosts be your protector and make you victorious. My deare Ned, how much I long to see you I cannot expres, and if it be possibell, in parte meete my desires in desireing, in some measure as I doo, to see me; and if pleased the Lord, I wisch you weare at Brompton. I am now againe threatned; there are some souldiers come to Lemster and 3 troopes of hors to Hearisford with S^r William Vavasour, and they say they meane to viset Brompton againe; but I hope the Lord will deleuer me. My trust is only in my God, whoo neuer yet failed me.

'I pray you aske M^r Kinge what I prayed him to tell you concerning Wigmore.

'I haue taken a very greate coold, which has made me very ill thees 2 or 3 days, but I hope the Lord will be mercifull to me, in giuing me my health, for it is an ill time to be sike in.

'My deare Ned, I pray God blles you & giue me the comfort of seeing you, for you are the comfort of

'Your most affectinat mother,

'Octo. 9. 1643.'

'BRILLIANA HARLEY.*

These letters show us Lady Harley as she appeared to her relations. We can easily gather why she was so much trusted by her friends and her family when we read her spirited answer to Sir John Scudamore's demand that she should surrender to him. Instead of doing so she asked that her petition should be presented to the King. This is clear from the letter of the Royalist commander, who rudely writes :—

'I have your petition instead of an answer, which in my opinion is too long by twenty lines, and too full of the spirit of contradiction and expostulations; yet since I can procure no better I must return with this early in the morning.' (I. 114.)

It is to this reply that the following answer is made :—

'1643, August 24. Brampton Castle.—I do so firmly believe the goodenes and bounty of our gracious Kinge that I am confident if his Majesty were truly informed of my condition he would never command mee out of my howse, and therefore I must still desire liberty to have my humble desires presented to his Majesty by a hand that I may chuse and confide in. Can I thinke that those who have sought the life of myselfe and family will so sollicite as to gayne mee that which I humbly desire of his Majesty. Sir, tho you have beene pleased to call the pleading of my innocency the spierit of contradiction, yet I pray you doe not judge aright, and then I must tell you that for this twelve months the gentlemen of this countrey have sought the ruine of my poore family, but the Lord of Heaven knowes not deserved by my deare husband and myselfe. Nay, I may truly say that yet there is so much good will in me to all you, that had I power to revengs what has bene done to me I should no way doe it.

'Sir, what favours you are pleased to shew mee I hope you will never repente for they shall alwayes meete with thankfulness and a hart ready to the utmost of my ability to answer it agayne in all the wayes of respectes.' *Copy.* (I. 115.)

These letters illustrate a period and a person; they add another to those pictures of the political and social life of the seventeenth century, without which it is impossible to realise adequately the condition of England at that time. And they have an additional interest, in that they depict for us the character of an ancestress of one of the first statesmen of his time.

Sir Edward Harley was as full of public spirit as his father, but more statesmanlike in his views. He served in his father's lifetime in the Parliamentary armies with great gallantry. He was opposed, however, to the developement of the anti-monarchical policy, and to the personal power which was later assumed by Cromwell. Like many others

who had served vigorously on the Parliamentary side at the beginning of the Rebellion, he became an object of suspicion to the Government in the days of the Protectorate. He naturally welcomed the return of Charles II., but though a member of Parliament throughout this reign and that of James II., he held himself aloof from the political intrigues of the age. But he supported the cause of the Prince of Orange, and endeavoured in Parliament to advance all reasonable measures. He died in 1700 at his Herefordshire home. His second son, Auditor Harley, thus described him. He

‘had all the accomplishments of a gentleman. His features were very exact, and he had great quickness in his eyes, which commanded respect. His temper was naturally very passionate, though mixed with the greatest tenderness and humanity. His passion he kept under strict restraint, and had a manner totally subdued, but his generosity and tender compassion to all objects of charity continued to the last.’

It was from this admirable and patriotic stock that Robert Harley sprang. He was Sir Edward’s eldest son, and was born in 1661.

In these volumes we are brought into contact with him very early in his life. He went to the school of a Mr. Birch, for the first time, in 1671, at a place called Shilton, in Oxfordshire. In August of that year we find something of an antiquarian curiosity in the shape of the first letter which Harley wrote to his parents. Everyone knows what the young schoolboy’s letters of the present day are like. This is one of an earlier age:—

‘1671, August 28. Shilton.—Please to accept my most humble duty to you and my Lady Mother in this line from a learner. I hope through the grace of God, with your blessings and prayers, which I earnestly beg, my endeavours may in time send you fairer fruits than these first beginnings.’*

It has been sometimes supposed that Harley was educated at Westminster School, but of this there is in these letters no trace. In 1677 we find him still at Shilton, as he writes in that year particulars of an illness from which he had been suffering there; and in the next spring there is a letter from his father to him at the same place. In June 1678 Sir Edward, writing to Lady Harley from Westminster, where he was staying, remarks at the end of his letter, ‘Bull and

* Endorsed ‘First Letter,’ I. 324.

‘Robin are well,’ showing that young Harley was in London with him, but not, as it would seem, at Westminster School. In the following July he was at Shilton, and his father not only writes to him there, but adds, in the manner of a parent to a son at a school or college, ‘study the Greek lexicon and ‘Erasmus’s adages.’ It would seem, too, that at the time his father thought of sending him to Oxford, for in October he writes: ‘Acquaint Mr. Birch that it will not now be needful ‘to provide you a lodging at Oxford. I have altered my ‘thoughts thereon’ (I. 361). It appears, therefore, as though Harley remained at Shilton for the whole period of his youth. But in 1680 it is thought time that Harley should go to some more advanced place of education, and one was selected in London. It is somewhat amusing, when we are told that too great stress is set in the present day on physical exercises, to read the terms in which Sir Edward Harley recommends M. Foubert’s house to his wife, obviously dwelling as much on the training of his son’s body as of his mind:—

‘[16]80, July 6.—Monsieur Foubert, who for his religion was driven out of France, has set up an Academy near the Haymarket for riding, fencing, dancing, handling arms, and mathematics. He is greatly commended and has divers persons of quality. I was with him and like him very well, so that if you dislike not I would have Robin spend some time there.’ (I. 366.)

At this school, if such it can be called, Robert Harley remained until December 1682, when his education was ended. For the next few years we see little of him in this correspondence. In 1684 we find him living in London, and there are letters from his parents asking him to undertake various little pieces of business for them. ‘I desire some ‘good wine,’ writes his father. ‘You know what I like— ‘neither hot, sharp, nor sweet; some canary requisite for ‘friends. If you could find a right sort of white wine, neither ‘“eager nor stummed,” it would do well.’ In May 1685 Harley married Elizabeth Foley, who only lived till 1691. She seems to have been always delicate. ‘Dr. Lowe,’ Harley writes to his father, ‘has prescribed my wife a course of ‘physic for six weeks.’ And he adds of himself: ‘I find ‘myself well but weak, especially my eyes. Many advise ‘the cutting off my hair, but I hope it will off without that.’ Between this time and the date of his wife’s death there are numerous letters to or from Harley, who was much in London, all showing on his part a careful study of contemporary political events.

In 1689 Harley began his parliamentary career as mem-

ber for the borough of Tregony, in Cornwall. The matter was entirely arranged by Sir Edward Harley, and, as often happened, without anything in the nature of a contest. The election is thus announced by Sir E. Harley:—

‘Yesterday I received from Boscawen the indenture from the borough of Tregony in Cornwall, wherein you are returned burgess to serve in Parliament for that place, being unanimously chosen on April 6th. I pray God by the multitude of his tender mercies to enable you with every good and perfect gift, that you may with godly sincerity be faithful and serviceable in this great occasion. Acknowledge your obligations to Mr. Boscawen and your uncle Hampden.’ (I. 436.)

When the general election of 1690 took place Harley did not stand again for this borough, but in July of the same year he was elected for New Radnor.

The first volume of these papers ends, as we have said, in 1700. During these ten years Harley was building up a parliamentary reputation. In 1690 he became a Commissioner for Public Accounts; in 1694 he introduced the Triennial Bill; and in 1697 he brought forward a motion for the reduction of the army. The estimation in which Robert Harley was held in the House of Commons is illustrated by a single paragraph in a letter from his brother to his father, written in 1691. ‘The favour and acceptance,’ he writes, ‘that the goodness of God has given my brother in the House of Commons is extraordinary and much taken notice of’ (I. p. 487). In the very next letter Robert Harley himself writes: ‘Yesterday I was put into the Chair of the Committee for examining the estimates of the Fleet.’

Of Harley’s political life during this intervening period we have some suggestive glimpses. In December 1693 Sir Edward Harley writes to his daughter in the country: ‘In the great debate yesterday about the Triennial Parliament, the Lord was pleased to enable your brother to speak so that some in the House called upon me to bless God that I vouchsafed to give me a son so to speak’ (I. 549). A year later Harley took a conspicuous part in the debates on the same subject, though it was not until 1695 that the King brought himself to sanction this popular measure.

In 1697 Harley brought forward and carried a motion for the reduction of the army. Three short letters touch on this important subject. It is obvious that Harley himself—as was characteristic of him—was in favour of a middle course. On November 23 he writes to his father: ‘The prospect is very cloudy. Everyone is full of the common

‘topic—a standing army—and it is talked with heat on both ‘sides.’ Nearly a week later he recurs to the same subject: ‘The argument against a standing army has raised a great ‘heat in the town. There is very little prospect of Moderate ‘Councils’ (I. 593). Harley was essentially one of the moderate and sober-minded men of the time; but he did not, like many such men, rest satisfied with expressing his moderation in words. He brought forward a motion for the reduction of the army, so that the conflict between the King and the people might receive, at any rate for the time, a practical solution. That by this parliamentary activity he heightened his reputation is certain. Writing in January 1699, when the same subject was still, though in a different form, under discussion, Edward Harley incidentally remarks: ‘My brother’s conduct in this affair is very much ‘commended.’

When Harley was thus acting he was comparatively free. He had not attained a position where he must proceed with a view to certain definite political and personal aims. His conduct in these emergencies is, therefore, to some extent a key to his future actions. He had a keen sense of political currents. He was essentially a man of a common-sense mind. He was averse to extreme courses, and so it was inevitable that he should in later years be suspected by each political party, and should, when he attained the highest position, fail as a political leader. For the moment we are not yet considering him as a prominent statesman; but when his father, honoured by all men, died, in 1700, he had seen his son reach a position in public life where the high offices of the State were within his grasp.

With the first volume of the Harley Papers the more domestic and private life of Harley may be said to end. He now begins to have a much greater influence on contemporary politics, and from a politician he becomes a statesman. We have seen him hitherto as one of an active and intelligent family, keenly interested in the affairs both of the nation and of the district—one of a family group, with every one of whom he was on friendly, if not affectionate, terms. In some respects in these letters Sir Edward Harley and his second son, Edward, are more defined characters than Robert Harley, who, even in these early years, seems to show himself reserved, on the watch, careful not to express opinions of men or of events. His father and brother were of a franker and more open nature, and were unable quite to appreciate or to understand Robert Harley’s character or powers, which

were gradually giving him a position in Parliament which to his relatives seemed scarcely deserved.

The second volume opens with the year 1700; and the second period of Harley's career now begins, for he takes his place among those who may be regarded as the political leaders of the time. It exemplifies his character that he was chosen Speaker this year, and it is of special interest to note that he primarily owed his elevation to the Chair to Godolphin.

'I had an opportunity this morning,' writes the latter, 'to discourse with Sir E. S[eymour?] about filling the Chair of the House of Commons, and finding him totally decline it himself, as soon as I named you to him, he came as entirely into that as I could wish. I had no mind to lose any time in acquainting you with this, because he seemed to think of speaking to you of it this day.' (II. 15.)

From this time until 1704, when he became a Secretary of State, Harley was Speaker. But he was more than a mere Chairman of the House: he was on confidential and friendly terms with the Lord Treasurer. There are a considerable quantity of short letters between Godolphin and Harley, almost wholly to the latter. They are characterised by a tone which, while it indicates the terms on which the two statesmen stood to each other, shows in a marked degree the quiet yet effectual influence which Harley was beginning to exercise.

His political position is, perhaps, more graphically shown by a singularly frank letter written in 1704 by his friend, Stanley West, from Tunbridge Wells. The policy of standing-in with both parties was the ruling idea of his political career:—

'For want of other information, be pleased to give me leave to acquaint you with my observation of people's opinion of your Honour. You have a happier fate attending you, than any in the present Ministry, or in former either. You are entirely master of two opposite parties, both think you to be theirs and confide in you as such, to promote their several different interests: whatever distinguishing favour you show to either side, doth not lessen your esteem in the other party, 'tis all ascribed to a depth of policy which they cannot comprehend and which they say is peculiar to yourself, but is not a leaving the party; and in such an unprecedented manner do you manage the heads of both parties, that both sides believe, at a proper time and occasion you will show yourself entirely in their distinct interests. I am very glad to see so eminent a post free from the reproach that usually hath attended it, and to observe your Honour stand so right in the people's opinion, being very confident you will so manage the weaknesses and follies of both sides as will

in the issue redound to the true interest and advantage of the Kingdom. The Duke, the Treasurer and yourself are called the Triumvirate, and reckoned the spring of all public affairs; and that your interests and counsels are so united and linked together that they cannot be broken, nor in any danger of it during this reign.' (II. 215.)

It was natural that there should be this connexion between Harley and Godolphin, for they resembled each other in many points. 'Both,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'were slow, 'cautious, temporising, moderate, and somewhat selfish men, 'tedious and inefficient in debate, and entirely without 'sympathy with the political and religious fanaticism of 'their party.*' But each was obliged to make use of party ties. As to the relations at this time between Harley and Marlborough, they are well illustrated in the following letter from the Lord Treasurer:—

'1703, November 4.—I have been with Mr. Secretary Hedges and left with him the paper of names and settled the method he is to take in concerting matters from time to time. I believe he will take to his part very faithfully and diligently and be desirous on all occasions to receive his instructions from you. He seemed to agree Sir Edward Seymour would thwart everything, but that he must be called to two or three meetings at least, till his opposition became open and avowed. Besides these meetings and those agreed upon last night to be at your house, it is necessary above all the rest that the Duke of Marlborough and you and I should meet regularly, at least twice a week if not oftener, to advise upon everything that shall occur; and if you will give me leave to propose let Saturday evening at the same time and place be the first meeting. In the meantime I must beg you to be careful that neither of our names be mentioned, as to our knowledge of the least tittle of the discourse betwixt Lord Nottingham and Sir Christopher Musgrave as to the conversation his Lordship had with the Queen.

'I have taken care in the matter of De Foe. It would avoid a good deal of trouble and uneasiness if Mr. Mansell would recommend Banastre to be the Welsh judge. I shall speak to the Queen this night about the affair of Sir Christopher Musgrave.' (II. 75.)

In the same letter Defoe comes before us for the first time. Lying in prison as a punishment for the so-called seditious libel which was contained in his 'Shortest Way 'with the Dissenters,' he had obtained the good offices of Harley. On the 9th Defoe writes a grateful letter to Harley. We have space only for some portions of it:—

'1703, November 9th.—As there is something surprising in your bounty to a mortified stranger, so I am more than usually at a loss in

* History of England, i. 129.

what manner to express my sense of it; but at the same time that you stoop to do good you subject yourself to a necessity of bearing the impertinence of a thankful temper.

'Of all the examples in sacred story none moves my indignation like that of the ten lepers who were healed by our Saviour. I, like that one grateful wretch am come back to pay the tribute of thankfulness which this so unexpected goodness commands from me.

'And, though I think myself bound to own you as the principal agent of this Miracle, yet, having some encouragement from you to expect more particularly to *know my benefactors*, I cannot but wish for that discovery, that my acknowledgments may in some measure be proportioned to the quality of the persons, and the value of the favour.

'It remains for me to conclude my present application with this humble petition, that if possible I may by some means or other know what I am capable of doing, that my benefactors whoever they are may not be ashamed of their bounty, as misapplied. Not that I expect to be able to merit so much goodness, but as a grateful temper is always uneasy to be loaded with benefits, so the *virtue* which I call gratitude has always so much pride in it, as makes it push at a reticution, though 'tis unable to effect it. Whoever are the principals in this favour I cannot but profess myself a debtor wholly to yourself, who till I may be otherwise instructed appears the original *as to me*. And in the kindness the manner is so obliging, and all the articles of it so generous, that as a man astonished at the particulars, I am perfectly unable to express my sense of it.

'Only in the humblest manner I can most earnestly pray that I may have some opportunity put into my hands by Providence to make more explicit acknowledgments. . . .' (II. 75.)

This is important from two points of view: it fixes the beginning of the connexion between Harley and Defoe, and it shows that it arose out of a natural and a proper gratitude on the part of the man of letters. It was a beginning creditable to both men, though it is probable enough that Harley, in giving his assistance, was desirous of securing as a friend so capable and versatile an assistant. It seems also to show the date of Defoe's release from prison, for the terms of the letter can only relate to it. This is made clearer by two letters on May 12 and 16 from Defoe to Harley, in which meetings between the two are mentioned. In the second Defoe writes: 'I received last Friday a letter appointing me to wait on you on Thursday evening at six o'clock. I was at the coffee house after four that evening.' Evidently, therefore, Defoe was a free man at this time, and his freedom must have been obtained in the previous November.*

* These letters are inconsistent with the view taken by Mr. Minto

The first mission in which Defoe was employed by Harley was in the summer of 1704, when he was commissioned to travel through England to ascertain the opinions of the different localities, and to report to Harley. Throughout his political career Harley took the greatest possible pains to have accurate intelligence both from home and abroad, and it was partly to this fact that some of his influence was due. In this correspondence are to be found many letters from Captain John Ogilvie, one of the Airlie family, who was a most capable and intelligent spy on the Continent. He usually wrote under the name of Jean Lebrun, and was Harley's emissary in Paris and among the Scotch Jacobites. He ran great risks, but he had all the abandon and nerve of the soldier of fortune. His letters contain facts, and seldom opinions, on public questions, as do those of Defoe. From beginning to end, however, there is nothing in them which suggests that at this time—1705-7—Harley was in any way intriguing with the Jacobites at St. Germain.

To return, however, to Defoe, whose personality adds a special interest to his work. In July 1706 there is a letter from him to Harley at the moment of his departure. 'I believe,' he writes, 'this journey may be the foundation of such an intelligence as never was in England' (II. 106). The letters which follow are full of details of the political characteristics of men and places, and must have been invaluable to the Minister, giving him a knowledge which to the politician was as effectual as a marked card to a gambler. The latter part of the work is summarised in 'An Abstract of My Journey, with Casual Observations on Public Affairs.' One sentence of it summarises in one general statement many details. 'In all parts the greatest hindrances to the forming the people into moderation and union among themselves, next to the Clergy, are the Justices' (II. 272). In an earlier letter he speaks of 'spreading principles of

in his monograph on Defoe as to his release; but the somewhat vague statements of biographers cannot override the clear evidence of Defoe's own letters. 'He (Harley) entered upon office in May 1704, and one of his first acts was to convey to Defoe the message, "Pray ask that gentleman what I can do for him." Defoe replied by likening himself to the blind man in the parable, and paraphrasing his prayer, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." He would not seem to have obtained his liberty immediately, but through Harley's influence he was set free towards the beginning of July or the beginning of August.' (Minto, p. 49.)

‘temper, moderation, and peace.’ In other words, he was a Whig emissary, though Harley was a member of what has been regarded as a Tory Cabinet.

When we arrive at the period of the Union with Scotland the correspondence becomes of great interest. Apart from the higher political issues which it touches on, it sets at rest some personal questions of considerable historical importance. Both before and after the Treaty of Union had passed the English Parliament Defoe was in Edinburgh. It was said that he was there ‘as the agent, if not the spy, of the Government.’ These reproaches he denied with indignation, declaring it ‘particularly hard that he should be subjected to such despicable and injurious treatment.’ No one could have more strenuously repeated these denials at the time than did Defoe. Later on, however, in spite of these assertions, he admitted that the charge was true, and that he was sent to Edinburgh by Harley. But there has always been much doubt as to Defoe’s exact position at this time, and his latest biographer, Mr. Minto, who has carefully examined the voluminous works of which Defoe has been the subject, does no more than hazard an opinion on this point. The present correspondence, however, will set at rest any doubts upon the subject. In a letter to Harley on September 13, 1706, Defoe states that he was coming to wait on the Minister, and take his last instructions before leaving for Scotland, when he received the order to leave at once, without further conferences. He then remarks, that as Harley has acquainted the Queen and the Lord Treasurer with his mission, it is important that he should be successful in it; and after some further preamble he proposes to set down what he understands his present business to be; and he then, with great clearness and brevity, evidently summarises the results of the conversations which have taken place between himself and Harley. These heads are as follows:—

‘However, that if my notions are wrong I may be set right by your instructions, I beg leave, though it be beginning at the wrong end, to set down how I understand my present business as follows:—

‘1. To inform myself of the measures taking, or parties forming, against the Union, and apply myself to prevent them.

‘2. In conversation and by all reasonable methods to dispose people’s minds to the Union.

‘3. By writing or discourse, to answer any objections, libels, or reflections on the Union, the English, or the Court, relating to the Union.

‘4. To remove the jealousies and uneasiness of people about secret designs here against the Kirk,’ &c. (II. 327.)

Having very clearly given the heads of his instructions, Defoe—as was so often the case—breaks off into a diffuse demand for money. ‘I cannot quit this without mentioning ‘the subject of expense.’ This was very characteristic of the man. It adds, however, nothing further to our knowledge of the directions which he had received for his mission.

No man could have done his work more zealously or efficiently. He was an apostle of the Union and a collector of intelligence of the utmost value for the Government. The letters from Scotland, which follow from the date of these instructions, give a complete picture of the actual political difficulties which had to be overcome in Edinburgh, and the state of feeling there. They seem also to prove that in regard to the Union Harley was not disloyal to his colleagues. In Mr. Hugh Elliot’s very interesting biography of Godolphin it is suggested that Harley was opposed to the Lord Treasurer’s policy. It appears, however, that the information which was forwarded by Defoe was placed before Godolphin, and that its value was appreciated by him. On January 16, 1707, there is a short note from Godolphin to Harley in which this passage occurs: ‘Defoe’s letter ‘is serious, and deserves reflection. I believe it is true, ‘and it ought to guide us very much in what we are ‘doing here, and to take care in the first place to preserve ‘the peace of that country’ (II. 382). It is equally clear also that Godolphin was prepared to put Defoe in some permanent post on the completion of his mission, though his promises were not succeeded by a performance solid enough to please Defoe. ‘I was just on the brink of returning,’ he writes on September 11, 1707, ‘when, like life ‘from the dead, I received your last, with my Lord Treasurer’s letter. But hitherto his Lordship’s goodness to me ‘seems like messages from an army to a town besieged, that ‘relief is coming, which heartens and encourages the famished ‘garrison, but does not feed them’ (II. 445). It is, however, equally clear that Defoe has a preference for Harley as a principal. At the very time when it was reported that Harley—as in fact was the case—was dismissed from office in 1708, Defoe writes: ‘I entreat you to use me in anything ‘in which I may serve you, and that more freely than when ‘I might be supposed following your rising fortunes. ’Tis ‘also my opinion you are still rising. I wish you as successful as I believe you unshaken by this storm’ (II. 477). But any personal liking for Harley did not prevent him—as everyone knows—from continuing to serve Godolphin. Nor

when the latter fell, in 1710, had Defoe the least difficulty in finding reasons why he should at once place himself again at the service of Harley. We are fortunate enough to have in the present collection the letter which Defoe wrote to Harley on his accession to office. Nothing could be more plausible. There is a charming candour about it, a suggestion of having acted always for the public good, which is put forward with much skill :—

'1710, August 12.—I cannot but heartily congratulate you on the happy recovery of your honour and trusts in the Government. Her Majesty is particularly just in placing you in this station, where you had been so coarsely treated. It is with a satisfaction that I cannot express that I see you thus established again; and it was always with regret that when you met with ill treatment I found myself left and obliged by circumstances to continue in the service of your enemies. And now, though I am sunk by the change, and know not yet whether I shall find help in it or no, yet I not only rejoice in the thing, but shall convince you I do so, by publicly appearing to defend and reconcile things, if possible, to open the eyes of a wilfully blind and prejudiced party. In order to this, I shall wait on you in the evening with those sheets I showed you, finished from the press and to lay before you some measures I am taking to serve that honest principle which I know you espouse at a time so nice and when every man thinks 'tis in his power to wound the government through the sides of the Treasury, and to run down their masters by running down the public credit. I have two or three times set pen to paper to move you in my own case, yet cannot put on assurance enough to do it, believing also your own generosity, and the former goodness I have had such experience of, will move you in my behalf.

'Providence seems to cast me back upon you (I write that with joy) and lays me at your door; at the very juncture when she blesses you with the means of doing for me what your bounty shall prompt to.

'But in recommending myself to you, I would fain have an eye to your service. I would not be an *invalid*, and my hope is, that as you were pleased to recommend me to another as one that could be made useful, and who it was worth while to encourage; the same argument will move you to entertain the man yourself, since your merit, and the voice of the nation places you in the same point, in which you were pleased to present me to another.

'I cease to press you on this head; I shall study to make myself useful and leave the rest wholly to your goodness.' (II. 562.)

Endorsed by Harley 'Mr. D. F.'

Defoe was continued by Harley as his agent in Scotland, and up to the time that the present volume ends, in 1710, he sent him important information. *

To return, however, for a moment to the earlier period of Defoe's mission. It is somewhat difficult to understand how a man, who apparently presented himself as a private

individual, could be treated with the confidence and taken into the counsels of prominent men in Edinburgh.

Two letters in the month of November 1706 are very characteristic. They show the kind of intelligence which was transmitted by Defoe, and, if they are to be believed, indicate quite clearly the manner in which he went about his work. The first, written on November 5, begins by giving an account of the proceedings in Parliament; and it then proceeds:—

‘Last night the grand question was put whether the first article, or in short the Union itself, should be approved or not—and carried in the affirmative, which being on King William’s birthday is to me very remarkable and encouraging.

‘I had today the honour to be sent for by the Lords Committee for examining the equivalents, and to assist them in the calculating the drawback on the sale, the proportion of the excise, and some *addenda* about trade.

‘They profess themselves obliged to me more than I merit, and at their next Committee I am desired to dine with them. I am looked on as an Englishman that designs to settle here, and I think am perfectly unsuspected and hope on that foot I do some service. Only I spend you a great deal of money at which I am concerned and see no remedy if I will go through with the work. I have now great hopes of it though today the Assembly men make a great stir; in short the Kirk are *au wood*,* pardon the Scotticism.’ (II. 346.)

The second gives an amusing description of Defoe’s ways with various kinds of men, more creditable to his versatility than to his truth:—

‘1706, Nov. 26. Edinburgh.—I cannot express to your honour what a cordial the favour of your letter was to me. After such a strange and surprising silence I thank God, my faith in your regard to me was too firmly fixed to suffer me to neglect my duty, but I own I have been under perplexity and discouragements innumerable. I shall trouble you no more with them.

‘My success here I am in hopes will answer your expectation, though the difficulties have been infinite. If no Kirk devils more than we yet meet with appear, I hope all will be well, and I begin to see through it.

‘If I understand the cautions you are pleased to give me in your letter, they respect England as much as Scotland, and indeed I am afraid of erring most that way, and am therefore very wary.

‘Though I will not answer for success, yet I trust in management you shall not be uneasy at your trusting me here.

‘I have compassed my first and main step happily enough, in that I am perfectly unsuspected as corresponding with anybody in England.

* All mad.

'I converse with Presbyterian, Episcopal-Dissenter, Papist, and Non Juror, and I hope with equal circumspection. I flatter myself you will have no complaint of my conduct. I have faithful emissaries in every company, and I talk to everybody in their own way, to the merchants I am about to settle here in trade, building ships, &c., with the lawyers I want to purchase a house and land to bring my family and live upon it. God knows where the money is to pay for it !

'Today I am going into partnership with a member of Parliament in a glass house; tomorrow with another in a salt work, with the Glasgow mutineers I am to be a fish merchant, with the Aberdeen men a woollen, and with the Perth and Western men a linen manufacturer, and still at the end of all discourse the Union is the essential, and I am all to everyone that I may gain some.

'Again I am in the morning at the Committee, in the afternoon in the Assembly. I am privy to all their folly, I wish I could not call it knavery, and am entirely confided in.' (II 358.)

The entire collection is brightened by these humorous touches. They are a constant example of Defoe's skill as a writer, and of his shrewdness, capacity, and industry. Many parts are full of careful statistical details. But he will break off from these to give an amusing sketch of character, or a broad view of some particular phase of politics. Thus, in 1710 we find a memorandum enclosed in a letter to Harley. This is headed 'Of Improvements in Scotland,' and in it he deals with improvements of trade and of land. One chief head among the former was the encouraging of Scotland to build, fit out and repair her own shipping. It is a State paper which illustrates the wide capacity of Defoe, and it is one of those pieces of work which, whatever were his personal defects, show that he was a patriot at heart. Self-seeking and vainglory were, says Mr. Minto, united in him with higher and wider aims, and this paper illustrates well the enthusiasm and the grasp of details which he could display when he was arguing on some kind of reform. These letters, indeed, will tend to raise the opinion of posterity; beyond the inevitable demands for cash, obviously put forward with the skill of the practised beggar, there is nothing in them mean or selfish. He was doing difficult and useful work with skill and persistence, and he certainly regarded the completion of the Union, and its subsequent successful working, as of more moment than the rise or fall of statesmen. It is impossible not to compare him with Beaumarchais. Each was a man of letters who was employed by statesmen on concealed political missions. Each was able and diligent, and a humorous observer; each was a liar, but Defoe was liberal-minded and patriotic,

working for reforms. Beaumarchais was without real political insight. Other differences might be insisted on, but in their position and their general characteristics there is a great resemblance between the creators of Robinson Crusoe and Figaro.

We must now turn to another phase in Harley's career, which has been, perhaps, overrated in importance—his influence on Queen Anne through his cousin, Abigail Hill, who afterwards became Mrs. Masham. How she supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough as the favourite and the friend of the Queen is well known. It is, however, desirable in the first place to bear in mind some important facts. In 1707 the Treaty of Union with Scotland passed through the Scottish Parliament; in March of the following year Harley was dismissed from office. It is said that he opposed Godolphin and Marlborough, at the end of 1707, in regard to the selection of new bishops for Chester and Exeter, and had influenced the Queen in a manner antagonistic to his colleagues. But the Queen, it has been pretty well proved, acted on her own motion. What was really required was a victim for the Whigs, and Harley was dismissed to strengthen that party. It is well known also how a person named Greg, who was a clerk in his office, was tried and condemned for high treason—for betraying confidential correspondence to the French—and how it was endeavoured, but without success, to show that Harley was cognisant of this treachery. Thus, from the spring of 1708 to August 1710, when Godolphin was dismissed, Harley must be regarded as being in opposition to the Government, and especially to the Lord Treasurer, and he would have shown astonishing self-denial and a political honour quite out of keeping with the standard of the age if he had not made such use as was possible of the position of his cousin at Court.

But to return for the moment to Greg. He has been spoken of as a clerk in Harley's office, which he undoubtedly was at the time he was accused of high treason. But he was more than a mere clerk. 'His kinsman, Hugh Greg, ' was English Resident at Copenhagen for some years, ' 1693-1702, during the latter part of which time William ' acted as his secretary. Hugh died in 1702, and William ' remained in Denmark, giving like assistance to the ' succeeding Resident, James Vernon ' (II. introd. ix.). We first meet him in this correspondence in 1705, when he ' was out of business,' as he says, referring to an offer of a

tutorship. Then he proceeds (he is writing to Harley): 'Twenty pounds a year did surprise me, yet when the 'meanness of my circumstances would have tempted me to 'close with his Lordship's conditions, prudence bade me stay 'and try whether your Honour could not better my fortune, 'which I should look upon as desperate were it not in so 'good hands' (II. 159). It is thus obvious that, to use a common phrase, Greg had 'come down in the world.' Later we find him writing from Scotland; evidently sent on a mission much the same as Defoe—partly spy, partly diplomatist. After his return Greg was in poverty, and Harley probably put him into his office rather for the purpose of retaining him in his service until he was again needed as a spy, than for any other reason. It is certain, also, that it was Greg's poverty which caused him to disclose confidential papers to the French. In a memorandum of his examination before the Privy Council, in Harley's handwriting, there is, among other statements, one that he was to receive a hundred guineas for a particular piece of information. It is equally clear also that strong attempts were made to cause Greg to say something adverse to Harley, but wholly without success; and in an account of Greg's execution, sent to Harley by another confidential clerk, named Thomas, there is repeated Greg's statement on the scaffold, that Harley was 'perfectly innocent' of any knowledge of the treasonable correspondence. Thus, while this recently published correspondence confirms previous authorities, it enables us to understand better than we have hitherto done how Greg came to the position he did, and how he was enabled to obtain the information which he sold to France. The system of espionage is double-edged, and Harley fell a victim for the moment to his use of it. That a spy should turn traitor seems to us in these days not at all astonishing; it was a risk, however, which politicians in the age of Anne had continually to encounter, but it was not a very serious one unless, as in Harley's case, other circumstances were in action to make what was regarded by all men as a mere political accident a vehicle for a party attack.

The letters from Mrs. Masham to Harley show several things very clearly. One is, that as early as 1707 they were on intimate and confidential terms. This of itself was quite enough to raise among his contemporaries suspicions of intrigues by Harley; but whether such were taking place it is impossible to say. Another aspect of the correspondence is the light which it throws on Mrs. Masham herself. She cer-

tainly was not the illiterate and ignorant woman she has often been represented. On the contrary, she writes with correctness, clearness, and intelligence, and appears genuinely anxious to be of use to the Queen, whom, it must be added, she regarded as being childishly weak. On the other hand, it is equally certain that she regarded Harley as her adviser; and while, as we have already said, it would be absurd to suppose that he would not use his influence with Mrs. Masham for his own advantage, it is unfair to regard him as being bent solely on his own personal advancement, and as being without a thought for the good of his country. The following letter may be regarded as a fair specimen of the ordinary letters of Mrs. Masham; in it is clearly indicated her reliance on Harley:—

'1708, July 27.—My brother delivered yours very safe into my hands, I am sorry he has not business to oblige him to go back this week that I might send him to a place where I have locked up the papers you desire to have returned. I don't care to trust a servant to go to the place, but if there is a real necessity for it I must do it, for I cannot get leave to go myself. When you do me the favour to write to me say what you will have me do in that matter. I have nothing new since to acquaint you with but I am very much afraid of my aunt's (the Queen's) conduct in her affairs, and all will come from her want of a little ready money (courage) for hitherto you know the want of that has made her make a most sad figure in the world. I shall be very glad to have your opinion upon things that I may lay it before her, for that is all can be done. I trust in God and beg of him to supply her, that she may not be so blinded but save herself while it is in her power. She will give me your book and I will keep it till I shall have the comfort of seeing you which I heartily wish for, my brother tells me he never saw you look better in his life.' (II. 499.)

As we approach closer to the time when Godolphin's fall placed Harley in power there are undoubtedly indications of what may be termed an active policy on the part of Mrs. Masham and Harley, as distinguished from mere passive advice on his part. There is in the following letter, for instance, an obvious difference of tone from that of the former. There is an anxiety in it unlike the common-sense coolness of previous correspondence:—

'1710, April 17.—I am very uneasy to see you, but my poor aunt (the Queen) will not consent to it yet, she puts me off from time to time which gives me a great deal of trouble. I think it necessary for her service as well as my own for us to meet, for a great many reasons, therefore I have a mind to do it without her knowledge and so secret that it is impossible for any body but ourselves to know it. I

would come to you to-morrow night about eight o'clock to your own house if you approve of it, but if you have made any appointment with company any other night will serve me. Send this person to me to-morrow about ten in the morning to let me know your resolution what I must do.' (II. 540.)

From this time to the date when Harley came into power there are no letters in the volumes from Mrs. Masham. We must, therefore, be content with the evidence before us, which, however, is sufficient to show that for some time before Godolphin's fall Harley had the ear of the Queen. That to depose the Lord Treasurer was one main object of Harley's policy seems to be shown by a passage in an earlier letter from Mrs. Masham. It is written on August 9, 1709, and in it are these noticeable words:—

'As for your writing a letter for me to show my friend (the Queen) you had better not do it, for I fear she will be afraid of being examined about it, so I dare answer she would much rather know nothing of the matter. I have often spoken to her concerning Lord T.'s office, but never could obtain a satisfactory answer. If I cannot be so happy to secure it for you, I won't attempt doing it myself.' (II. 524.)

The last few words are somewhat ambiguous, but the gist of the whole passage seems to be that Mrs. Masham was working for a transference of the office of Lord Treasurer from Godolphin to Harley.

We must, at any rate, pity the Queen drawn hither and thither by her advisers; nor can we be surprised that she saw a personal relief in placing herself in the power of Mrs. Masham and Harley—one a quiet, pleasant woman, the other an unobtrusive and good-natured politician—and so escaping from the tiresome masterfulness of Godolphin and the Marlboroughs. It might, however, have been foreseen that the continuance of Harley in power could not be long; he was too moderate in his aims, and too much without a power of personality. Just when he was coming into office, Defoe wrote to him a letter, obviously notifying that he was carrying out Harley's instructions:—

'1710, July 28.—Since I had the honour of seeing you, I can assure you by experience I find, that acquainting some people they are not all to be devoured, and eaten up—will have all the effect upon them could be wished for; assuring them that moderate counsels are at the bottom of all these things⁶; that the old mad party are not coming in; that his Grace the Duke of S[hrewsbury] and yourself, &c. are at the head of the management; and that neither have been moved, however ill treated, to forsake the principles you always owned; that toleration,

succession or union are not struck at, and they may be easy as to the nation's liberties—those things make strong impressions, and well improved may bring all to rights again.

‘I wish for an occasion to discourse farther on these heads, when your leisure will permit me that favour, when I have also something to offer about ways and means to prevent the ruin of the public credit; and raise things again in spite of some people's endeavour to run them down, in which if I can do any service I shall think myself happy. I should enlarge, but rather refer it to discourse, and shall call on your servant myself to receive your commands as to time, promising myself when I have that honour again I shall not break away so rudely as I did last.’ (II. 552.)

The long and short of this letter is, that whilst Harley is coming into power as a Tory Minister, he is prepared to carry out a Whig policy, except, of course, in regard to the conclusion of peace; and that Defoe, as his confidential agent, was going about the country allaying the anxieties of the Whigs. It is equally certain, also, that he was personally not hostile to Marlborough. There is a long and interesting letter, among others, from John Drummond, a Scotch merchant and banker settled in Amsterdam, who stood high with the Dutch Government, and whose letters are characterised not only by great good-sense and insight, but by a frankness which was rare in the seventeenth century. The gist of that letter is that peace was necessary, but that it would be hindered by the removal of Marlborough. It is too long for complete quotation, but some part may be given.

‘All the weak arguments which I can produce can be but of little influence if matters be otherwise fixed and a scheme laid by which that great man is to lose his command, and I only should reason in the dark if I pretended to give the best reasons I am capable of on that subject, and therefore as to a reconciliation I should think it no wise impracticable if there were a real inclination to it on both sides and that it be the Queen's intention. The true way to begin it is by a mutual complaisance and I could wish there were no dispute who was to begin and make the first advances. I think a faithful honest man who had no by-end, and in whom both had some confidence, might by a mutual consent of both parties break ground, and try by one or two preliminary points, whether there were hopes of succeeding in an entire treaty. I am confident you would strengthen your party more by gaining that one man than by any other thing imaginable, and I believe he is sensible of the intolerable measures which others encouraged him to go into. I know he hates some of their leaders very heartily, and I believe he would abandon his old friend so far as never to desire to have him in play again, but let him lie by the rest of his days. I am also persuaded he would part with any one or all of the

damnation club for their ill behaviour, but these may be conjectures and cannot be well known till they are proposed. I know this would be insupportable doctrine to Lord Rivers and the Duke of Argyll, whom I both honour, love, and esteem, but as no private man's interest ought or must come in computation with the present welfare of the public, and to get honourably rid of this bloody, pernicious, expensive, and destructive war, neither any private pique ought to prevail so far as to hinder or any wise encourage the enemy not to renew their proposals for a peace, which the Dutch I am sure and very sure want but to have in a manner on any terms, and if ever proposed if they don't come to a conclusion as well as they can, I shall never pretend to know anything of them or their measures for the future, and we are in no worse circumstances than when the enemy made their last proposals. We have gained two battles in Spain, and four strong towns in Flanders, and the like success another campaign must bring us upon the territories of old France.

'What is it are we to imagine that hinders or will hinder their new proposals, but what they write us every day, viz. the hopes they have of the divisions in England and that the Duke of Marlborough will be made so uneasy as to be obliged to retire and abandon the army, who they know has been no less instrumental in keeping the Allies together as in his success in the field. It is not for his person, but for the public good that I argue or presume to meddle in so important an affair, for well do I know all his vices as well as his virtues, and I know as well that though his covetousness has gained him much reproach and ill will on this side of the world, yet his success in the field, his capacity or rather dexterity in council or in the cabinet, and his personal acquaintance with the heads of the Alliance and the faith they have in him make him still the great man with them, and on whom they depend. I can tell you with certainty what I meet in daily conversation, that you will have little money to expect from this if he stay at home, that they wish with all their hearts almost any sort of peace before he be taken from them, that there is no Englishman who they have any opinion of for the command of an army but himself, that his agreeing so well with Prince Eugene is one of their greatest contentments and to make a new acquaintance and intimacy of such a nature with any one is what they fear and abhor the thoughts of.' (II. 620.)

Drummond's views had as much weight with Harley as with the Dutch Government, and the sincerity and openness of his communication seems to have induced Harley to reply with greater frankness than was his wont. 'You have wrote,' he says in answer, writing on November 7, 1710, 'so plain, so prudently, and with so much affection, that I were very unworthy the name of your friend if I do not ever acknowledge it with the best return that shall ever be in my power.' He then goes on to refer to some financial details in which he was engaged, with the view to restore

the credit of the country, 'notwithstanding all the villanous 'and peevish arts of the faction.' He proceeds:—

'As to any reconciliation between me and the [Duke of Marlborough] give me leave to say that I were unworthy the Queen's service, should I not live with any one that her service or the public good requires. I do solemnly assure you I have not the least resentment towards him or any one else. I thank God my mind puts me above that. I never did revenge injuries, and never will sacrifice the public quiet to my own resentment. I believe there is not one here thinks I retain any revenge but have given many instances [of for]giving and forgetting very great injuries. I [have] scarce used the common caution of doing any thing *se defendendo*, for fear it should be thought to be the effect of resentment. In one word I do assure you, I can live and act with the Duke now in the same manner and with the same easiness as the first day that ever I saw him, and that you may be convinced this is my temper and not words only I must tell you some things which have passed since April last and many more I could add. . . . But this I find by experience those who have done injuries are more difficult to be reconciled than those who have received injuries, and hatred, the more groundless and unreasonable it is, the more durable and violent it most times proves. Now I have opened to you my heart upon this subject and do again assure you that no resentment of mine shall ever obstruct the public service or hinder the co-operating with any one for the good of the common cause.' (II. 623.)

Nothing could better illustrate than this letter the absence of that political fanaticism and the presence of that moderation in victory which, as Mr. Lecky says in his excellent delineation of Harley, characterised this statesman. There is no reason for one moment to suppose that Harley was not expressing his real feelings.

Drummond's reply to Harley is of great length. It is of interest not only as showing that Harley's moderation was not a mere expression, but an opinion to be acted on; it was equalled by that of Marlborough. Yet in a few months' time Marlborough was to fall, and the Peace of Utrecht was to be concluded by Harley and Bolingbroke. But the first portion of this long letter must be quoted, since it gives, with the previous correspondence, a complete statement of the views of Harley and Marlborough towards each other at this moment:—

'1710, [November 29–] December 9, new style. Amsterdam.— Since I had the honour of writing last to you, I have had occasion to make much use of the letter you were pleased to favour me last with, and I dare say with no dishonour or prejudice to you. Mr. Secretary St. John will have acquainted you with what I wrote him of my discourse with —; the longer he stays at the Hague the more he

will be convinced of the necessities he lies under to submit himself to the Queen's pleasure and the measures which her Majesty and her ministers think most for her honour and satisfaction. He has faithfully promised both to the Grand Pensionary and to ours, that he is resolved to live with you if you will make it practicable or possible for him; he will not enter into the heats of party debates, but will go heartily and sincerely into all the measures that may be esteemed proper for carrying on the war, but for other votes he will be at his free liberty. When he said pretty passionately—do they imagine I must make the first advances after all the insults and affronts they have put upon me? I answered, no, my Lord, they have made once and again offers of correspondence with you, and I did read to him the three instances which you are pleased to mention to me, the last by Earl Poulett. He owned, and said he did not reject your proposal, but desired the Earl as a good friend to you both to make use of his good offices till his arrival in England. As to the two former proposals he believes they may have been made to Lord Godolphin but were not proposed to him. I told him that I had been conversing with Mr. Cardonnel, who believes that his losing his place which his Grace seemed to be so uneasy at proceeded from, and in revenge of, the neglect he had made of your proposals of commencing a correspondence; even I told him that Mr. Cardonnel and Mr. Watkins had prepared and composed an answer he should make to that period of Earl Poulett's letter, and that he would make no use of it. He seemed concerned that I knew this, I told him he needed be under no concern what I knew, that my design was fair and honest above board, not to widen but to reconcile breaches, not to flatter him into a great opinion of his services and that they could never be rewarded or forgotten, nor to raise his imaginations above his true interest and the safe way he was to take to live easy; that some people about him had screwed him up to undervalue the humble though just advices of honest men who had no design but his own and the public good, while his flatterers were enriching themselves at the expense of his reputation. I read to him another passage in your letter, that though he might now be pretty well resolved to live with the Queen's new ministers and especially with you, that he would be no sooner at home than he would be led into the rage and revenge of some about him, by which instead of abating he would aggravate and inflame the divisions and differences, which if wisely gone about might be removed and converted into affection and friendship. To this he answered, you mean my wife and those I must live with, and that he thanked God he had more temper than some he would have to do with in the new ministry; and yet he could and would live with Lord Rochester and doubted not he would find friends amongst the old Tories, complaining of some resentments by preferring people under his command who made it their business to lessen him, and be ill with him, meaning Lord Orrery's being made Major General. I told him he was a person of quality and I believed that proceeded from the Queen's own inclination, that I was informed that you had been so far from personal resentment that you had shewn as much complaisance

in his affair of Blenheim as Lord Godolphin had done. This he consented to, and desired me to write very plainly that he was pretty much desponding, and yet seemed well resolved to carry on the war he had so successfully brought this length, by sticking to her Majesty's service as long as even his greatest enemies should think it possible or practicable for him.' (II. 634.)

So far as Marlborough and Harley were personally concerned there was, it would thus seem, no bar to their acting in concert. Marlborough regarded the struggles of partisans at home from the point of view of a Continental general and a diplomatist. Harley was no friend of what Defoe called in his contemptuous way 'the old mad party.' But popular feeling in England was too strong for them, and whilst Marlborough fell before the revulsion of public opinion, Harley was the last man in the world to try to stem it. In the letter to Drummond from which we have already quoted he emphasised the state of feeling in England:—

'I will add,' he writes, 'but this one thing, your State [Holland] is a very wise State, but it is inconceivable how they should be so ignorant of the true condition of this country and of its interest and where the weight and strength of the nation lie and by what accident the minor part has for some time insulted the majority instead of governing them.' (II. 621.)

The 'interest' of the nation was to make peace, and with this aim in view Harley, feeling sure of the state of the nation on this point, was not careful of the means by which it was accomplished. Unfaithfulness to allies was not an obstacle; much less, therefore, if popular feeling demanded the degradation of Marlborough, was Harley inclined to prevent it. The very nature which enabled him to offer still to work with Marlborough would allow him to watch the great general's downfall, and to assist in it without a qualm. His moderation was based not on generous feelings, but on an easy and phlegmatic temperament.

We have in the preceding pages endeavoured, whilst giving some extracts from the interesting and voluminous correspondence which is contained in these two publications, to group them round the Earl of Oxford, so that they may form some kind of consecutive narrative of his career. As we said at the commencement of this article, a complete biography of him has yet to be written; but, at any rate, these letters help to clear up some obscure points, and to show without doubt that Harley's great position was the result of his own capacity. From boyhood he was in close touch with political affairs and with persons of sound

political judgement, but otherwise he had no special advantages. He became Secretary of State solely by reason of his own political weight; he ultimately became Chancellor of the Exchequer and, in fact, Prime Minister, on the fall of Godolphin, because he was the most capable person—as one would say at the present day—in opposition to the Government. It would be absurd to suppose that he had not access to the Queen's ear through Mrs. Masham, and that after his dismissal from office he would give opinions favourable to the Lord Treasurer was not likely. But backstairs influence would not have been sufficient to bring him into office, had not the country been in accord with the Queen. She disliked the Whigs, Godolphin had become too much of a master; England was thoroughly tired of the war—these three elements were sufficient to enable her to change her Ministers, and, Godolphin dismissed, Harley was the only person who could take his place, and he was the only man likely to be able to do what the country desired—to conclude a peace with France. While, therefore, we may admit that the Masham intrigues are in a sense true, we may be equally certain that their political importance has been overrated. There were stronger forces at work. The natural weakening of a political party by a considerable tenure of office, the desire for peace which eventually comes over a nation after a long continuance of even successful warfare, were more potent forces than the conversations of a lady-in-waiting. Nor can Harley be properly blamed for what are called intrigues. He lived in an age of low political morality; the spy was then in England as much a part of political warfare as the wire-puller is now in the United States. It is absurd to test Harley by a standard inapplicable to the times in which he lived. He had been thrown out of office to give the Whigs more weight in the Government; he used those means which were at hand to enable him to return to power, determined to carry out a policy which should end in the restoration of peace. But he would never have been able to avail himself of the opportunity had he not by sheer capacity attained to the position of being for the moment the indispensable man. We leave him at the end of this second volume at the summit of his political career. We may be able at a future time to follow his downfall as we have his rise, and his descent into that retirement where, as a lover of art and letters, he has obtained a fame more durable, perhaps, and less tarnished than in his high political station.

ART. VII.—1. *British Birds: Key List.* By Lieut.-Col. L. HOWARD IRBY, F.L.S. London: 1892.

2. *London Birds and other Sketches.* By T. DIGBY PIGOTT. London: 1892.

3. *The Birds of London.* By H. K. SWANN. London: 1893.

MANY ornithologists have employed themselves in writing works on the birds of various counties. They have carefully collected the records of rare birds, shot or observed, within the several districts; they have made notes of the arrival and departure of the birds of passage; and they have recorded their haunts and their nesting places. Some ornithologists have even busied themselves with writing on the birds of London; and it is a matter of rivalry among local ornithologists to compare their local lists with the complete list of British birds. The ordinary inhabitant of London, even though he be of a fairly observant nature, would probably be puzzled if he were suddenly called on to name a dozen birds which may commonly be seen in London. We have examined a number of lists of London birds, some ancient and some recent, which varied greatly in length. One observer, who confined himself strictly to Hyde Park in one year, has twenty names on his list. Another, who extended his observations to the whole of London, claims to have recently seen forty-four species. The late Mr. Yarrell, who died in 1856, put down seventy-five species as having been seen in Kensington Gardens; but that was many years ago, when the fauna of London was much richer than it is at present. Mr. Swann, in the little book on 'The Birds of London' now before us, enumerates no less than 221 different species; but he extends London from Epping Forest to Richmond Park, and from Highgate Woods to Epsom Downs. We propose to confine ourselves strictly to so much of London only as lies within a radius of four miles from Charing Cross.

If we go back as much as three centuries, we come to times when kites frequented the streets of London like the sparrows of to-day. The original authority for this often repeated statement is Charles Clusius, who visited England under Elizabeth. In a note to a work by Pierre Belon, an old French ornithologist, Clusius wrote: 'I think the number of kites to be seen in Cairo can hardly be greater than in London in England, where they appear in very large numbers at every season of the year:

‘for, since it is forbidden to kill them, in order that they may pick up and devour the garbage thrown out by the inhabitants into the streets, and even into the river Thames, which washes the city, they flock thither in multitudes, and become so tame that even in the midst of crowds they are not afraid to snatch the prey which they have seen from above while on the wing, as I often saw with astonishment, whilst I was there.’ We might add other stories of interest to the antiquarian in ornithological matters, but we propose to devote our attention to more recent days.

In 1879 there appeared in the ‘*Zoologist*,’ one of the most complete lists of London birds that has ever been compiled. The author of this account of London ornithology was Dr. Edward Hamilton, and much of the article had the merit of being based upon his personal observations. The paper was entitled ‘*The Birds of London, past and present, residents and casuals.*’ It is of great interest to-day, as showing how the avifauna of London has varied in twenty years. Dr. Hamilton mentions altogether eighty-five species, of whom naturally the vast majority are casual visitors.

These catalogues of species are not, however, of much interest, unless we are able to compare them with the whole number of species which are actually included under the comprehensive name of British birds. On turning to Colonel Irby’s *List of British Birds*, which is one of the standard authorities on the matter, there are to be found the names of no less than 376 species which compose the avifauna of our isles. It has, however, always been the habit of ornithologists to consider any bird British which has, even once only, been obtained in the British islands in a wild state, and the list is constantly receiving additions. A large proportion of the 376 species are accidental stragglers to our shores, like the vulture, the flamingo, and many others of an equally unexpected nature. In London, the list of birds is also swelled by equally remarkable stragglers. On May 16, 1887, a puffin flew into the window of a bedroom at No. 45 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. This erratic sea-fowl was picked up alive by the inmates of the house, but was found to have broken a leg. Another straggler, of a similar kind, was a storm-petrel, or ‘Mother Carey’s chicken,’ which appeared many years ago in the Edgware Road, and was knocked down and captured in an exhausted condition. Another petrel was picked up in Kensington Gardens about ten winters ago, and a guillemot in Russell Square, both

driven inland, doubtless much against their will, by rough weather.

The number of species which breed in the British islands is 184; and out of these, the following have recently nested within four miles of Charing Cross:—The thrush, blackbird, robin, hedge-sparrow, white-throat, sedge-warbler, reed-warbler, great-tit, coal-tit, blue-tit, wren, starling, jackdaw, crow, rook, fly-catcher, swallow, martin, greenfinch, sparrow, chaffinch, cuckoo, wild-duck, wood-pigeon, moorhen, and dabchick. There may well be others, but we are anxious to understate rather than to exaggerate. Some of these birds are ‘residents’ and spend the whole year in London, or, at least, in England; others, on the other hand, are ‘summer migrants,’ which arrive regularly about the same time in the spring, and, when they have raised their brood, depart in the autumn for their winter-quarters in the South. Besides these, there are on the list of British birds a certain number of others which appear under the name of ‘winter visitors.’ They are birds which have nested somewhere north of Britain, in Norway or the Arctic regions, and come each winter to enjoy the more genial climate which we offer them. The fieldfare and the redwing are good examples of these; for although every winter vast flocks of both arrive, some of which usually penetrate into the parks of London, there is no authentic record of a fieldfare’s or redwing’s nest having been found in these islands. The redwing has been seen alive in Leicester Square, and has been picked up frozen in the streets in hard winters.

Migration is one of the great mysteries of bird life, about which much yet remains to be discovered, although it has attracted the notice of men from the earliest times. The prophet Jeremiah observed that ‘the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming.’ Every spring the London ornithologist looks out for the coming of the migrants, and when one understands the enormous multitudes of birds which migrate, it is not surprising that some of the number should find their way into the most unexpected, and one would think, unattractive places in London. Migrating birds have been seen falling exhausted on the coast in masses, and beating against the lighthouses like a storm of driven snowflakes. In the whole order of nature there is nothing more marvellous than that a white-throat, let us say in Damaraland, should be taken with an irresistible desire to

fly to Battersea Park, and there spend three or four months. The same birds annually return to the same bush or patch of ground, sometimes travelling several thousand miles to do so. In London, this love of the old nesting place is often strangely illustrated in the suburbs. There, a piece of land may be an open field one year, and the next, be surrounded by houses or all but built over. The unfortunate birds, guided by instinct to the old spot, arrive and set about nesting, or would do so if they were allowed to live. Many arrive in the South of England in a state of comparative exhaustion, hardly knowing where they pitch. Flying, as they do, over London, in the early hours of an April morning, when the air is smokeless and the parks are green, it is not astonishing that they should alight there.

One Sunday morning in April, two years ago, we saw a furze-chat perched on the railings near Rotten Row. The bird seemed ruffled and exhausted, and suffered one to approach within a few feet. Possibly, in the preceding night, it had arrived from the Gambia. The furze-chat is a lover of gorse commons, and had no intention of staying longer in London than was necessary to recover its flying powers. Still the furze-chat may be claimed as a genuine London bird, and there are several other summer migrants which come under the same category. There is the chiff-chaff, which is annually heard in Kensington Gardens, and has even been reported from Belgrave Square. It is the earliest and most easily recognised summer visitor, which proclaims its presence by the monotonous double note from which its name is derived. There is the redstart, which used to nest in Kensington Gardens some thirty years ago, and possibly later. There are sometimes, but not often, tree-pipits; on one occasion a large party of these was seen in Kensington Gardens on April 19, which would be just about the date of their arrival in England. The willow-wren, also, regularly passes through, and was seen by the present writer, last year, singing its plaintive song, and collecting insects from a tree near the Albert Memorial. The wheatear has often been reported, usually in small parties on the ground in the open parts of Regent's Park and near the Marble Arch; and often it is seen in the autumn on its return journey.

All these birds are of such comparatively frequent occurrence, that there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the observers. It is, however, often wise to receive reports of rare birds with scepticism, unless we are satisfied

of the trustworthiness of the observer. All amateurs of ornithology love writing to the newspapers, and, in their excitement, the song of the thrush is too often taken for the nightingale's, and the imitations of a small boy announced as the cry of the cuckoo. Some while ago, there appeared, in the columns of the 'Times,' a letter announcing that the writer had seen five golden orioles in Hyde Park. The golden oriole is one of the rarest and most brilliant of our summer visitors, and the announcement, naturally, was enough to excite the ornithological world. The matter was investigated, and it turned out that the writer of the letter had, somehow, mistaken the sober-coloured little wheatear for the golden oriole.

We have been at some pains to inquire into the trustworthiness of the records of uncommon birds which we mention, for an untrustworthy observation is of no value and also of no interest. If we do not always give authorities, it is for fear of being considered tedious. The date, however, when a bird was seen, or when it nested in London, is of the greatest interest, for a record a few years old is by no means any proof that the bird is still to be found in London. The history of the birds of London is the history of a steadily diminishing community. Every year some species, which used often to be seen, becomes rarer until it is extinct; and not only do the number of species become less, but the individuals become fewer. Last year there was but one rookery left in London. The only exception, we believe, to these decreasing numbers are the wood-pigeons, which have astonishingly multiplied. If the Londoner can now rarely hear the pleasant cawing of rooks, every cockney might say, in the words of Virgil:

'Notavi

Ipse locum, aeriae quo congregere palumbes.'

The reason for this general diminution in numbers may be found, partly, in the growth of London, but more, we believe, in the increased civilisation of the parks. Every year some thicket is cut down, and iron railings and artificial beds are substituted; new paths are made, and more people frequent the parks. Railings and lamps might be thought uncomfortable nesting places, compared with hedges and bushes. Yet, quite recently, a titmouse built a nest in a hollow iron post near the Humane Society's house by the Serpentine. The railing, which passed through the post, had been removed, and the birds found a convenient entrance to the hole. About the same time a robin's

nest, with three eggs, was discovered in the crown which surmounted one of the old George the Fourth lamps on the Horse Guards' Parade.

The growth of London has been so rapid towards the West, that the present generation are astonished by stories of birds frequenting places which are now in the centre of London. Mr. Wilberforce, speaking in the House of Commons in 1815, declared that he had, a few days before, dined with a gentleman who had killed woodcocks in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. We have all heard of the aged sportsman who had shot snipe on the site of Belgrave Square. But if he were still living, he would now be a veteran, for Belgrave Square and Eaton Square were built in 1825.

The most striking way of realising the growth of London is by looking at some antiquated map: even one so recent as 1850 will do. The angle between Sloane Street and Brompton Road was then occupied by nursery gardens. Along Kensington Gore were a few villas, and behind them open fields down to Brompton and Earl's Court. Great parts of Pimlico and Bayswater were not built. It is not surprising that there should have been woodpeckers and wrynecks nesting in Kensington Gardens. But on the whole, the wonder is, not that the London birds should have so diminished, but that there should still be so many.

We have in London, at the present day, three classes of birds: first, the species which nest there; secondly, birds of passage, which sometimes spend a while with us, and appear with certain regularity, such as the sea-gulls in winter, and the chiff-chaffs in spring; and, thirdly, the unfortunate stragglers, which usually come to an untimely end, like the puffin and petrels we mentioned above.

The ubiquitous sparrow, which finds a living in the streets and builds his nest on the houses, is the most urban of birds, and would flourish in London if every tree were cut down and every garden built over. He builds his untidy nest under the eaves of the tumble-down houses in Whitechapel, and in the capitals of the Corinthian columns in Belgravia. Last year, in spite of the daily music, there was a sparrow's nest in the bandstand on the Embankment. Another pair we happened to notice, chose a quieter spot opposite Westminster Abbey, under the arm of Mr. Canning's statue. In every niche on the façade of the Abbey itself there was a nest; and we may say in the words of the psalmist: 'The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for

‘herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, ‘O Lord of Hosts, my King, and my God.’ The abundance of food has made the Zoological Gardens the paradise of the London sparrows, where many pay for their over-indulgence and greed by dying of enlarged livers. In one of the old account books of the Inner Temple there appears an item of ‘twenty shillings: for stuff to poison the sparrows by my ‘orders.’ The expenditure was disallowed by the Benchers; but the cynic will be amused when he learns that the treasurer, who ordered it, was the Hon. Daines Barrington, the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White.

Besides the parks and squares, there are within our area a number of green retreats of various sizes each with its birds. Lincoln’s Inn Fields, which is five acres in extent, has now been thrown open to the public, and whatever birds may have found a refuge there before, there are now nothing but sparrows and wood-pigeons. Close by are the gardens of the Inns of Court, where the green turf supplies food for a few starlings. There is also the large garden of Buckingham Palace, with an excellent and varied fauna; the gardens of Lambeth Palace, of Chelsea Hospital and the old Physic Garden, and a few more. There is Brompton Cemetery, where a dunlin has been seen on the tombs; and, lastly, the park of Holland House, which deserves more than a passing mention as one of the last nesting places of the nightingale. A large portion of the park on the Notting Hill side has now been built over; but what remains is, for its position in London, wonderfully secluded.

The first and largest among the bird haunts of London is Hyde Park. Including Kensington Gardens, its area is no less than 630 acres; and it well deserves the name, Lord Chatham first gave it, of one of ‘the lungs of London.’

We have seen it stated that, as late as the last decade of last century, the keepers used to destroy the foxes by shooting them; and there still exists a remnant of an old elm-tree in which ravens used to build. We have not been able to discover the last occasion that they did so, but Mr. Jesse, in his ‘Gleanings,’ published in 1834, says:—

‘Many persons must recollect a raven which used to hop about amongst the workmen employed in the construction of the bridge, at the top of the Serpentine river in Hyde Park. This bird, from its familiarity and odd habits, attracted at the time the notice of many persons, and amongst others that of a friend of mine. He constantly noticed and made many inquiries respecting it. It was taken from a nest on the top of an elm tree in Hyde Park, with two or three others, all of which died.’

Now, the stone bridge over the Serpentine, which connects Kensington Gardens with Hyde Park, was built in 1826; and (although ravens are believed to live to a great age) there is reason for supposing, if Mr. Jesse's story be true, that this bird was taken from its nest in Hyde Park in the present century, which is sufficiently surprising. It is worth recording, while on the subject of ravens, that in the month of May, 1850, early in the morning, two ravens were observed in Regent's Park in deadly combat; the fight continued till one of the combatants was killed and his body was picked up by a park-keeper who had been a spectator of the occurrence. According to Mr. Pigott, 'in March and April, 1890, the ill-betiding croak of the raven was a familiar sound to West-end Londoners; a fine fellow, who, judged by his tameness and by the fact that several wing-feathers were missing, was probably an escaped captive, having for some weeks settled in Kensington Gardens.'

The appearance of birds which have escaped from captivity is one of the great difficulties which meet the London ornithologist. Not long ago, a chough was knocked over, at Balham, by a well-aimed stone. It was an old bird, and one can only suppose had escaped. A sparrow-hawk which flew into a window in the City, and attacked a caged canary bird, bore the traces of captivity on its plumage.

Another very agreeable haunt for wild birds, not more than three miles from Charing Cross, is afforded by Battersea Park, which has an area of 200 acres, and in parts is very fairly secluded and well planted. The old Battersea Fields, once a famous hunting ground for London botanists, were enclosed by Act of Parliament in 1846. Much of the land was marshy, and submerged by every tide; a condition of things very attractive to the families of the ducks and snipes. For many years after its enclosure, the park was surrounded by open lands, and only within recent years have the encroachments of streets reduced it to an oasis among the squalid houses and smoking factories. For London birds, it has proved a most welcome refuge, partly, perhaps, because of the numbers of thickets into which the frequenters of the park cannot penetrate.

From Battersea Park we have the last account of kingfishers in London. A pair have frequented the lake for some time; but they were exceedingly shy, and only to be caught sight of in the very early hours of the morning. Last year, however, a second pair, which seemed to be young birds,

made their appearance, and it is conjectured that they were the offspring of the first pair. Although no nest was seen, there are, doubtless, suitable holes round the banks of the lake where they might have bred; for the kingfisher is a wary bird and careful that its nesting place should not be easily discovered. The last authentic record we can find of a kingfisher on the Serpentine is in 1886, when the bird was several times seen by Mr. Harting, a distinguished ornithologist, whose accuracy cannot be doubted. Five or six years ago kingfishers frequented the water in Regent's Park. Quite recently one was seen from the train, flying over the reservoir of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company. This was, no doubt, one of the birds from Battersea Park, where it is much to be hoped they will be allowed to remain unmolested.

To the north of Charing Cross, there is the Regent's Park, laid out in 1812 on the site of Marylebone Fields, and nearly double the size of Battersea Park, if not quite so picturesquely designed. The Regent's Park possesses in its midst a particular sanctuary for birds in the Botanic Gardens. We have it on good authority that within recent years the sedge-warbler and the reed-warbler have bred there.

Green Park and St. James's Park, although of small extent, contribute to the avifauna of London. If Green Park is very bare, St. James's has some very good cover for birds, especially round the water. One of the most interesting but least generally known birds of London, the dabchick, or little grebe, is a regular visitor to St. James's Park. As early as March the birds arrive, and, if the weather is mild, they at once begin building their floating nests of grasses and water weeds in a more or less secluded spot somewhere near the bank. The dabchicks are very entertaining birds to watch, and most skilful divers, constantly plunging beneath the surface and rising again in unexpected directions. Their numbers vary, for in some years as many as six or seven pairs arrive, and in others not more than four. These are very constant, and remain till September or October before departing with their broods. In former years, dabchicks used to frequent the Serpentine, and though occasionally one is to be seen there in winter, the dabchicks have lately shown the most marked preference for St. James's Park. At one time they used also to nest on the Round Pond, but this has now been so much weeded and scoured that its attractions are gone. These dabchicks are among the strangest examples of genuine wild birds choosing

the unlimpid waters and exposed margins of a London artificial lake as their breeding place.

He who desires to be an observer of London birds must also make up his mind to be an early riser. The parks at sunrise are very different in appearance from what they are at midday. The dew is on the grass, the early worms are still crawling over the paths, the birds are fearless and hungry, for an empty belly overweighs the dread of man.

The missel-thrush, or 'storm-cock,' the largest of the genus, has disappeared from Kensington Gardens, where, as late even as 1888, we have records of two or three resident pairs. It is, we believe, the same elsewhere in London; though at Battersea the bird has recently been observed as a casual visitor. Song-thrushes and blackbirds are common; the former perhaps the most abundant, but it may be that the thrush sings during more months of the year and attracts greater attention to his whereabouts. We have heard the notes of the thrush in the densest of fogs.

It would be interesting to know whether the London thrushes and other resident birds are the descendants of birds which have been gradually shut in by the growth of the streets, or whether they ever receive additions to their number from the country. A great number of birds, more or less common in Surrey and Middlesex, are constantly appearing in London, but we are inclined to think that the country birds which make their way into London, soon take their departure or perish. We have a recent record of a stonechat being seen in Hyde Park, a golden-crested wren in Kensington Gardens, and a pied wagtail near the Serpentine. One September afternoon, during the quiet of the Long Vacation, we have ourselves seen a skylark running about the roadway in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. Many other small birds have in recent years been discovered dead in London. A hawfinch was picked up in St. James's Park in 1890, a brambling in the same place a year later, and a yellow-hammer in Green Park.

To return, however, to the residents in London, we have next the robin, which may be found in all the parks. The robin is one of the first birds to suffer in a frost and to be compelled to seek scraps at the hands of the benevolent. We have seen a robin, in a hard winter, contend with sparrows for bread crumbs in a back garden in Mayfair. But all through the autumn and winter months, and even in a frost, if only the sun be shining, the London robin sings his sad and poor little song. Every robin has his territory,

which he is very particular none other of his kind should invade. Somewhat less plentiful is the sober-plumaged hedge-sparrow—in spite of its name, no relation of the common sparrow. It builds in the evergreen shrubberies of the parks, and sings a feeble song in the spring-time, but seldom attracts much notice.

The engaging family of the titmice is represented by four, out of five, of its English members. The great-tits, with white cheeks, and the blue-tits, both very grimy, may be seen any day in Kensington Gardens; and to say that a bird is still an inhabitant of the most central of the London parks implies, in almost every case, that it is still to be found at Battersea and Regent's Parks. The coal-tit is said still to exist in Kensington Gardens, but it has become very scarce. A straggling marsh-tit took up its quarters in Battersea Park only a year ago.

Among commoner birds, there may be seen the wren, which nests regularly in the parks, and in the spring mornings pours out its shrill and hurried song. We have lately noticed a wren searching the window-boxes of a house near Kensington Gardens. There is also the chaffinch, whose cheerful call always attracts the ornithologist's attention, and which still nests in the parks, but is becoming steadily rarer. In May 1895, a chaffinch used to frequent Lincoln's Inn Fields and make himself observed by his loud song. For two months the solitary bird was seen about the place, but no signs of a mate or a nest were to be discovered.

The black-cap, we fear, is now extinct as an inhabitant of the parks; but it is no less surprising than agreeable to note that the sedge-warbler has recently nested by the Serpentine. The greenfinch still breeds in Battersea Park, and for several years a pair of white-throats have nested in a clump of bamboos in the sub-tropical gardens.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to be able to mention all these birds as inhabitants of London, but we must now record the disappearance of several species. The little brown tree-creeper, with its speckled plumage and curved bill, is now a rare casual visitor to Kensington Gardens. The same may be said of the nuthatch, a lively and attractive bird, which runs up and down the stem of a tree like a mouse. The Gardens have become too much frequented for both of these. The bark of the old elms has become, we imagine, too much impregnated with soot to provide insects for the woodpeckers. This family has departed, and of the

three species which used to inhabit Kensington Gardens, only two have been seen for many years. The greater spotted-woodpecker was frequently observed in Mr. Yarrell's day, and he mentions that the keeper at the Bayswater Gate reared a family of the young of this species. The lesser spotted-woodpecker survived its larger relative, and was frequently seen by Dr. Hamilton as late as 1866. Since then, a few birds are recorded to have come in from the country, for this species is not uncommon in the Thames Valley and round London. In November, 1885, a green woodpecker used to haunt the Gardens; and in the month following, a specimen, no doubt the same bird, was reported from the park of Holland House. The last appearance we have discovered of the green woodpecker is in July, 1897, when a very trustworthy observer saw the bird soon after daybreak on the ground near the Long Water.

In mentioning the white-throats, which build in Battersea Park, we have so far only given half their history. It is not uncommon, in the early hours of the morning for wandering cuckoos to make their way into the parks, and last spring, about seven in the morning, one even roused the inhabitants of the Temple by its call. In 1895, according to a correspondent of the 'Field,' a cuckoo deposited her egg in the nest of these white-throats, which reared the young bird with all the care which the cuckoo's foster-parents are accustomed to lavish on it. The cuckoo, like the other birds we have mentioned, when migrating southward in the month of August, very frequently passes over London. A gentleman, whose chambers command a view of Gray's Inn Gardens, declares that hardly a year passes but what he sees cuckoos there in that month. Of course, at such a season the cuckoo is silent and may easily escape the notice of the unobservant.

There is an unobtrusive, sober-coloured, little bird which one is surprised to find still nesting in the heart of London, and yet it is one of the most regular summer visitors. The spotted-flycatcher for years built regularly in Lincoln's Inn Fields; now, its chief and almost last remaining haunt is Kensington Gardens. Mr. Jesse, writing of the earlier part of the century, relates that a nest with five eggs was taken from the top of a lamp near Portland Place; twenty years ago it used to nest in Hamilton Gardens, while much more recently, an old bird and her brood were seen in Cleveland Gardens, Bayswater. The flycatcher loves to have some solid support for its nest, and

often chooses a shelf or the top of a buttress against a wall. For many years a pair used to build on a narrow ledge outside the middle arch of the Serpentine Bridge. In 1892 there was a nest with four young on the branch of an elm tree in Kensington Gardens, near the Broad Walk, and the two following years the birds frequented the same spot and had a nest near. In 1895 the birds moved, and the female might have been seen, from the road, sitting on her nest, constructed on the projecting bole of an elm tree near the tea house at the end of Rotten Row. The following year the birds were seen, in July, feeding a full-fledged brood of young on the railings near the Albert Memorial. Last season the flycatcher was frequently seen, by the present writer, about the same end of the Gardens, and it doubtless had a nest not far off. The flycatcher is a very mute bird which seldom attracts attention by its note, and is generally seen sitting motionless on a railing, from which it sallies into the air in pursuit of insects, and returns to the same perching place. It arrives in London about the first week of May.

The family of swallows are now chiefly birds of passage in London, although they may be seen every spring and autumn on their travels north and south. Generally, the first to arrive are the sand-martins, which reach England, in some seasons, as early as the end of March. There are, of course, no suitable nesting places for this species in London. Next come the swallows, which used to build in the Zoological Gardens, and a year ago nested in one of the buildings in Battersea Park, and might be seen skimming over the Thames from Chelsea Embankment. The last to arrive are the house-martins, much more urban birds, which in 1878 used to build in Kensington Garden Terrace, and against the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Later, there was a house in Westbourne Terrace, from which they were, however, driven by house painters; thence they moved to Sussex Square, where, in 1882, there were ten nests to be seen. There was also a house in Bayswater Road where they used to build, but this is recorded as being deserted by the birds so long ago as 1888. We fear that now house-martins only nest in the suburbs of London. The house-martin is confused by the majority of persons with the swallow, though the two species are very easy to distinguish, even on the wing. The swallow is black above, from its head to its tail. The martin has a shorter tail, and a very conspicuous white patch on the lower part of the back. The sand-martin, on the

other hand, is of a dull mouse colour, with a grey collar at its neck. Hundreds of the swallow family may sometimes be seen together, hawking for flies over the London waters on a fine April morning: the day before not one was to be seen, and the following day all may very likely have gone. Occasionally, they pass a few days with us in the autumn, and one September morning, a few years ago, dozens of house-martins were to be seen flying up and down Keppel Street, Bloomsbury. The swift is commonly thought of in connexion with the swallow; though, strange as it may seem, this bird is strictly of the same order as the woodpeckers. The swift is only a bird of passage in London; one of the latest to arrive in May, and the first to leave us when it has reared its progeny. One or two pairs have been at times seen hawking over the Serpentine, and occasionally flocks pass over London in the early autumn.

Strange to say, the last record of the nightingale's appearance in London comes from Lincoln's Inn. At the back of No. 20 Old Buildings, close to Chancery Lane, there is a small garden, planted with smoky shrubs, and quite surrounded by walls and houses. The legal occupants of the adjoining chambers were startled, soon after ten, one morning in April 1897, by the rich song of a nightingale proceeding from the garden. The bird became silent on the appearance of faces at the windows, but was seen and clearly identified. It sang again in the afternoon, but next morning it was gone. Several credible witnesses attest the truth of the story, and the incident was recorded, in a letter to the 'Times,' by Mr. George Henderson. One could desire that other appearances of nightingales in London were as well authenticated. The nightingale certainly nested on Campden Hill (and possibly in Kensington Gardens and the Botanic Gardens) until well past the middle of this century. Since then, traditions have lingered on, but there have been, so far as we can discover, no nests in London for many years. Dr. Hamilton heard it singing in Kensington Gardens in 1872 and in Regent's Park in 1879. In earlier years its favourite haunts were the shrubberies in Cadogan Gardens and on the banks of the canal in Regent's Park. The male nightingales arrive in England some days before their mates, and sing vigorously as soon as they have recovered from their journey. It is travellers like these who, in recent years, have been heard in London. The nightingale, above all things, loves thick undergrowth, tangled hedgerows, and dense copses. The gardeners are too busy in the parks of

London, and the shrubberies are made too tidy to attract it; but for that we might possibly still hear its song regularly.

Besides fieldfares and redwings, we have other less common winter visitors to London. Royston crows, with grey hoods, now and then appear in the parks and stay as long as the cold weather lasts and they can steal the ducks' food. The black redstart is a scarce winter visitor to the South of England, and Mr. Howard Saunders states that, in the month of November 1885, one frequented the grounds of the Natural History Museum, and remained in this dangerous locality until the snow-fall of January 6, 1886. On several occasions, vast flocks of larks have been seen flying over, sometimes but a few feet above the chimneys; their appearance has usually been the sign that a heavy snow-storm or a severe frost was coming, to escape which the birds were making their way southwards.

We cannot but envy Mr. Yarrell the pleasure, which he mentions in his book on British birds, of having seen twenty-three magpies together in Kensington Gardens. We believe that all the magpies, which have appeared in London in recent years, have either escaped or been turned out from their cages. Many persons must have seen the pair in St. James's Park three or four years ago, and others have since then frequented Regent's Park. As late as 1856, however, a pair of magpies—we believe genuine wild birds which had never known the restraints of a cage—frequented the trees of Kensington Gardens and nested there.

It is pleasant to think that, in spite of the extermination of the magpie, we still have three members of the crow family nesting in London. The rooks and the jackdaws must be familiar to everyone; but most persons will be surprised to hear that carrion-crows, who probably are often taken for rooks, build in Kensington Gardens. All these birds are sufficiently alike in their appearance to puzzle the unknowing at a distance, but in their habits they are entirely different. The rook and the crow are the most often confused, though the rook is gregarious and the crow a solitary bird. The crow, moreover, has feathers round the base of its bill, while the rook shows a bare white spot, which, even at a little distance, is very visible. The jackdaw is smaller than either, and has a greyish head. He frequents church steeples, as a rule; but in London of recent years, the chief nesting places of the jackdaws seem to be the old hollow trees in Kensington Gardens, which they share with starlings.

The carrion-crows, we imagine, are attracted to Hyde Park by the ducks, for these crows are great stealers of eggs and of helpless young birds. In the early morning we have recently seen as many as four or five together stalking round the edges of the pond in Kensington Gardens, and searching for any edible morsel which the water may cast within their reach. But it is in the spring, when broods of young ducks abound, that they are most busy; any young duck which wanders from the water is promptly swooped upon with the swiftness of a hawk and carried off. Last year the carrion-crows nested in an elm tree between Speke's Monument and the Round Pond, and the curious may still see the nest in the leafless branches.

The decline of the rookeries is one of the saddest chapters in the history of London bird life, and it can now only be a matter of a few years before the rooks cease to nest in London. The disappearance of rookeries has gone on steadily since the beginning of this century, but during the last twenty years with more than doubled speed. There was at one time a rookery at the Tower; and another in the gardens of Carlton House, which lasted till 1827, when the trees were cut down and the old house demolished. There was also a large rookery at the Temple in the elms of King's Bench Walk, which dated from the reign of Queen Anne, when it was founded by Sir Edward Northey. A legend (the truth of which we have not verified) declares that he colonised the trees with birds from his estate at Epsom. A bough was cut, with a nest containing two young rooks, and taken in an open wagon from Epsom to the Temple, where it was affixed to the trees. The old birds followed their offspring, and they remained and nested there. The following year a magpie built in the gardens; her eggs were taken and those of a rook were substituted, and in due course hatched. It was the Temple rooks which Goldsmith used to watch, and whose proceedings he so pleasantly describes in his 'Animated Nature.' The rookery in King's Bench Walk was deserted some time during the first quarter of the present century, when exactly, no record shows. Until the middle of the century the rookery in College Gardens, Doctors' Commons, close under the shadow of St. Paul's, still flourished. There was also at that time a large colony in Green Park, in the elm trees at the end of the garden of Green Park Lodge, which was destroyed about the time of the Piccadilly Improvements Act, 1845. There were smaller colonies in a

plane tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, and in the burial-ground of St. Dunstan's in the East.

All these are now long since gone; but, even twenty years ago, there were large rookeries at Holland House in the tall trees along the Hammersmith Road and in the avenue leading to the house. At Chesterfield House, Mayfair, in what Beckford said was the finest private garden in London, the rooks nested till 1879. The garden is now built over, and the trees and their inhabitants gone. Close by, at Wharnccliffe House, in Curzon Street, there was a rookery in three or four large plane trees behind the house. In March 1882, the rooks, after two years' absence, caused, no doubt, by the building in the neighbourhood, returned to this spot, rebuilt their nests, and successfully reared their young. In the following spring they came back for a few days, but did not nest, and since then have deserted the trees. There was a dwindling rookery in the grounds of the deputy ranger in Hyde Park, and there were still small colonies in the gardens of Brunswick House, Marylebone, and in Gower Street and Gordon Square, Bloomsbury. In 1875 some rooks, no doubt driven from elsewhere, built in a tree at the back of Hereford Square, Brompton. Next year there was a flourishing settlement of ten nests; now the trees are gone.

We now come to the rookeries which still existed in 1890. First, there was the colony in Kensington Gardens, which had been one of the largest in London, and fifty years ago extended all along the north side from the Broad Walk near the Palace to the Serpentine. In 1878 there were only some thirty nests, confined to the tall trees at the north end of the Broad Walk. In October 1880, these trees were cut down, and the rooks, next spring, apparently migrated to Holland House. There were plenty of fine old elms left; but for many years Kensington Gardens were deserted. In 1892, for some unexplained reason, the panic ceased and a single pair built their solitary nest in the south-western corner of the gardens near the High Street. In the following spring, London ornithologists were delighted to see that other rooks intended to follow the example of this couple. Over a dozen nests were built this time, in the old spot at the north end of the Broad Walk, and many broods were successfully brought into the world. It was hoped that the rooks were firmly re-established, but in the spring of 1894, these nests were visited and then suddenly deserted. Since then, no rooks have built in the Gardens; but we are not

quite without hopes that, if the trees are spared by the authorities, they may take it into their heads to build there again.

Until quite recently there was a small colony of rooks, not many hundred yards from the Marble Arch, close to the site where Tyburn Tree stood. In 1893 there were eight or ten nests in the tall trees of Connaught Square, five nests in Stanhope Place, and two nests in a plane tree in Albion Street close by. Next spring, which was the year the new colony in Kensington Gardens deserted their nests, the Connaught Square and the Albion Street trees were also deserted. But, strange to say, in the season of 1895 the rooks returned to Connaught Square, and there were five nests there, as well as three in Stanhope Place. Since 1895, however, all these trees have been untenanted.

We come, then, to the last existing rookery in London, which is also one of the oldest. Within sound of the roar of Holborn, in the gardens of Gray's Inn, the rooks still build. There have been many alarms that the birds were about to leave; but, in spite of the felling of trees and building of new houses all round, the rooks have remained faithful to the garden which was planted by Sir Francis Bacon. Most of Bacon's elms are now gone, and instead of thirty or forty nests, as there used to be twenty years ago, there are only three to be seen, each one solitary, in the highest tops of three plane trees. Next spring the ornithologist will make an anxious pilgrimage to the spot, hoping that he may not find the Gray's Inn rookery also deserted.

Nothing, we fear, can be done to induce the rooks to build once more in the London trees. London has become too large; and the rooks' feeding grounds have become so distant that they can no longer find enough to rear their hungry broods. Many rookeries in London have been deliberately destroyed by felling the trees in which the birds nested; but it is more, we think, to the extension of London that their decline must be attributed. Rooks in London have not always been dependent on trees for nesting places; for many years ago a pair built on the dragon of Bow Church spire, and in 1838 a pair made a nest on the crown which surmounted the vane of St. Olave's Church, Crutched Friars.

The *Falconidæ* are represented in our list by several of the smaller birds of prey, for we venture to discredit the recorded appearance of the 'king of birds.' Moreover, the majority of so-called golden eagles which are killed in the South of England are immature specimens of the white-tailed sea-

eagle, a member of another genus. A correspondent of the 'Times' announced some winters ago that he had observed a pair of eagles soaring over the West End; but as a very accurate and trustworthy observer, the same day, saw a pair of greater black-backed gulls, we are inclined to give more credit to the latter. This large gull, with its great stretch of wing and habit of soaring high in graceful curves, is quite capable of being mistaken for a large bird of prey. The last time, we imagine, that a hawk nested in London must have been in April 1871, when a pair of kestrels had a nest in the cable attached to the anchor on the summit of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Since then kestrels have, from time to time, come into London, and been seen hovering over the parks, where they can have found but little prey to satisfy their hunger. Many years ago, peregrine falcons, the boldest and most voracious of the family, used to frequent the top of St. Paul's, as they have in recent years haunted the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. Sir John Sebright informed Dr. Hamilton that they could always be seen during the month of October, and were no doubt attracted by the flocks of pigeons which congregate in St. Paul's Churchyard and on the dome. Among the more remarkable stragglers may be recorded a kite that was seen flying over Piccadilly forty years ago, a hen-harrier picked up dead in a garden in Brompton in 1880, and a merlin which took up its quarters for a short time on one of the towers of South Kensington Museum in January 1886.

Until last summer, the inhabitants of houses along the western end of Kensington Gardens were often delighted by the melodious hooting of owls, which used to proceed at night from some hollow trees near the Orangery. We often had the pleasure of hearing the birds; but now the hooting has ceased, and it is to be feared that the owls have been destroyed or driven away. The hooting was that of the tawny or wood owl, and we believe that the birds were wild and were attracted, perhaps, by the mice about the rubbish heaps, stables, and greenhouses.

We have said that most birds are diminishing, but one of the most strange exceptions to the rule is the gradual invasion of London by the wood-pigeons. Every Londoner must have noticed the increase of these birds, and we have endeavoured to trace their origin. Twenty years ago, the wood-pigeon, or ringdove, was a rare bird in London. Dr. Hamilton, writing in 1879, says:—'Until the greater portion of the Scotch firs in Kensington Gardens were cut

‘down there were generally three or four pairs of these ‘birds breeding there, and up to 1878, a pair nested for the ‘three previous years in an old pollard poplar in the Green ‘Park.’ That is the only mention of a species which may now be counted by hundreds. The birds in Green Park were disturbed by digging and planting under their nest; and we have no record until 1883, when a pair nested in Buckingham Palace Gardens in a chestnut tree overhanging Grosvenor Place. In 1888, about ten pairs appear to have nested in the parks, and two in Kensington Gardens, probably all descendants of the pair in Green Park. After that, the wood-pigeons increased visibly, and now it may be said that there is a nest in almost every clump of trees. Nor do they confine themselves to the parks. They may be seen in Lincoln’s Inn Fields and Temple Gardens; they have spread to Westminster, and nest in Dean’s Yard and the Canon’s Gardens. A pair built in one of the two trees in St. Margaret’s Churchyard, and another pair made their way into the City, and built in a tree in St. Botolph’s Churchyard, not five feet from the window of the new Post Office. It is sad to relate that the two young birds fell out of the nest and were killed. It is now a common thing for dwellers in London squares to look out of their upper windows, and see the birds building, or the two white eggs reposing in their fragile nest but a few yards off. What makes this the more extraordinary is that the wood-pigeons, as everyone knows, are the shyest and wariest of birds; yet they may now often be seen in the parks, perching on the railings within an arm’s length of the passers-by, and even taking food out of their hands, and settling on their arms. It is perceptible from the smaller numbers in the parks that the greater part of the wood-pigeons leave London in winter time.

A famous shot of the last century, General Oglethorpe, was fond of boasting that he had killed woodcocks on the spot where Conduit Street now stands. General Oglethorpe died over a hundred years ago, but it is still possible, if not to shoot, at least to kill a woodcock in London. Not a year passes but some woodcocks—in some years quite a number—are seen in the parks, or come to a sad end in the streets. The woodcock, as every sportsman is aware, is a winter visitor to our country, and though a few remain and nest here, it is only in the autumn and winter months that it appears in London. On November 3, 1835, Colonel Hawker wrote in his diary :—

'I went into our United Service Club to get some soup about 4 o'clock, and Sir F. Egerton came in and said he had just marked down a woodcock in the little shrubs of the park, close to the club-house; and, had it not been so late, General Mundy would have gone to the Ranger and got leave for me to go and kill the woodcock for the King. What a novelty this would have been!'

Even since Colonel Hawker's day there have been many woodcocks seen in London. One was observed in St. James's Park, flying fast and low from the barracks towards Marlborough House; during a frost, another was seen at dusk flying down the centre of the Serpentine, not twenty yards over the heads of the skaters. On another occasion a woodcock flew so near a gentleman who was walking in Hyde Park that he struck at it with his umbrella. We have also records of the bird's appearance in Regent's Park, and of one flying up Eaton Place a little above the tops of the houses. Some men at work in Frank Buckland's Fisheries Museum at South Kensington saw another bird fly through the open window, and dash against a large pane of glass opposite, breaking the window and killing itself with the force of the concussion. Another specimen was captured in the court of the Stationers' Hall; another was seen to fly against the telegraph wires in Fleet Street, which is a frequent way for many birds to meet their death. A cabman in St. John's Wood was surprised to see a woodcock alight at his feet, but had sufficient presence of mind to chase the bird and throw his hat over it. Another specimen was reported, one Sunday afternoon in October, to have pitched in the gardens in Marylebone Road, and on being flushed, mounted high over the houses and made off in the direction of Oxford Street. The catalogue is endless, and lastly we will only mention that a live bird was observed on the lawn of a house in Kensington, and probably the same was caught soon after in Cromwell Road and exhibited by a local fishmonger for three days, when the unfortunate creature died.

The snipe is also occasionally picked up in the streets; but there are many men living who can remember when it was not uncommon to put up snipe in winter between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch. The jack-snipe, a smaller species of the genus *Scolopax*, has also come into London, and quite recently, on a night in January, a half-starved one was picked up in the courtyard of the Bank of England. It had apparently flown against the telegraph wires, as the upper mandible of its bill was almost cut through at the base,

We have never come across any account of a pheasant in London. Quails have so frequently appeared that one can only suppose they have escaped from the poulterers. Partridges have more than once been seen in London. Many years ago one dropped alive into Regent Street. More recently, another single bird appeared in Hyde Park, where it was flushed by several people, much to their surprise.

We are inclined to think that the sea-gulls in London have increased; for of recent years, all through the winter months gulls may be found on the Thames in varying numbers. A hard frost or a heavy gale invariably produces an influx of these birds, some of which make their way through London to the upper reaches of the river and to the waters in the parks. The great majority of these belong to the species, somewhat inappropriately, called 'black-headed gull,' for in winter its head is white, and from March to August a dusky brown. During the great frost in the winter of 1895 the number of gulls was quite unprecedented, and the scene along the Embankment was of the most extraordinary description. The river was filled with small icebergs which floated up and down with the tide, whilst the air was filled with countless thousands of starving gulls. Some hovered and flapped their wings a few feet from the spectators; others plunged and fought for any scrap of offal in the water; others rested on the blocks of ice or the decks of barges. Enterprising costermongers sold horseflesh in pennyworths and invited the spectators to remember the starving birds; and many persons amused themselves in throwing food to the gulls. Among the black-headed gulls are a few other species; but in winter the feathers of every gull are of the same dusky grey colour and many are young birds in immature plumage. There is, however, an infallible way of persuading gulls to disclose their identity; and that is by throwing some food into the water. A small flock at once collects, and the birds, as they flutter and scream over the water, put down their heads and drop their legs, which have hitherto been concealed under their tails. It is then possible to distinguish the red legs of the black-headed gull, the brownish legs of the kittiwake, the flesh-coloured legs of the herring-gull and the yellowish-green legs of the common-gull, which, in London, is decidedly rare, in spite of its name. Rarer in London are the lesser and the greater black-backed gulls, though both are occasionally seen over the Thames. The latter are much shyer than the others, and much larger.

Our account of London birds would be very imperfect if it did not more particularly mention the various species of water-birds which are attracted by the pieces of artificial water in the parks. Round these lakes numbers of semi-domesticated wild-ducks (if such an expression be permissible) congregate and nest. In winter-time, genuine wild-fowl are often induced to settle, invited by the sight of these birds. A contributor to the '*Zoologist*,' some forty years ago, stated that he had seen no less than eight different species of British ducks on the London waters—the gadwall, widgeon, teal, pochard, shoveller, ferruginous-duck, golden-eye, and tufted-duck. All these had perfect wings, and were probably really wild birds. Even to-day, teal sometimes appear upon the St. James's Park lake, and a correspondent of the '*Field*' reports widgeon on the lake at Battersea. Flocks of wild geese have more than once in winter been seen flying over London; only twelve months ago a flock was observed at Holloway. These birds, we need hardly say, do not settle in the parks. Moorhens regularly nest at all these lakes, and coots have occasionally been noticed as casual visitors. In spring and autumn, on their migrations, terns of four species have been known to rest and disport themselves there. Among those that have been clearly identified are the common tern, lesser tern, arctic-tern, and black-tern. On their migrations, sandpipers have been observed to frequent the banks of the Serpentine. Every now and then herons, from the two heronries near London, at Richmond and at Wanstead Park, are noticed flying over the town. There are even stories of these birds alighting on the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral; and a solitary heron was lately seen fishing in the lake at Battersea Park.

We do not pretend to have given a complete catalogue of all species of London birds. It is very possible that others may have nested in London without the fact of their doing so being recorded. It is certain that many names might be added to the list of stragglers, even within the last few years; for it is easy to imagine that a bird may take up its quarters in London and depart again unnoticed.

It must be a matter of interest to every Londoner, who has any feeling for natural history, that, if possible, those species of birds which still inhabit London should be preserved. The London County Council have been active in making use of the powers given them by the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. The Home Secretary, upon their application, has extended the close time, which exists under the original Act for all

birds throughout the country, so that in London there is a close time for every species of wild bird from February 1 to August 31. Any person, who kills a wild bird between those two dates, is liable, subject to certain provisos in the Acts, to a fine for every bird killed. The County Council had previously resolved to ask the Home Secretary to issue an order prohibiting the destruction of any wild birds or their eggs, at any place within the county of London, during any part of the year. The authorities at the Home Office appear to have considered such a comprehensive order to have been more than the Legislature contemplated. The Home Secretary has, however, made an order forbidding the taking or killing of some fifty selected species during the autumn and winter months, as well as during the normal close time; in other words, making it an offence to kill these birds at any time of year. It is unfortunate that the majority of the birds selected for this special protection are summer migrants which leave for the South before the arrival of winter, so that they will derive little benefit from a special close time which extends from September to February. Another order has been made, the effect of which is to impose a penalty of 1*l.* for every egg of certain specified birds taken or destroyed within the area administered by the County Council. The names of some sixty selected birds of all orders, from the nightingale to the merlin, and the magpie to the coot, appear. Among all these sixty, it is disappointing to find that only nine are among the birds we mentioned as having recently nested in London proper. The resident birds of the parks, the thrushes, blackbirds and robins, are left out; and the reader may be pardoned for smiling when he finds that the osprey and its eggs are among the objects selected for special protection in the county of London.

We fear, however, that, with the best intentions, no resolutions of County Councils, orders of Home Secretaries, or Acts of Parliament can do much to protect the birds of London. The number of species which inhabit London must go on decreasing as London grows larger and more smoky, and the parks more artificial and more frequented. The migratory birds will pass through, but fewer of them will be tempted to remain and nest. The accidental stragglers will still go on appearing, and will perish in the streets of London, as so many birds have done before them.

ART. VIII.—1. *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Third edition. London: 1896.

2. *Soldiers Three, and Other Stories*. London: 1896.

3. *Many Inventions*. London: 1896.

4. *Life's Handicap*. London: 1897.

5. *Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories*. London: 1896.

6. *The Light that Failed*. London: 1896.

7. *Barrack Room Ballads, and Other Verses*. London: 1897.

8. *The Seven Seas*. London: 1897.

9. *Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses*. London and Calcutta: 1897.

10. *The Jungle Book*. London: 1894.

11. *The Second Jungle Book*. London: 1895.

12. *Captains Courageous*. London: 1897.

WHAT are we to include under the term 'literature'?

The dictionary-makers are somewhat devious in their definitions. Johnson, after his manner, is curt and comprehensive, but less logical than usual, in defining it as 'learning; skill in letters;' seeing that 'letters,' as here used, is itself but a loose synonym for 'literature;' and as to his first term, he is confounding receipts with expenditure, 'learning' being obviously something acquired, 'literature,' whatever it is, something produced; so that dear old Sam comes out of it rather badly, though we have not the slightest doubt that he would have his answer ready if he could look over our shou'lder. Worcester gives us the simple summary: 'The results of learning, knowledge, and imagination, preserved in writing;' by which definition a textbook on the steam engine would rank as literature. That will hardly do. Whitney (in the excellent American 'Century Dictionary') goes more fully into the matter:—

'*Literature*: The use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge, the communication of facts, ideas or emotions by means of books or other modes of publication. . . . In a restricted sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connexion with ideas of permanent and universal interest, are characteristic or essential features.'

'Qualities' would be better than 'features' (a dangerous word ever since the days of Lord Castlereagh), but, nevertheless, Whitney, like 'Number Two' in Master Hugues's fugue,

‘must discept—has distinguished,’ and that not without discretion; and by tabulating two grades or degrees in literature he has provided for the recognition of many important books which one can hardly refuse to class as literature, and yet in which expression and form are not ‘characteristic and essential’ qualities. As examples, one might name, perhaps, such books as Hallam’s ‘Constitutional History’ and ‘Wellington’s Dispatches.’ It may be observed that for books to rank as literature in this outer circle they must, as a general rule, have one or other of those qualities the combination of which is generally necessary to the inner or esoteric literature. Thus, to refer to the two books just mentioned, the ‘Constitutional History’ has form—very carefully considered form—but no interest of expression. The ‘Wellington Dispatches’ have plenty of expression, sometimes of a very piquant description, but they are deficient in literary or artistic form, which was not the business of their author. Our friend Whitney, however, has another and a very important suggestion for us—that the expression and form in the inner circle of literature should be ‘in connexion with ideas of permanent and universal interest.’ That would be scanned. What are ‘ideas of permanent and universal interest’? Strange to say, if we come to think of it, we shall have to dismiss from the schedule some of what are currently regarded as among the most serious objects of human contemplation. Not to theology can we look to furnish them; have we not the warning before us of our great English epic, weighted and disfigured by the frayed sackings of a worn-out theologic system flapping about it? Nor to science, though there are that fondly so dream; for the scientific facts of one age occupy the lumber-room of the next; science is the very goddess of mutability, and even in her contemporary strength appeals only to the intellect, and not to the heart. No: ‘*Humani nil a me alienum*’ is the motto of literature; that which is of permanent and universal interest to man is man himself—his passions, trials, hopes, aspirations; his character and his humour, his laughter and his tears; and nature only as directly related to and influencing his own feelings in her simpler and more direct relation with his perceptions. This earth and the little but ever-absorbing game of life that is played out on it—that, after all, is our ‘permanent interest,’ and that is the food of poetry, along with the scenery which forms the background to the play. Literature has no call to inspect the machinery; she deals with the effects and

the acting. She is not concerned with the movements and average collisions of the particles that are said to form the ring of Saturn, or with the canals of Mars, or the parallax of *α Centauri*; she prefers to contemplate the spectacle from her own point of view:—

‘in heaven’s marge
Show Titan still, recumbent o’er his targe
Solid with stars—the Centaur at his game
Made tremulously out in hoary flame!’ *

The question, however, has been put in recent days, both practically and in criticism, whether literature dealing with human actions is called upon to select those which are of permanent and universal interest; whether form and expression are not in themselves sufficient for higher literature, independent of any high interest in the subjects treated; in other words, the principle of *l’art pour l’art* applied to literature. Did not M. Bourget preach this gospel the other day to an Oxford audience, and show them how, in ‘*Madame Bovary*,’ Flaubert had of choice and purpose selected a phase of life and action sordid, mean, and revolting, for the express purpose of concentrating the reader’s attention on the literary art displayed in treating it. That such a work is literature, and literature of the inner circle, may be admitted, but one may say of the art displayed what Johnson said of the art of mimicry: ‘It requires great powers, but it ‘is putting them to a very low use.’ Then there is still another combination to be noticed: that in which perfect literary form and expression are devoted to the exposition of a subject or a thought pleasing in itself, but the inherent value of which is so slight as to be hardly worth consideration, and which merely serves as an excuse or occasion for play of literary art. This type of literary creation is hardly to be found in perfection, and the attempt at it is perhaps hardly excusable, except in poetry, the class of literature in which it need scarcely be said that form is of more importance than in any other type of literary production. There is a peculiar charm about this type of poem when handled by a really finished artist; it is such pure ‘play,’ so to speak; it appeals to our most delicate and cultured sense of form, without troubling or wrenching our feelings in any way; it will neither console us in grief nor uplift us in strife, to be sure; it is the mere recreation of a pleasant and unalloyed hour.

* Sordello.

We may, therefore, in a comprehensive manner, classify books, from a literary point of view, as follows :—

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| 1. Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression. | } not literature. |
| 2. Books containing records of facts of general human interest, history, observation of life, &c., either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression. | |
| 3. (a) Books dealing with facts or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (b) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest, but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression. | } inner circle of literature. |

All poetry is included under the third heading, but not all verse. Poetry requires that the best word should be used for expressing the idea to be conveyed; verse that comes into our second heading does not aspire to that degree of refinement; provided that the words are fairly expressive, and that the lilt of the verse is kept going, that is all that is aimed at. Versified narrative of this type has a value of its own. Only let it be remembered that it is not poetry, which implies the greatest attainable perfection of form and expression; and that its interest is only transient, while that of poetry is permanent.

In the second term of our classification we have inserted one sub-heading which has not been referred to before, in regard to books dealing with 'observation of life,' and that brings us to the main subject of this article, the contributions to our literature of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; for it is in regard to the nature and contents of a considerable proportion of his already numerous volumes that we felt that this additional heading in the classification was absolutely required in order to do him justice. For of the many remarkable qualities in Mr. Kipling's publications, the most remarkable of all is the extraordinary faculty of observation which they display; observation of the manners and characters of various classes of men—Anglo-Indian society, native society in India, soldiers, seafaring men; observation of the details of construction of all kinds of things by land and sea, of military tactics and operations, of animals and their ways. Nothing he comes in contact with seems to escape his notice, and, while still a young man, he gives one the impression in his books of having lived two or

three lives, and lived them pretty thoroughly. 'Choses 'Vues' might be the general title for a great deal of his work; with the important addition that he not only sees things himself, but he makes the reader see them. As an instance of the vivid touch of reality which he gives to a description, one could name, perhaps, nothing better than the incident in the charming little Indian story called 'The 'Finances of the Gods' ('Life's Handicap'), where the money-lender heard the gods walking in the temple 'in the 'darkness of the columns,' and Shiv called to his son Ganesh to know what he had done about the lakh of rupees for the mendicant (Ganesh, or Ganesha, it will be remembered, is an elephant-headed deity); 'and Ganesh woke, for the 'money-lender heard the dry rustle of his trunk unfolding.' The realism of the incident quite startles the reader; Ganesh is no longer a Hindu myth; he is actually sitting there 'in 'the darkness of the columns;' we have never been so close to a real Hindu deity before. Mr. Kipling's concern, however, is in general with things which are not supernatural, and so varied and so vividly conveyed is his information as to these, that he has by his sole observation and descriptions largely contributed to increase our general knowledge of what is done in the world, and the way it is done. Whatever new scene he visits, whatever new operation of men's hands he becomes acquainted with, he gives the impression that he has taken it all in, that not a detail has escaped him, and he brings it all before the reader in the most vivid and dramatic manner. As a spectacle of alertness of perception and vigour of descriptive power it is unique in English literature.

Mr. Kipling's prose works may be approximately classified under the heads of sketches of Anglo-Indian life and manners, sketches and stories of native Indian life, scenes of military life and of warfare, two or three stories which do not come under any of these heads, and 'The Jungle Book,' which may be said to form a class by itself. The poems it may be more convenient to consider separately. He first came before the English public with two small volumes, entitled 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and 'Soldiers Three.' Their success was immediate and unquestionable; everyone recognised at once that here was a new writer, who had his own way of looking at things and his own way of treating them; and possibly the fact that the 'Plain Tales' professed to give an insight into the ways of Anglo-Indian society, gave them an additional interest for those who had no con-

nexions in India and knew little of the country. Looking at the collection again now, one sees at once that the author has far surpassed most of the things in it in subsequent works, and that the tone of it is for the most part very cynical—one may, indeed, say ill-natured; a quality which probably counted for a good deal in its immediate success. It is not difficult to conclude that the impression conveyed in it as to the way our exiled compatriots spend their time on Indian stations must be taken with a good many grains of salt. No doubt a civilised society which forms a high-class caste by itself in a country where there is practically no middle-class of its own blood to criticise it, and where it is in the position of a dominant race ruling over an inferior one, is under the temptation to do what is right in its own eyes—or occasionally what is wrong—with greater freedom than a similar society at home would enjoy. On the other hand, it is not surprising that a man of genius, drawing pictures of said society from outside its barriers, should mix a little of the gall of bitterness with his ink. Mrs. Hawksbee, however, is an intelligible creation, and does credit, after her manner, to her inventor; and among sketches that have genuine humour of a pleasanter kind are ‘The Germ-destroyer,’ ‘His Wedded Wife,’ and ‘Tods’ Amendment.’

The author’s cynicism on the subject of Anglo-Indian life comes to a head in the story, cast in dramatic form, of ‘The Gadsbys,’ which appeared some little time later. Clever enough this is, but it is the kind of superficial cleverness of which one sees too much in the modern Society drama, where the stage is occupied by personages whose aim in life seems to be to say unpleasant things to each other in a smart manner. Disagreeable as the story is it has a moral of a kind (emphasised in a versified epilogue), to the effect that marriage spoils a zealous officer; Captain Gadsby having come to think that life is now too precious to risk the loss of it in a *mêlée*, or even the remote chance of being ridden over by his column on parade if his horse should stumble. The scene in which he confesses this weakness to a brother-officer, who tries to argue it out of him, is the best-written and the least disagreeable. Is there anything in the moral? One may answer ‘Yes,’ for the sort of marriage among the sort of people described. We recall the expression of an Indian soldier of another stamp, Sir Thomas Seaton, who in 1839 had brought out a young wife from England, and had to leave her immediately to escort a

convoys on what proved a terrible march across a desert plain under a burning sun, when water had failed them and his men were dying off on the road from thirst and exhaustion, and who records that during the horrors of that march, when he sometimes felt tempted to lie down and die, one of the chief influences that kept him up was 'the thought that there was one far away, who, while sympathising with his sufferings, eagerly desired to see her husband play the part of a man in the career which lay before him.' The Gadsby moral looks poor enough after that; and, in fact, the whole production is vulgar in style and in tone from beginning to end; and possibly the author, who has lived to write better and healthier things since then, regrets it now.

Other stories connected with India present better morals than this; and one of the best qualities in Mr. Kipling's work is the serious and patriotic interest he evidently feels in the position of England in India, and his thorough belief in the greatness of his country, in spite of governmental and departmental weaknesses and blunders. In the way of a story which is at the same time a political criticism he has done nothing better and more telling than the account of the very brief career of the Bengali Deputy Commissioner, emphasised in effect by the sketch, at the commencement, of his English predecessor, Orde, who dies of fever while giving his last advice to the unruly tribesmen whom he had bullied and kept in order, and who mourned like children over his death. And then came wisdom in the person of 'the greatest of all Viceroys,' deciding that it was time for the cultured native to be put forward, and appointing to the vacant office Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, M.A., who was 'more English than the English,' and conversed with his English second in command 'of Oxford and "home," with much curious book-knowledge of bump suppers, cricket matches, hunting runs, and other unholy sports of the alien,' and whose appointment was thus hailed in 'The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette,' published in Calcutta:—

'Our beloved Viceroy once more and again thus vindicating the potentialities of the Bengali nations for extended executive and administrative duties in foreign parts beyond our ken. We do not at all doubt that our excellent fellow-townsmen, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, Esq., M.A., will uphold the prestige of the Bengali, notwithstanding what underhand intrigue and *peshbundi* may be set on foot to insidiously nip his fame and blast his prospects among the proud civilians, some of which will now have to serve under a despised native, and take

orders, too. How will you like that, Mist'ers? We entreat our beloved Viceroy still to substantiate himself superiorly to race-prejudice and colour blindness, and to allow the flower of this now *our* Civil Service all the full pays and allowances granted to his more fortunate brethren.'

How 'Mr. Dé, Esq.,' was crumpled up at once by the up-rising of the very tribes who had mourned the death of the Englishman who had kept them in order, and how he flung himself for protection and advice on his English subordinates, is graphically told, and is probably pretty fair prophesying. The time for these things is not yet, at all events. The constantly recurring domestic tragedy of the Indian-born child, sent home to grow up under unsympathetic care, is touchingly portrayed in the history of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' in connexion with which we may observe that the author's love for and sympathy with children, and understanding of their ways and feelings, is pleasantly evident over and over again in his works. Another domestic problem—perhaps one ought not to call it domestic—in the possible relations of the white man with the native woman, is touched upon in the story of 'Gorgie Porgie,' and in another and pleasanter aspect in the beautiful though sad little idyll, 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' telling of the love of John Holden for the Indian girl who was bound to him by every tie of true affection, and whose figure is one of the most charming sketches in all these volumes. Yet, if poor little Ameera had not died, all their love could not have prevented her being a serious clog on any possible career for the man who loved her. So she evidently thought.

'"Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine, and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee for ever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words close to his ear—"that there is no God—but thee, beloved."

'Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him, till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain:

'"Is she dead, *Sahib*?"

'"She is dead."

'"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the house. For that will be mine. The *Sahib* does not mean to resume it?"'

The story of 'The Man that Was,' one of those which has

taken most hold on the public, and justly, for its dramatic and spirited style, is also concerned with more than mere story-telling, though the point does not appear till the end, when the Russian officer, who had been so unfortunately candid in his cups, said 'au revoir' to the English officers who saw their guest to the train, and 'pointed to where 'the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass.' 'Of course; 'happy to meet you, old man, any time you like,' said 'little Mildred,' the big subaltern, humming to himself, as the train disappeared, a verse from a Simla burlesque:—

'I am sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I am sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.'

Many things may happen in the meantime, but a 'terrible 'spree' there certainly will be if Dirkovitch comes back that way; with one of two results—either England will become a second-class Power, or she will start on a new career of greatness.

If one does not like the tone of the 'social sketches in 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and some others of the same kind which have followed them, there is no such complaint to be made against the military stories and the studies of barrack-room life and character. They are manly and healthy in tone throughout; the only complaint we make against them is the amount of chopped English and barrack-room *argot* that one has to wade through. But we must admit that we do not see how the author's immediate object—that of giving an impression of the soldier as he actually thinks and talks—could have been very well attained in dictionary language. That the picture is in the main a true one we may feel pretty sure, for in regard to facts about military service and warfare, even military men (usually very sharp critics of civilian descriptions) seem to admit that Mr. Kipling's accuracy in details is extraordinary, and that he is hardly to be caught tripping anywhere; and, therefore, we may conclude that he has also pretty correctly appreciated the typical character of the private soldier, with whom he has evidently, whether for purposes of 'copy' or otherwise, consorted on familiar terms. Private Mulvaney is, for the general reader, a new and distinct creation in fiction; whether he can secure a place in literature is a question we will return to; but, in the meantime, he has certainly added to the gaiety of nations.

The general reader also gets quite a new idea, from some of the battle stories, of the realities of warfare. This has been done in the Erckmann-Chatrian stories, of course, to some extent, though in a more general manner, and with less attention to detail; and those who are interested in learning how battles are fought have had plenty of opportunity of acquiring this kind of knowledge in the numerous personal records of the American Civil War, which have been going on for years in some of the American magazines. But the general public do not read mere military records much; they only take these pills with the sugar of a good story, and that is where Erckmann-Chatrian and Mr. Kipling have succeeded. But there is the great difference between the two, that Mr. Kipling deals with Englishmen and with up-to-date warfare, and (which is far more important) that, while the French novelists wrote with the direct purpose of discrediting war, and there is a rather miserable whine of 'I wish I were well out of it' running through their stories, Mr. Kipling glories in it—he is Tyrtæan; he asks one to believe that to rush into a cut-and-thrust *mêlée*, where your life is not worth a second's purchase, is a joy to be panted after. We have no space here for the proper digression on the morality of war; but we know which is the manlier feeling of the two, and which of the two authors we would rather our boys should read. As in other stories, Mr. Kipling throws out from time to time little criticisms and morals which are of wider significance than lies in mere story-telling. 'Tis only a *dah* and 'a Snider that makes a dacoit,' says Mulvaney; 'widout 'thim he is a peaceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot.' In the capital story of 'The Taking of Lungtunpen,' two of the men who are invited to strip, 'an' swhim in where 'glory waits,' replied that they could not swim. 'To think,' said Mulvaney, 'that I should live to hear that from a bhoys 'wid a board school edukashin. Take a lump of thimber, 'an' me an' Conolly here will ferry ye over, ye young 'ladies!' The importance of knowing how to deal with your foe is suggested in a telling passage in 'The Drums 'of the Fore and Aft,' when the Afghans charged, led by fifty Ghazis, 'half maddened with drugs, and wholly mad 'with religious fanaticism.'

'Anyone who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges; because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must in nine cases out of ten kill a man who

has a lingering prejudice in favour of life. When they should have closed and gone forward, the Fore and Aft opened out and skirmished, and when they should have opened out and fired, they closed and waited.'

There is a significant comment on the subsequent events, when the regiment had realised that 'an Afghan attacked is 'far less formidable than an Afghan attacking'---' which fact 'old soldiers might have told them. But they had no old 'soldiers in their ranks.' The story of the 'Big drunk 'Draf,' the home draft of men who had got out of all control of the young officer in charge of them till, under the inspiring advice of Mulvancy (now retired from the Service and only in camp as a visitor), he broke the regulations and 'pegged out' two of the most unruly men, 'and bullydamned them down to the dock, till they could 'not call their souls their own,' and was cheered by the men as they embarked, has also its practical moral. Over and over again we have the same wholesome gospel of the value of discipline and the respect felt for the strong man who does not shrink from enforcing it.

In regard to others of the miscellaneous stories, there are two that we would single out for special mention; one which everyone knows—'In Flood Time,' the story told by the old native to the Englishman benighted on the bank of the flooded river, when 'the boulders were talking in the bed of 'the river,' and even Ram Pershad, the pearl of elephants, shook his head and came back when driven into it. This little story is quite a poem in prose; it could not be praised too highly; perhaps we feel its beauty and literary merit all the more because for once we get into a region wholly free from slang and colloquialisms. The other we refer to is less known than it should be; it was first published in the 'Contemporary Review,' under the title 'The Finest Story in 'the World,' and is republished in 'Many Inventions.' The author met with a bank clerk who had partial recollections, at intervals, of his pre-existence as a galley slave in a Greek trireme, and subsequently in a Norse galley, and comes out with them unexpectedly in conversation. He was on the lower deck in the trireme, where almost the only light came in through the oarholes, and where the oars were jammed back against the rowers, and shot up into the air, when another galley rammed them. There is plenty of detail of this description, and there is one detail which is significant of the way the author realises in his own mind the situations he describes: there was a raised gangway down the centre

of the galley, above the level of the rowing floor, for the overseer to walk up and down, 'and a rope running over-head, looped to the upper deck, for him to catch hold of 'when the ship rolls.' How many writers, if they began to imagine such a story at all, would have thought of that little practical necessity? But Mr. Kipling is as much at home on the sea as in barracks. Unfortunately, the bank clerk's recollections of past states of existence were untimely quenched by the more powerful influence of his love for a pretty assistant in a tobacconist's shop, and so 'the finest 'story in the world' remains in a fragmentary state. But what there is of it was well worth having, and suggests a direction in which Mr. Kipling's imaginative power might find further exercise.

One cannot quit the miscellaneous stories without a warning against the pitfall of sensationalism into which the author has been tempted in some of them, and which is one of the natural results of writing too much and too fast. Once let a writer, even of genius, take to writing 'shockers,' and find that he succeeds in producing the shock, and there is the temptation to repeat the experiment, partly from the feeling that his readers will look for more of the same kind of excitement; and this kind of thing, both to author and public, is like dram-drinking: the dose has to be continually strengthened to keep up the effect. 'The Mark of the 'Beast' and 'The Return of Imray' are 'shockers' of an exaggerated and pernicious stamp, and even fail in their effect, as such, because they pass our bounds of credence; and the horrible story of 'Bertram and Bimi,' though its power cannot be denied, is a kind of thing that ought never to have been written—a story that a man who had read it would probably warn his wife against reading, lest she should get an image of horror into her brain which she could never get rid of. This is nightmare literature. The short story which succeeds it in 'Life's Handicap,' told by the same stolid German, of 'Reingelder and the German Flag,' is, on the other hand, an admirable piece of grotesque humour, and another example of Mr. Kipling's quickness of observation. It is a delightful study of the stolid egotism of the middle-class German *savant*, with his assumption that everyone is ignorant beside himself: 'Dis was in Uruguay, 'which is in Amerique—North or Sout' you would not 'know.' 'Yates was a crate *authorité* ubon der reptilia of 'Sout' Amerique. He haf written a book. You do not 'know, of course, but he vas a crate *authorité*.' It is a

very slight sketch, hardly to call a story, but it is excellent as far as it goes.

The only two stories of any length which the author has produced as separate publications are 'The Light that Failed' and his most recent work, 'Captains Courageous.' 'The Light that Failed' has been rather overrated. It is hardly a story so much as a succession of scenes and conversations, mostly among pressmen and newspaper correspondents, who talk entirely in slang of the most audacious type, and seems to have been intended partly as a vehicle for conveying the writer's opinions on art and society, for it is pretty evident that the hero of the story is to a great extent the author's mouthpiece. There are brilliant pages in it, but we should say that little trouble went to the writing of it, and that it is flung together rather than composed. The redeeming portions of the book are the two scenes between Dick and Maisie on the shore at Fort Keeling; the first one where, as children, they first get the notion of being in love with each other; the second, where Dick beguiled Maisie, now an independent young woman working in her own studio, on that defiantly unconventional Sunday excursion to the same place, in the vain thought that the old associations of the scene would assist him in the effort to awaken the love which he had grown to regard as the one thing worth living for. The waste coast scene, with the wind shrilling across it, peopled by only these two figures, makes a picture that remains in the memory; and Dick's description of the glories of the earth, as an inducement to Maisie to come with him 'and see what the world is really like,' is fine.

"I know such little heavens that I could take you to—*islands tucked away under the Line*. You sight them after crashing for weeks through water as black as black marble, because it is so deep, and you sit in the forechains day after day and see the sun rise, almost afraid because the sea is so lonely."

"I don't quite like that place. It sounds lazy; tell me another."

"What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-coloured sands? * There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces, and streets, and shops, and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee grey squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the market-place, and a jewelled peacock struts out of a carved doorway and spreads its tail against a marble screen as finely pierced as point lace."

‘And more of it—and more of it,’ as Pippa says. Highly characteristic, too, is Dick’s change of interest when the beating of a screw-steamer is heard, and Maisie, as ignorant as most people about nautical matters, on her sending up a rocket, asks if it is a wreck :—

“Wreck! What nonsense! She’s only reporting herself. Red rocket forward—there’s a green light ast now, and two red rockets from the bridge.”

“What does that mean?”

“It is the signal of the Cross Keys line, running to Australia. I wonder which steamer it is.” The note of his voice had changed; he seemed to be talking to himself, and Maisie did not approve of it. The moonlight broke the haze for a moment, touching the black sides of a long steamer working down Channel. “Four masts and three funnels—she’s in deep draught, too. That must be the *Barralong*, or the *Bhutia*. No, the *Bhutia* has a clipper bow. It’s the *Barralong*, to Australia. She’ll lift the Southern Cross in a week—lucky old tub!—oh, lucky old tub!”

We have quoted this because it is so characteristic of the author—of that keen interest which notes every class of fact, and how everything is done. Mr. Kipling is, in fact, reading the public a constant lesson on the philosophy of ‘eyes and ‘no eyes.’ One can understand the contempt which he expresses somewhere for the kind of first-class passenger who asks what makes the cranks go round, and whether the stoke-hole is hot.

‘The Light that Failed,’ however, is not a book in the proper sense. ‘Captains Courageous’ is a far more satisfactory performance. The author has apparently been having some experience among a cod-fishing fleet off the North American coast, and as all is fish that comes to his net, he has shaped his experiences into a story which, though there is none of the tragic element that comes into ‘The Light that Failed,’ is a much better written book, and is governed by a distinct plan and motive. Harvey Cheyne, an exceedingly disagreeable specimen of a spoiled American boy of sixteen, the only son of a millionaire, and whose possible future development has already given his father much anxiety, contrives to let himself fall overboard from a liner, and is picked up half-drowned by the boat of the ‘We’re Here’ fishing schooner, whose rough skipper does not believe his statement about unlimited money to be gained by taking him to New York, says he cannot leave his fishing for four months, and knocks Harvey down for a defiant demeanour, excusable under the circumstances, but which the

skipper regards merely as innate and gratuitous 'cheek.' Finally, Harvey is given no choice but wages and work, dons a seaman's costume, gradually learns his work and the management of boats, and when, at the close of the fishing season, he at last gets ashore again and his sorrowing parents are telegraphed for, they find the indolent, weakly, self-indulgent, loafing boy transformed into a strong, healthy lad, full of energy, proud of his work and of his newly acquired knowledge of seamanship, and with the highest admiration for the rough but clever and honest skipper, Disko Troop. There is a terrible amount of fishing-fleet vernacular to wade through in the book, but the whole description of the sea-life and Harvey's gradual acquaintance with it is most vividly told; there is a salt-sea smell about it all, and we even seem to get the feeling of everything being on the swing with the movement of the water. On the voyage for port, when there was no fishing,

'Harvey had time to look at the sea from another point of view. The low-sided schooner was naturally on most intimate terms with her surroundings. They saw little of the horizon, save when she topped a swell; and usually she was elbowing, fidgeting, and coaxing her steadfast way through grey, grey-blue, or black hollows laced across and across with streaks of shivering foam, or rubbing herself caressingly along the flank of some bigger water-hill. It was as if she said, "You won't hurt me, surely? I'm only the little 'We're Here.'" Then she would slide away, chuckling softly to herself, till she was brought up by some fresh obstacle. The dullest of folk cannot see this kind of thing hour after hour through long days without noticing it; and Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat, square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a dough-nut from the cook.'

Another remarkable passage is the description of the sudden breaking of the water over the 'Virgin' rock around which the fleet were anchored (we do not quite gather whether the true name of the rock is given, but we have no doubt the incident is from observation)—a large expanse of rock just near enough to the surface to cause breakers when there was a sufficient swell to catch a check from the submerged mass,

a phenomenon which in certain conditions of weather seems to recur at nearly regular intervals, in accordance with that curious second rhythm which actuates the movements of sea water, over and above the more visible rhythm of the ordinary waves. One of the dories (the American name for a type of small boat used as a tender on the fishing craft), out of mere bravado, hauled on her line close up to the rock, some calling to them to come away, others daring them to stay :—

‘It was playing with death for mere bravado ; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence, till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

“Can’t ye hear it knocking ?” he cried. “Pull for your miserable lives ! Pull !”

‘The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted ; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly, over the shoal sea.’

How well that is told ; we seem almost to feel the ominous dull shock of the interrupted swell below the surface, which preceded the outbreak. The effect of the book, we may add, is assisted by Mr. Taber’s slightly sketched but clever illustrations, which are full of movement and swing. Barring the vernacular, of which there is a little too much for our taste, it is a fine and healthy book for boys of all ages from eight to eighty, and one of the best things its author has done.

But of all Mr. Kipling’s works, ‘The Jungle Book,’ in two series, is the most remarkable and original, and the one which, so far, offers the best promise of retaining a permanent place in our literature. The idea of making animals talk is no doubt as old as our old friend Æsop, and older for all we know ; but it has generally been used only to make animals talk as men might talk if they were changed into beasts, retaining their human intelligence ; like Land-seer’s dogs which have human expressions. But Mr. Kipling has gone far beyond that. He has attempted nothing less than to project himself, in imagination, into the beast mind, to put things as beasts might put them had they the faculty of intelligible expression. The imaginative power which he has brought to this task is really extraordinary ; how extraordinary we do not become fully aware till we come to those passages, here and there, in which human speakers intervene in the story, as the father and mother and child do in the narrative of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose.

Then we are almost startled at the manner in which the human speech seems to come from another world, and we feel that we have actually been in the animal world without fully realising the fact. The individuality of the animals is admirably kept up; the author has stamped their characters and names on them; we shall always think of the tiger as 'Shere Khan,' and of the black panther as 'Bagheera.' The rules and laws among the animals as to hunting and killing impress one as what might really exist in some crude but understood form among them; and, indeed, the 'water truce,' when the drought became such as to nearly dry the river and make water scarce, may almost be said to be founded on fact. The animal idea of fire as 'the red flower,' of the rifle-bullet as 'the stinging fly that comes out of the white smoke,' of spring as 'the time of new talk,' are all remarkable instances of the author's power of putting himself, in imagination, in the place of the brute mind with its 'dim-eyed understanding,' as Morris expresses it in 'Sigurd.' Mowgli, the wolf-reared child of man, brought up in the ways of the animals, but with the undeveloped possibilities of human understanding within him, is also a remarkable creation, the centre round which the whole story turns. And it is worth note that the 'Second Jungle Book' is even better than the first; a very rare event in the case of a new idea of this kind, where we so often find the second series a rather weak and perfunctory continuation of an idea already worked out, and carried on merely because the first book had been a success. The description of the year of drought in the opening of the 'Second Jungle Book,' and the gradual shrinking of the river and the crowd of animals looking for water, is given with picturesque force, and there is one passage which is very remarkable, and the point of which might escape a hasty reader, for no special attention is drawn to it; but it is really an answer to the ever-recurring criticism on the cruelty of the disposition of things whereby one animal preys on another as its food:—

'In good seasons, when water was plentiful, those who came down to drink at the Waingunga—or anywhere else, for that matter—did so at the risk of their lives, and that risk made no small part of the fascination of the night's doings. To move down so cunningly that never a leaf stirred; to wade knee-deep in the roaring shallows that drown all noise from behind; to drink, looking backward over one's shoulder, every muscle ready for the first desperate bound of keen terror; to roll on the sandy margin, and return, wet-muzzled and well plumped out, to the admiring herd, was a thing that all glossy-horned young bucks took a delight in, precisely because they knew that

at any moment Bagheera or Shere Khan might leap upon them and bear them down. But now that life-and-death fear was ended, and the jungle people came up, starved and weary, to the shrunken river—tiger, bear, deer, buffalo, and pig together—drank the fouled waters, and hung above them, too exhausted to move off.

This is indeed to 'justify the ways of God to man.' Is it possible that, after all, killing and being killed is an ordinance which makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number in animal life? It may be so. Mr. Selous, indeed, says that the agonised bellow of an unhappy ox chased and caught by a lion is 'a powerful appeal against 'the cold cruelty of nature's inexorable laws;' but he appears to have been referring specially to the case of a domesticated animal, a draught ox chased and killed out of his camp, and there may be all the difference between that and a wild animal, which has been all its life in expectation of being killed in that kind of manner. We remember hearing a criticism on the scheme of creation based on a picture, in a book of African sport, of three lions hanging upon and clawing at one buffalo, which was trying to struggle away from its executioners; and the reply by another speaker, that as it was evidently fine fun for the lions, and they were three to one, the beneficence of creation was fully vindicated. But Mr. Kipling's suggestion, that the watching, and the caution, and the fear of being sprung upon and eaten, is really a part of the excitement of wild animal life, and that things seemed rather flat when it was intermitted, is much more far-reaching and comprehensive, and strikes us as a very remarkable and original suggestion, and one which, for aught we can tell, may be true. But one of the finest chapters of all in the 'Jungle Book' is 'The Undertakers,' the conversation of the old Mugger, the crocodile, with the adjutant and the jackal. There is a ghastly fascination in the Mugger's account of the wiles with which he circumvented the human beings who were his favourite prey, and of his crude observation of the events which might lead people to come within his reach. 'Is a maiden going to be married? The old Mugger knows, for he sees the men carry gifts back and forth; and she, too, comes down to the Ghaut to bathe before her wedding, and—he is there. Has the river changed its channel and made new land where there was only sand before? The Mugger knows,' as indeed we have no doubt he does. A tragic human interest is skilfully woven into the story by the connexion of the Mugger's operations with some of the occasions when events caused

an unusual number of dead bodies to come down the river. The whole thing is wonderfully well told, with a touch of grim humour imparted to it by the entire persuasion on the part of the Mugger of his own intense respectability.

To some of Mr. Kipling's poems and verses (a distinction to be drawn) we have briefly referred before, especially to that splendid effusion, 'L'Envoi,' at the close of the first 'Barrack-room Ballads' volume. 'Departmental Ditties' is of only passing interest, being, in fact, a bunch of little Anglo-Indian social and official sketches, like 'Plain Tales from the Hills' in a shorthand form, the only one with a serious power about it being the short reflection on the sending of Jack Barrett to Quetta, and the probable consequences to some one at the Day of Judgement; a fine little bit of indignation and hard-hitting in a concentrated form. The 'Barrack-room Ballads,' some of them at least, have gone round the world, and some lines out of them have already passed almost into proverbial expressions; it must be admitted, however, that they are very unequal, and some of them are little more than a jingle of what we must suppose is barrack-room slang done into rhyme—more rhyme than reason. Among those which have a really fine and heroic spirit in them are 'Tommy,' 'Fuzzy-wuzzy,' and 'Route Marching,' the swing and tramp of which latter is quite infectious:—

'Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-coming down the grand Trunk Road,
With its best foot first,
And the road a sliding past,' &c.

But whether these might not have been made just as effective in correct English as in broken language and slang is a question to be asked. Among those which have a pathetic interest is 'The Widow's Party,' where for once the author has rather joined hands with Erckmann-Chatrian:—

'They called us out of the barrack-yard
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,
And you can't refuse when you get the card,
And the Widow gives the party.

What was the end of all the show,
Johnnie, Johnnie?

Ask my Colonel, for I don't know;*
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

* 'They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what' ('The Light that Failed').

We broke a king and we built a road—
 A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed,
 And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed,
 When the Widow give the party.'

'Gentlemen Rankers' is another of real pathos, and, it is to be feared, too true a picture. In two of the ballads the author rises to real poetry—'Ford o' Kabul River,' where the first two lines—

'Kabul town's by Kabul river—
 Blow the bugle, draw the sword,'

ring like one of Scott's verse-tags at the head of a Waverley novel chapter; and 'Mandalay,' which is a wonderful song of the fascination of the East, culminating in a line of startling power:—

'An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China crost' the bay;'
 an expression of real inspiration, which seems to sum up in one word the might of the rapid, fierce, tropical dawn. Unfortunately, as in some other cases, a really fine poem is marred by a coarseness of expression in one or two places—coarseness in a literary sense we mean. Among the more recent barrack-room ballads included in the 'Seven Seas' volume, and mostly very inferior to the first set, there is one, however, which deals forcibly with a subject of national importance—the one entitled 'Back to 'the Army Again,' of which the concluding verse sums up the situation:—

'A man that's too good to be lost you,
 A man that is 'andled and made—
 A man that will pay what 'e cost you
 In learnin' the others their trade—parade! *
 You're droppin' the pick o' the Army
 Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,
 But drives 'em to cheat † to get out o' the street,
 An' back to the Army again!'

And now to sum up, and to return to our initial position: What place does all this extraordinary wealth of material take as literature? We put this point forward especially

* We confess we do not see the point of this metrically superfluous word inserted.

† *I.e.* by enlisting again under a false name. There is a couplet in a previous verse which is worth quotation:—

'A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade,
 Beside "Reserve" agin' him—'e'd better be never made.'

because Mr. Kipling has challenged the world on the subject in that remarkable bit of criticism of his critics, 'The Conundrum of the Workshops,' with its pungent refrain, 'It's clever, but is it Art?' His case is more fully stated in a passage in 'The Light that Failed.' The hero of the book had painted a picture of a soldier, under the title 'His Last Shot,' and made him 'a flushed, dishevelled, 'bedevilled scallawag, with the helmet at the back of his 'head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the 'blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't 'pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man.' It was for a facsimile reproduction in a weekly paper:—

· 'Then the Art-manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent—man being naturally gentle when fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more colour. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an Art-manager. I took my "Last Shot" back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots; observe the high-light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipeclayed his helmet—pipeclay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank Heaven! twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent.'

Now, as Mr. Kipling must know well enough that this is not applicable to the feeling about painting at the present day (which is, in fact, all in favour of realism in the treatment of subjects of contemporary life), it is evident that the criticism is intended to refer to his own literary pictures of soldier life; and our reply would be that—although in a sense it is justifiable, and he has, on this realistic method, succeeded in giving pictures of military life and warfare which, though occasionally somewhat brutal, are far more truthful and genuine than the ordinary high-heroic fiction that we have been too much accustomed to—nevertheless, the interest of such pictures is rather transient than permanent; that they deal with the manners and the circumstances of the moment, and not with ideas that are 'of 'permanent and universal interest,' and therefore that, on that ground alone, they can only be classed in the outer circle of our scheme of literature: as 'observation of life,' carried out with a good deal of power of expression, but deficient in literary form. And, as a matter of detail, it

may be questioned also whether compositions dealing so largely in slang and colloquialisms can ever hope to take a permanent place in literature, however dramatically expressive they may be for the immediate purpose.

Literature, in the best sense, demands not only the best thoughts but the best language; its influences should be to purify and raise, and amplify, if you like, our national language, but not to corrupt and debase it. The passion for realism among such authors as Stevenson and his coadjutor Mr. Lloyd Osborne, and Mr. Kipling, together with the desire for new material gathered from the lower strata of human life, has familiarised us in books with forms of slang such as formerly were hardly even known to educated persons in ordinary conversation; and if things go on as they are, such vulgar expletives as 'blooming' and 'bally' will, in a few years, become dictionary words. Those who assist in bringing about such a bathos of literary language will hardly have deserved well of their country. And, apart from the question of slang, such sketches of the superficial manners and talk of the society of the day as are put before us in 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and in other analogous essays, however clever and brilliant, form only amusing reading for contemporaries; they have no lasting interest; they do not depict human nature, but only class manners, behaviour, and character, which are not the object of 'permanent and universal interest.' Every now and then the author has risen above this level, and has shown that he has it in him to deal with the pathos and the humour of life in a broader spirit and from a higher point of view; but his excursions into these higher regions are few and transitory. They are sufficient to justify the idea that he might, if he gave his best mind to it, produce a novel of modern life equal to the novels of Thackeray; but he has shown no disposition to make the effort, and, in spite of his own protest in 'The Light that Failed' (page 118), he has to a great extent been frittering away his remarkable and exceptional powers in playing to the gallery.

When we come to poetry, the evil and destructive influence of slang and colloquialism is even more apparent, more rampantly active, than in prose composition. Noble and beautiful poetry has been written in dialect, no doubt, by poets to whom that dialect was their natural speech; but many people do not seem to realise the gulf which, in regard to literature, and poetical literature above all, separates dialect from slang. Dialect is a natural Doric

simplicity of language, the spontaneous growth of societies living a simple life and separated from the higher culture of their time, as wild flowers are the natural growth of the hedgerows. Slang is a deliberately concocted corruption and debasement of language, the offspring, not of simplicity, but of vulgarity of mind. And as poetry, above all other forms of literature, is essentially the best expression of a thought, such debasement of language is more especially out of keeping with the object of poetry; and poetry (or verse) in which slang predominates, though it may be piquant reading for the moment, can never retain a permanent place in literature, at all events in the inner circle. Then there is the question of perfection of form and concentration of expression, about which Mr. Kipling is woefully careless in poems which contain really fine and original thoughts. We have heard much admiration expressed for 'Tomlinson,' the episode of the man who could not be damned because there was nothing to damn, Tomlinson's good or evil consisting alike only of hearsay and book-learning, which had never blossomed into action. The idea is, no doubt, a striking one, and there are powerful passages here and there in the poem, but as a whole it is what we call splatterdash writing. 'McAndrew's Hymn' lies under the same condemnation. With the feeling that the great marine engines and their dour driver were worth a poet, and that there is a romance in them, we sympathise fully; and it is spirited writing, and worth reading, but not worth a permanent place on the shelf; it is too lengthy and too carelessly written to hold its ground as poetry; it has called our attention to the interest and possible romance of a phase of life which had been overlooked by most of us, but with that its work is done. That Mr. Kipling can rise to the higher level of poetry he has shown us every now and then in such poems as 'L'Envoi,' and 'Kabul Town,' and 'The Legend of Evil' (first section), and 'Mandalay,' and that grand little poem, 'Lest we forget,' which a short time since sent a thrill through the length and breadth of England. And perhaps the glorious racket of 'The Bolivar' and the chivalrous climax of 'East and West' may avail to keep alive such comparatively short poems, in spite of roughness of style and execution. But, taking his verse compositions altogether, one may say that the author has just let us see that he might be a poet if he would, but has done but little yet towards a serious achievement of the position.

To conclude: the question for Mr. Kipling to consider is

whether he wishes for a future in literature, or whether he is content to interest himself and us by brilliant and piquant studies of episodes in life and Nature. If he wishes for future fame, for a permanent place in the world's library, we believe he has it within his choice, if he would go to work seriously and aim at giving us his best, instead of being content to please and interest us for the moment. If he prefers the latter way of expending his genius, his own generation may have no reason to complain—it is a most brilliant *Variety* entertainment, and never seems to flag for a moment; but in that case future generations will not hear much of him, unless it may be in this way—that with his varied interest in life and his ubiquitous habits he has, perhaps, the best chance of all men living of ultimately becoming a Solar Myth.

ART. IX.—*Impressions of South Africa.* By JAMES BRYCE, Author of 'The Holy Roman Empire,' 'Trans-Caucasia and Ararat,' 'The American Commonwealth,' &c. With Three Maps. London: 1897.

WE have dealt very fully during the last two years with works bearing on the past history and present position of affairs in South Africa,* and we should hardly have thought it necessary to discuss Mr. Bryce's lately published 'Impressions' of that country had the author merely gone again over the old ground. Mr. Bryce has deservedly obtained a high position in literature, and whatever he writes is sure to merit attention; yet, what can even he have to tell us that is new, derived from the experience of a few weeks' holiday-trip spent with Mrs. Bryce in the autumn of 1885 in travelling in South Africa, of the journey across the veldt, of the familiar ox-waggon, of the marvellous growth of Johannesburg?

Had Mr. Bryce made a longer stay in the country, and turned his mind in that direction, he might, no doubt, have thrown light as an impartial investigator upon matters much in dispute, about which the British public is deeply interested. What prospect is there that paying gold will be found in large quantities in Rhodesia? What has been the character of the administration by the Chartered Company, especially as regards the treatment of natives? What was the real object of those who were chiefly responsible for planning and supporting the conspiracy culminating in the Jameson Raid? For definite information on such points as these readers will search Mr. Bryce's pages in vain. It has been his object to avoid controversy. He tells us few facts of which readers of recent South African literature are ignorant; but to admitted facts and the salient features of the South African problem he calls our attention, and invites us to accompany him in his reasonings upon them to certain definite and very important conclusions.

The book is full of interest, and will help to remind the British public of some fundamental conditions of the South African problem too often forgotten in the present day. It seems to be imagined by some people at home, as well as by some foreign Governments, that all that is required to found a

* See Edinburgh Review, April 1896, 'The Rights and Duties of Great Britain in South Africa.' See Edinburgh Review, July, 1897, 'Public Opinion and South Africa.'

prosperous colony is for the home Government formally 'to annex' some large portion of the earth's surface, to define its boundaries on the map, and to paint all within them of the appropriate national hue. The success of Great Britain in founding colonies which have absorbed her surplus population, and which have grown into small nations practically independent, yet vying with the mother-country in loyalty to the common crown and flag, has naturally impressed the whole world; yet the spread of Anglo-Saxon colonisation has been far less due to any great national desires or ambitions, than to material considerations which have determined the conduct and the lives of individuals. We have had in this country a large and rapidly growing population, of which a great number, much dissatisfied with the prospects offered them by life at home, became impressed with the belief that they would do better for themselves abroad. Men emigrated partly, no doubt, out of a spirit of adventure, but chiefly under the belief that emigration 'would pay.' Whether emigration will or will not pay must, of course, always depend upon the advantages offered by the new country and the aptitude of the emigrants. We hear much talk of the opportunity offered by new lands to our toiling millions, of the necessity of finding new markets and developing new trade with huge continents but lately given up to barbarism; and for the last few years Africa has apparently been the land of promise alike to British, Germans, and Frenchmen. The map of this great continent has of late been scored with lines delimiting territory and 'spheres of influence,' yet it is after all only in a very slight degree that the future of Africa will depend in the long run upon arrangements such as these. Which of the older colonies and states, the newly marked-out territories and 'spheres,' are likely to thrive and increase in population or to develop a great trade?

Our own colonies may be roughly divided into two classes: those situated in temperate regions, where Englishmen work and thrive and multiply, and where they have built up great self-governing communities; and those in tropical lands, already thickly peopled by races who, under English superintendence, perform all the manual labour of the country. The latter offer no field to the ordinary emigrant, though they may greatly enrich the mother-country by their trade and by the careers offered to the enterprising few who go to them.

We will endeavour to lay before our readers what appear to us the most important of Mr. Bryce's 'Impressions'—viz.

his thoughts and speculations as to the future of South Africa. His great work upon the American commonwealth has shown that he is laudably prone to take hopeful views of the future when it is at all possible to do so, in spite of much existing difficulty and trouble. He is by nature no croaker; and he is the last man in the world to point out clouds on the horizon of the future which have no reality outside his own imagination. Yet undoubtedly the somewhat distant future of that vast region known as South Africa, which is the subject of his speculations, does not present to his mind that picture of the promised land, filled with a thriving European community, the rival in trade and prosperity of our greater colonies, of which so many have been dreaming.

In the earlier part of the volume Mr. Bryce describes the physical conformation and character of South Africa. Three maps showing the mountain ranges and levels, the amount of rainfall, and the political divisions, with three or four chapters of lucid explanation, put the reader easily into possession of those main features of the African problem upon which the author wishes to insist. He contemplates the country, as it were, from a distance, in order to obtain a more comprehensive view of it as a whole; and his journey through the land has tended to give interest and zest to his speculations, rather than to provide him with any new facts on which to build them. One feeling very strongly impressed upon him is the uniformity, so to speak, upon which Nature has planned the South African continent. South Africa cannot develope into a number of different nations, accordingly it is always as one great whole that he sees it.

Yet, though the facts are not new, we doubt whether they have ever been so clearly stated and so well marshalled. Mr. Bryce has written a book of philosophical speculation. It does not rely for its interest upon the descriptions of the country traversed or the incidents of the journey. The monotony and solitude of the wide regions over which he passed afforded to his ruminating mind ample opportunity for fruitful meditation. Occasionally, indeed, he does describe very effectively, as when he paints the waterless, timberless, boundless wilderness, which, if little likely to attract the modern lover of natural scenery, yet enjoys such a pure atmosphere and profusion of sunlight as often invest the featureless landscape with a glow of colour more brilliant than the 'hues of the lower ridges of 'the Alps or the coasts of the Mediterranean.' No doubt, there

is a charm of primeval solitude and silence in the South African scenery which appeals differently to different minds:—

‘There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls “the rich works of men” essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labour, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which wakes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-beings, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse. No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficingness of nature, the insignificance of man; the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and for ever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realised and more deeply felt when one traverses a boundless wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages, when hill and plain and valley were moulded into the forms we see to-day. Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveller in South Africa. They affect him on the karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across wide stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men, which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean, and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound on the Witwatersrand and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depth of the crowded mine.’

‘Such as creation’s dawn beheld’ is, doubtless, the first very natural sentiment which the great open sea of the veldt forces upon the mind of the traveller as he meditates on past and present. But the question of the future is never far distant from Mr. Bryce’s thoughts.

What is the ultimate destiny, what is likely to be the development of European South Africa, a region which now stretches from Capetown to the Zambesi, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic? Is a great self-governing nation, mainly Anglo-Saxon, to people these vast wildernesses? Is the example of the United States, of Canada, of the Australasian colonies, to be followed in South Africa? Or will the south of the great continent grow by the greatness of its trade into the semblance of a second Indian Empire?

The whole European population at present inhabiting a ter-

ritory half the size of Europe does not much exceed 750,000, notwithstanding the large increase of the last few years due to the discovery of the goldfields. This white population, about equal to that of Manchester and Salford, is divided, as we all know, amongst a congeries of states and provinces, in all of which the native population very largely predominates. Mr. Bryce reckons them at from six to eight millions, a disparity of numbers which is by no means solely due to the fact that emigration from Europe is of recent origin; for the black population tends to increase more rapidly than the white. Wars and the destruction of life by the murderous violence of chiefs and witch-doctors have been restrained. The Fingoes, for instance, are said to be ten times as numerous as they were half a century ago. Thus 'two races, far removed 'from one another in civilisation and mental condition, 'dwell side by side. Neither race is likely to extend or 'absorb the other. What, then, will be their relations, and 'how will the difficulties be met to which their juxtaposition 'must give rise?'

With the exception of the British colonies of South Africa, the self-governing colonies of the Empire are situated in the temperate regions of the earth, where the great majority of the inhabitants are of European stock. The Crown colonies, on the other hand, are found in the tropics, and are peopled chiefly with negroes, Indians, Malays, or other coloured races. The difference between the systems of government adopted in these two classes of colony is based on the utter dissimilarity between the conditions of the one case and the other.

'It is *because* certain colonies have a European population that they have been deemed fit to govern themselves, just as it is *because* the tropical colonies have a predominantly coloured population that the supremacy of the Colonial Office and its local representatives is acquiesced in as fit and proper. Everyone perceives that representative assemblies based on a democratic franchise, which are capable of governing Canada or Australia, would not succeed in the West Indies or Ceylon or Fiji.'

In the South African states, whether British colony or Dutch republic, it is the coloured population alone that provides the manual work. This Mr. Bryce impresses upon his readers as the capital feature of South African life. There is nothing in the climate of many parts of the country which renders it unsuitable for white labour. But black has always been the colour of the labourer, and black it will always remain. Before 1834 black labour was slave labour;

and when a strong public feeling at home put an end to slavery throughout the Empire, it was unable to extinguish the colonial sentiment that it was beneath the dignity of the white man to do rough work with his own hands. As Mr. Bryce puts it, 'the white people lost the habit of performing manual toil, and acquired the habit of despising it.' And this unhappy feeling of contempt for labour is as strong now as in the days of slavery:—

'The artisans who come to-day from Europe adopt the habits of the country in a few weeks or months. The English carpenter hires a native "boy" to carry his bag of tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native hodman to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set; the Cornish or Australian miner directs the excavation of the seam and fixes the fuse which explodes the dynamite; but the work with the pickaxe is done by the Kafir. The herdsmen who drive the cattle or tend the sheep are Kafirs, acting under the orders of a white.'

It is no new thing for Mr. Bryce to make acquaintance with the dislike that may exist on the part of a small white class towards a large black population; but the intensity of the dislike and contempt, almost of hostility, which prevails in South Africa fairly astounded him. This feeling, which is strongest, as might be expected, amongst the roughest and most thoughtless of the whites, 'who have little else than 'their colour on which to plume themselves,' prevails, if anything, more strongly amongst the Boers than amongst the British. The unfortunate natives have found few protectors in South Africa, with the exception of the clergy, who, whether Protestant or Catholic, 'have been the truest 'and most constant friends of the Hottentot and the Kafir, 'sometimes even carrying their zeal beyond what discretion 'could approve.'

Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory so far that Mr. Bryce is able to assure us that the blacks are 'not generally ill-treated.' Nevertheless, the social separation is complete; no black child is received at schools where white children attend, and Mr. Bryce records the very natural complaint made to him by a wealthy coloured man that, though he paid a large sum in taxes, he was not allowed to send his daughter to any school in his neighbourhood. In the British Protestant and in all the Roman Catholic churches blacks are allowed to take the Sacrament with whites, but in the Dutch Reformed Church even this is said not to be the case. In British South Africa the Imperial officials may be trusted, and the law, unlike that of the

Dutch Republic, generally treats black and white upon an equal footing, though there are certain exceptional measures of regulation which apply to the former only. It is impossible to doubt that if 'in general' the blacks are not ill-treated, there must be a very large number of cases in which they suffer great injustice. Mr. Bryce instances the case of an English farmer who, a few years ago, in an eastern province flogged his Kafir servant to death. The murderer was tried and acquitted by a white jury, 'his white neighbours escorting him home with a band of music!' A more frequent example of injustice is given, where in out-of-the-way districts 'unscrupulous employers' cheat their black labourers, deliberately provoking them by ill-usage into running away just before the day of payment arrives, their employers thus receiving the benefit of months of labour without payment, and it has been publicly alleged of late that examples of such scandalous conduct have been not uncommon in the gold-mining operations in Rhodesia. The House of Commons Committee should not have been discharged till allegations such as these had been thoroughly sifted.

In the Dutch republics the position of the natives before the law is far worse. There is no sort of recognition, as throughout the British Empire, of the equality of civil rights between man and man, irrespective of colour. Mr. Bryce quotes a startling paragraph of the Grondwet, or Constitution of the South African Republic, in force at the present day, to the effect that 'the people will suffer no equality of 'the whites and blacks, either in State or Church,' and he laments that neither the 'principles of 1789' nor those of the American Declaration of Independence find recognition amongst the Boers. In fairness to the Boers, however, it should be remembered that the famous American 'Declaration' that 'all men are born equal' referred only to equality amongst the whites, and was found perfectly compatible with the most terrible system of slavery that the world has known.

In the Dutch republics the native has no *political* rights. No qualification will enable him to obtain a vote or serve on a jury; whilst in Cape Colony the same conditions will qualify irrespective of colour; though no doubt the colonial laws are so framed as to admit as far as possible all the whites, and to exclude as many as possible of the blacks. The natives who still retain their tribal organisation cannot, of course, perform the duties of the citizen in a civilised

state; and as regards the settled Kafirs who live under British law, almost the whole of them are entirely unfit to exercise the privileges of citizenship, as they are understood in democratic communities of European race. Mr. Bryce is no blind slave of a political theory of equality not based upon facts; but he insists, rightly and wisely, on safeguarding the civil rights of the natives, whose best friends would deprecate any attempt, by extending to them political privileges, to plunge them into the 'whirlpool of party politics.'

At the present time there is no friction between the races, the natives submissively accepting the inferior position assigned to them. As the blacks gradually acquire education and a knowledge of manual industries the distance in civilisation between the races will be diminished, and in all probability the time will come

'when South Africa will see itself filled by a large coloured population tolerably homogeneous, using the same language, having forgotten its ancient tribal feuds, and not, like the people of India, divided by caste or by the mutual hatred of Hindoos and Mussulmans. Most of this population will be poor, and it may, unless successive colonies are led off to the more thinly peopled parts of Africa, tread hard upon the means of subsistence which the land offers. I say the land, for the mines—or at least the gold mines—will have been exhausted long before the day we are contemplating arrives.

That future will involve a problem of the utmost difficulty and importance for South Africa. All that can be done now is

'to soften the feelings of the average white and to mend his manners. At present he considers the native solely to exist for his own benefit. He is harsh or gentle according to his own temper; but whether harsh or gentle, he is apt to think of the black man much as he thinks of an ox, and to ignore a native's rights when they are inconvenient to himself. Could he be got to feel more kindly toward the native, and to treat him, if not as an equal, which he is not, yet as a child, the social aspect of the problem—and it is not the least serious aspect—would be completely altered.'

As yet—though, of course, there are humane men in South Africa as elsewhere—the advocacy of the cause of the blacks entails great unpopularity amongst the whites; and to this cause is largely due the general dislike with which in South Africa the missionaries are regarded. Doubtless these men have sometimes abused their position; but the charges against them have often been made by interested persons, and should not be universally believed without

examination. To defend the blacks against injustice involves the making of reproaches against the conduct of the whites, and we are afraid that popular feeling amongst the whites is far more likely to be influenced by prejudices of colour than by the merits of any particular controversy between a native and one of themselves. At any rate, people at home will do well to bear in mind Mr. Bryce's remark that

'but for the missionaries the natives would have lacked all local protection, and that it was only through the missionaries that news of injustice or cruelty practised on a native could reach the ears of the British Government. Men, therefore, will look leniently on the errors of honest zeal, and will rejoice that ministers of religion were found to champion the cause of the weaker race and keep the home Government alive to a sense of one of its first duties.'

The European races, British, Dutch, descendants of French Huguenots, and Germans, will ultimately blend into one race. There is no social antagonism between them, and they intermarry freely. The Dutchmen, as a rule, constitute the rural population, whilst the towns are English. On the whole, the European emigrants to South Africa have been of better stock than those who, of late years, have inundated the United States. Till very lately almost everyone was in easy circumstances; no one was very rich, hardly any one was in extreme poverty. But great changes came with the discovery of the diamond mines and the gold mines, which have enabled a few persons to accumulate vast fortunes, all of whom, with very few exceptions, have returned to Europe.

'These great fortunes are a disturbing element, giving an undue influence to their possessors, and exciting the envy or emulation of the multitude. Another change is the growth of a class of people resembling the "mean whites" of the Southern States of America, loafers or other shiftless or lazy fellows, who hang about and will not take to any regular work.'

Should this class increase it may become, as in the Southern States of America, 'the section of the population specially hostile to the negro, and therefore dangerous to the whole community.'

The mutual feelings of jealousy and dislike (most unfortunately stirred into flame by recent events) of British and Boers will be soothed by lapse of time, and the two races will again live harmoniously together, and ultimately merge into one. Writing, no doubt, with his experience as a member of the House of Commons present to his mind,

Mr. Bryce asks himself, What can be the questions which stir politics in a country where there are neither rich nor poor, where no jealousy is excited by the 'monopoly' of land in the hands of a privileged class, where there is no established Church to attack, no unenfranchised citizens to bring within the pale of the constitution (for no one thinks of the native as a possible voter), no labour question amongst the whites, no constitutional problem to be solved? Assuredly South African difficulties are not such as give rise to Newcastle or Derby 'programmes.' Still, the politics of South Africa are far from tranquil, for race questions and colour questions occupy the field. For the moment men's sympathies on the subject of Englishman *versus* Boer mainly decide their political leanings; and as regards the question of colour, though there are no native or anti-native parties, yet the questions of the regulation of black labour and of the native's right to land 'are in the background of everyone's 'mind,' and often go far to decide political sympathy.

So far as the future of South Africa is dependent upon the race question, the difficulties between Englishmen and Dutchmen shrink into insignificance in comparison with those between white and black. It is natural that the anti-English feeling should prevail most strongly amongst the Boers of the Transvaal. It has, indeed, been a strange chance that has suddenly brought into the midst of one of the most backward civilisations of European race a large and ever-increasing population of gold miners and gold seekers, speculators of every nation and of every kind, all brought there by the consuming desire to make rapid fortunes and go. 'The Boers, living in the open air, and mostly in the saddle, 'are strangely ignorant and old-fashioned in all their ideas. 'They have no literature and very few newspapers. Their 'religion is the Dutch and Huguenot Calvinism of the 'seventeenth century, rigid and stern, hostile to all new light, 'imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament rather than of 'the New.' Hating and despising the Kafirs, 'whom they 'have regarded as Israel may have regarded Amalek,' they hate the English also, and despise them as those they have defeated in the field. A pastoral people, they dislike all commercial, industrial, and financial pursuits;

'so that when gold was discovered in their country they did not attempt to work it, but were content to sell, usually for a price far below its value, the land where the gold reefs lay, and move off with the proceeds, to resume elsewhere their pastoral life. They have the virtues appropriate to a simple society. They are brave, good-natured,

hospitable, faithful to one another, generally pure in their domestic life, seldom touched by avarice or ambition.'

Mr. Bryce saw the Boer leader.

'He is one of the most interesting figures of our time, this old President, shrewd, cool, dogged, wary, courageous; typifying the qualities of his people, and strong because he is in sympathy with them; adding to his trust in Providence no small measure of worldly craft; uneducated, but able to foil the statesmen of Europe at their own weapons; and perhaps all the more capable because his training has been wholly that of an eventful life, and not of books.'

We are ourselves unaware that, whatever President Kruger's abilities may be, he has ever been pitted against the statesmen of Europe. We imagine Mr. Bryce in this paragraph has fallen into the mistake of identifying British ministers at home with the late Prime Minister of Cape Colony and certain officials of the Chartered Company, who undoubtedly were very completely foiled (as they deserved to be), but who can hardly be described as European statesmen.

The Boers of the Transvaal are reckoned at a population of 65,000, the Uitlanders at three times that number; and the latter are rapidly increasing. It is hard, no doubt, upon the Boers that their desire to live in a remote wilderness in the same fashion as their ancestors should have been thwarted. The discovery of gold in their land has changed the whole situation, and Boers, like other people, must recognise existing facts. Ultimately, as Mr. Bryce puts it, a country must take its character from the large majority of its inhabitants, whatever brought them there; and if, as seems almost certain, the gold production of the Transvaal is to continue throughout two or three, or more, generations, it is inevitable that the future civilisation of the country and its political future will develop on Anglo Saxon rather than on Dutch lines.

What are the economical advantages, the commercial and industrial prospects of the country, even granting that a happy solution will be found of the political problems that now vex South Africa? Strong reasons are given for the belief that no large white population is likely, within such a time as it is possible for us to contemplate, to inhabit that part of the world. Only an infinitesimally small area is at present cultivated, and only a small portion is land suitable for cultivation. It may be that irrigation is possible, and that millions of acres at present lying waste might be rendered capable of producing cereals. But at what cost

could this be done? and with what prospect of placing South African corn on the markets of the world at a price to compete with the cereals of America, Russia, and India? At present, at all events, it is far cheaper to import corn into South Africa from these countries than to grow it at home. If in the course of time the population of the now corn-exporting countries should grow to such a point as to consume almost the whole of their own produce, it may pay to irrigate the Karroo; but that time, if it ever comes, is very distant, 'and till then agriculture will continue to 'play a very subordinate part in South Africa's industry, 'and will employ a comparatively small white population.'

Neither, according to Mr. Bryce, who bases his reasoning, it must be repeated, on facts generally admitted, is South Africa at all likely to be abundantly peopled by white men on account of its pastoral wealth. The pasture, as a rule, in most districts is exceedingly thin, a very large acreage being required to feed a very small herd or flock. Droughts are frequent, and locusts occasionally do much mischief. Three white men to twenty-five black servants is the usual proportion on a large grazing farm.

Apparently the only prospect of the growth of a large white population lies in the developement of the mineral wealth of the country. The diamond mines of Kimberley, the gold mines of the Transvaal, the prospects of gold in Rhodesia, have brought hundreds of thousands of immigrants to South Africa. A larger population has, of course, given rise to fresh trade. The ports have thriven, railways have opened up the country, and were existing conditions to continue there would be no reason to doubt the rapid increase of the European section of the community. But those conditions will not remain. South Africa is not merely working—it is working out its mineral wealth; is, in short, living to a great extent on its capital. Outside the district of the Rand, gold is found almost exclusively in quartz reefs. Now, even if in these districts—for it is as yet far from certain—a mining industry is developed, no doubt population will increase, hundreds of white foremen and thousands of natives will be employed, and each cluster of the population will provide a new market and be the centre of fresh trade. 'But the life of these gold reefs will not be a long one.' Mining is an expensive business, requiring much capital. It will, therefore, be carried on by companies, and by the most improved methods that modern engineers can devise.

'Assuming,' says Mr. Bryce, 'that a fair proportion of the quartz reef gold beds turn out well, it may be predicted that population will increase in and around them during the next ten years, and that for some twenty years more this population will maintain itself; though, of course, not necessarily in the same spots, because as the reefs first developed become exhausted the miners will shift to new places. After, then, thirty, or possibly forty, years, the country having parted with whatever gold it contains, will have to fall back on its pasture and its arable land; but having become settled and developed, it may count on retaining a reasonable measure of prosperity.'

With the Transvaal gold mines of the Witwatersrand it is very different. There is no doubt there as to the profitable working, or the sufficiency of the metal to last for another sixty or seventy years at least. There is already a population of 150,000 whites in the Rand district, which, whilst the gold lasts, will necessarily be the industrial capital of South Africa. But when once the gold is gone, inasmuch as the land is unsuitable for tillage, this great and teeming population will disappear, and the country will fall back into its former desolation, and 'the fate of Nevada will have descended on the Witwatersrand.' Mr. Bryce does not think that manufactures will spring up readily in South Africa, or will supply the place of the worked-out minerals. To compete with the great manufacturing countries, South Africa needs three things which she has not got, viz. 'a large market, cheap sources of mechanical power (such as water-power), cheap and efficient labour.' Whatever advance in civilisation the Kafirs may be capable of, it will be very long before they can supply the skilful workmen required; and he concludes that no great development of manufactures, and of a white population occupied in manufactures, is to be expected, at least for some time to come. True there is coal in many districts, though of inferior quality; and in some districts iron has been found in close proximity to the coal. The coal of the Transvaal and of Natal has been of great importance in developing the Rand gold mines; but at present, at all events, considering the cheapness with which iron goods can be brought from Europe, there is no prospect that it would pay to work South African iron, even for its own market.

Leaving out of our calculations, then, such changes in the existing conditions as would result from the cessation to export of the present great corn-raising and manufacturing countries of the world, or the conversion of some millions of Kafirs into highly skilled mechanics, and of some millions of acres of desert into rich pasture or

fruitful agricultural farms, or the discovery of means to render malarious regions healthy for Europeans, what have we to expect? 'South Africa will remain a great grazing country . . . and it will, therefore, continue to export wool, goats' hair, and hides in large quantities, and may also export meat, and possibly dairy products.' It will not become a great agricultural, still less a great manufacturing, country. The Europeans who emigrate to South Africa are townsmen with no aptitude for agriculture or ranching. In Natal at the present day Mr. Bryce declares that there are more natives of India tilling the soil than the whole number of agriculturists who have come from Europe in the last thirty years. The owners of large South African stock-farms have not made fortunes like the Australian squatters, and when the diamond and gold discoveries took place there was no capital in South Africa to develop the newly found wealth. The requisite money has come from England and the continent of Europe, and accordingly almost the whole of the profits of the mines are paid to shareholders abroad, and spent away from South Africa. Even the few on the spot who have made fortunes in diamonds and gold generally return to Europe to spend their incomes there. 'The country, therefore, does not get the full benefit, in the way either of payments for labour (except, of course, labour at the mines) or of increased consumption of articles, out of its mineral products, but is, rather, in the position of Mexico or Peru in the seventeenth century, when the bulk of the precious metals won from the mines went to Spain as a sort of tribute.'

In Mr. Bryce's very interesting final chapter he rather exaggerates the change that has come over modern statesmanship in the last thirty or forty years as to the relations that should exist between the British colonies and the mother-country. The views of what was known as the Manchester School, though held by some distinguished individuals, were not advanced by statesmen generally supposed to speak the sentiments of the nation. It is, surely, hardly fair to single out Mr. Disraeli as a minister specially anxious to rid the Empire of her 'wretched colonies;' and of the other party, neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord John Russell, however much they may have believed in that policy of full colonial independence which has produced such good results, would have seen without the deepest regret the loss of the smallest portion of our Colonial Empire.

Mr. Bryce may be well acquainted with the personal views of Mr. Gladstone; but certainly the policy of that statesman and Sir Robert Peel in favour of the reduction of British expenditure in the colonies may be justified without attributing to them ultimate objects which they never publicly expressed. Colonial wars against savages, waged largely at the expense of the home Government, have ever been popular in the colonies. Mr. Bryce complains of British statesmanship between 1830 and 1870 which tried to arrest the tide of British advance, which desired no increase of territory, and which would have left in South Africa restless natives and emigrant Boers to themselves. Mr. Bryce's reflections on the lessons of experience evidently carry him beyond that continent.

'We can now see' (he writes at p. 579) 'that the tendency—one may almost call it a law of nature—which everywhere over the world has tempted or forced a strong civilised power to go on conquering the savage or half-civilised peoples on its borders, the process that has carried the English all over India and brought the Russians from the Volga to the Pamirs in one direction and to the mouth of the Amur in another, was certain to compel the British Government to subdue and annex one Kafir tribe after another, until either a desert or the territory of some other civilised power was reached; but fifty years ago this was not clearly perceived; so the process, which might have inflicted less suffering if it had been steadily and swiftly carried through, went on slowly, and to the constant annoyance of statesmen at home.'

These difficulties, however, are now of the past. The Kafir tribes have been vanquished, and South Africa is ruled by Europeans. It is now our object to make the most of the vast regions we have acquired. Again and again Mr. Bryce is brought back to the same conclusion. South Africa will remain a black country, with little more than a sprinkling of a white population. Its future cannot be that of the United States or of the large British colonies. The Kafirs will in time cease to be tribal; they will be Christianised and educated; they will perhaps speak English. And then

'two races will be living on the same ground in close and constant economic relations, both those of employment and those of competition, speaking the same language and obeying the same laws, differing no doubt in strength of intelligence and will, yet with many members of the weaker race superior as individual men to many members of the stronger. And thus two races, separated by the repulsion of physical differences, will have no social intercourse, no mixture of blood, but will each form a nation by itself for all purposes save

those of industry, and perhaps of politics. There will, no doubt, be the nexus of industrial interest, for the white employer will need the labour of the blacks. But even in countries where no race differences intervene, the industrial nexus does not prevent bitter class hatreds and labour wars.'

The problems of South Africa are to a great extent new ; though in some degree they resemble those which trouble the Southern States of the American Union. Mr. Bryce has written a singularly interesting book, affording much food for thought, and which may help, perhaps, to clear people's eyes as to the true uses and abuses of colonisation. He may have put more questions about the future than anything except the future itself can answer. He has discussed topics provocative of bitter feeling on the whole with impartiality and moderation, and he has looked with a philosophic mind beyond the controversies of the moment, to those great causes and forces which will ultimately make or mar the future of Europe in South Africa.

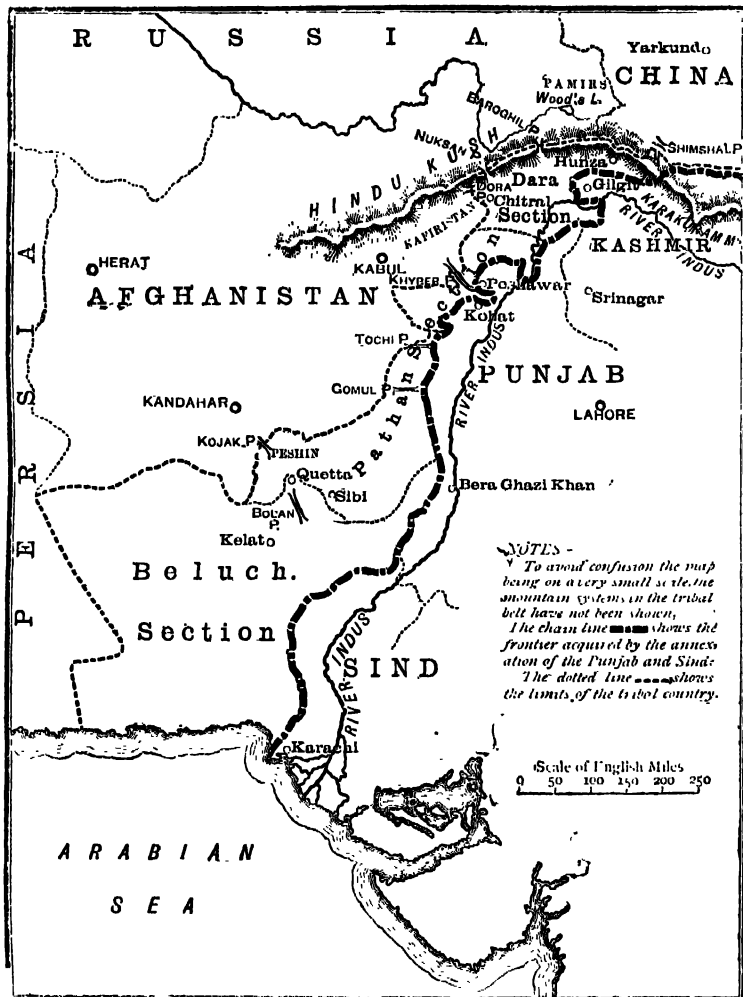
- ART. X.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., at Wolverhampton.* ‘Times,’ November 22, 1897.
2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton. M.P., Secretary of State for India, at Acton.* ‘Times,’ November 11, 1897.
3. *Problems of Greater Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES DILKE, Bart. 2 vols. London: 1890.
4. *Sir Robert Sandeman.* By T. H. THORNTON, C.S.I., D.C.L. London: 1895.

THE North-West Frontier of India, from the Himalayas to the sea, is covered by a belt of rugged mountainous territory, which forms a great natural barrier between our Indian Empire and the countries of Central Asia. This mountain belt is pierced here and there by more or less difficult passes, some of which from time immemorial have served as trade routes, and have also witnessed the march of invading armies. It is inhabited by wild marauding tribes, which have for centuries been practically independent. The strength of these tribes cannot be estimated with accuracy, but in all probability the total population of the tract is between a million and two millions. When Sind and the Punjab were annexed, about fifty years ago, our dominions were brought up to the edge of the mountain belt, and ever since that time we have been trying to solve the question how we ought to deal with the tribes and their country.

There are two points of view from which this question can be considered. In the first place, it can be considered as a question of border management, affecting merely the peace of our frontier districts and their security from tribal raids, or at most affecting in some degree our relations with neighbouring Asiatic States. Secondly, it can be considered in a larger aspect, with regard to the defence of India against attack by a foreign European Power. If the question be considered from the first point of view, it is one primarily for frontier experts, that is for officers who have served on the frontier and know the tribes and the requirements, civil and military, of our border districts. The Government of India must take care that their recommendations do not involve us in disproportionate expense or trouble, notably in difficulties with neighbouring Asiatic States; but primarily the question is one for frontier experts.

If the question be regarded from the second point of view,

it is primarily a military question. The military authorities must first say what is our most defensible line of frontier. But the question is not purely or mainly a question of 'terrain.' Given the topographically scientific frontier,



we have to consider the numbers and characteristics of the border tribes, the possibility of bringing them into line with us to resist invasion, and the chance, on the other hand, of arousing their permanent hostility, and of weakening rather than strengthening our strategical position by an advance into their rugged and difficult country. The effect

upon our native Indian troops of any such advance must also be thought out. We must further consider our action with reference to its effect upon neighbouring Asiatic Powers. Finally, we must decide whether the finances of India can bear the expense involved in carrying out the recommendations of the military authorities, and whether the measures recommended would tend to strengthen the confidence and loyalty of the people of India, or would, on the contrary, tend to stir up political dangers. In considering these aspects of the case, due weight must be given to the opinions of frontier experts, to those of men acquainted with Indian and Asiatic feeling, and to those of the financial authorities. Primarily, however, the question is by the nature of things a military question, complicated no doubt by financial and political considerations of the greatest importance, but still a question upon which the opinion of our most capable soldiers ought to be heard first of all.

Unfortunately, from whichever point of view the question be considered, whether as a question of border management or as a question of defence against foreign invasion, we have no general consensus of opinion among the authorities primarily concerned. On the contrary, we find that there is a very sharp conflict of views; and it is by no means easy for anyone who approaches the matter in an impartial spirit to arrive at a definite and satisfying conclusion upon the arguments of the opposing schools.

As regards the measures which we should take to make our frontier secure against foreign invasion, the military authorities are not agreed. Some consider the Indus Valley our proper line of defence. They hold that we should abstain from any advance into the mountainous and difficult countries beyond the confines of India, and should make ready to meet attack upon our own border, concentrating and husbanding our strength, and leaving to an invader the task of overcoming the great geographical difficulties in the way, and the resistance of the intervening populations. Others declare that, not only for purely strategical reasons, but in order to maintain the confidence and loyalty of our native troops, and of India, and to carry with us the mountain tribes and the doubtful populations of Central Asia, we must hold the mountain passes, and meet by a vigorous offensive defence beyond those passes any enemy who may venture to approach us. Between these opposing views there is room for various gradations of opinion, and

the matter has given rise to endless controversy, notably during the past thirty years. The most distinguished exponent of the second or 'Forward' view is Lord Roberts, who is believed to be supported by the chief military authorities now in India. On the opposite side are Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Adye, and, it is said, other distinguished commanders.

As regards the question of border management, we have again a division of opinion between two schools. The one school holds as a general principle that we should avoid all unnecessary interference with the tribes, treating them in a friendly manner when they behave well, and punishing them when they molest us; but not attempting to occupy their territory, to send British officers among them, or to establish over them any sort of control. The other school holds that we should encourage our officers to enter into close personal relations with the tribesmen, and to enter their country, and should endeavour in course of time to establish permanent control over the tribes, and to introduce among them something like peace and order. The first of the opposing schools is generally known as the Punjab or 'close border' school, and its views are advocated by Sir James Lyall, Sir Lepel Griffin, and the majority of Punjab officers. The second school is now identified chiefly with the name of another Punjab officer, Sir Robert Sandeman. Here, again, there is room for many gradations of opinion between the two extremes, and for thirty years and more the matter has been warmly discussed.

The Sandeman system of border management and the military policy represented by Lord Roberts are natural allies—together they form the 'Forward frontier policy' of which we have lately heard so much. Grouped together on the opposite side are the Punjab system of border management and the military policy which would abstain from occupying the mountain passes. The combination forms what is generally designated the 'Lawrence policy.'

It should be observed here that the 'Forward frontier policy' is not the same thing as the Forward policy in Central Asia which used to be advocated by a certain school of statesmen and soldiers. We are dealing with the question of our policy in the frontier belt, and when we speak of the 'Forward policy' henceforth we wish to be understood as referring not to the general policy associated with the name of Lord Lytton, but to a certain method of treating the border tribes and their country. Whether the two things

are connected, whether the one was originally a part^{*} of the other, is not the point. They are not the same thing, and should not be confused.

Before setting to work upon the very difficult task of comparing the merits of the opposing frontier policies, it seems desirable that we should now consider under what conditions and to what extent they have actually been applied to the tribal belt. This will perhaps remove some misconception, and will tend to define the issues at present involved.

Thirty years ago the Lawrence policy was in full possession of the frontier from end to end, and in 1867 a formal pronouncement was made by the Government of India in favour of that policy. Sir Henry Green, Political Superintendent and Commandant on the Sind Frontier, had submitted certain 'suggestions for the protection of the North-West Frontier of India, with reference to the advance of the Russians in Central Asia.' It is unnecessary to give a detailed account of Sir Henry Green's scheme, but it involved arrangements with the tribes beyond our border, and its ultimate aim was the occupation of Quetta at the northern entrance of the Bolan Pass by a British force. This scheme was considered by the Indian Government and rejected in the most decisive terms. Sir John Lawrence, who was then Viceroy, and his chief military advisers, Sir William Mansfield and Sir Henry Durand, were all thoroughly opposed to it, and Sir Henry Green was informed that, in the opinion of the Viceroy and his Council, 'if the course of events should ever bring us to a struggle with the Northern Power on our India frontier, the winning side will be the one which refrains from entangling itself in the barren mountains which now separate the two empires.'* The project accordingly fell through, and for a time nothing more was heard of the Forward policy.

It is interesting to note the circumstances under which this pronouncement was made. At that time our frontier line lay along the eastern edge of the tribal belt, and the frontier tribes were free from our control. Russia had hardly crossed the threshold of Central Asia. She had come face to face with the Usbeg Khanates; but her conquest of the Khanates was by no means complete, and she was in no strength on this line. Her columns were sufficient to beat the feeble soldiery of Khokand

* Central Asia and Quetta, February 25, 1879.

and Bokhara—the ‘dressing-gowns’ of Skobelev—but they were small and ill-appointed. Samarkand had not yet fallen, and an envoy from the Amir of Bokhara was received in Calcutta in the very month which saw the rejection of Sir Henry Green’s scheme. On the west Russia was still practically behind the Caspian. The two great wings of her advance were still separated by the whole width of that sea and of the Turkoman desert, and her outposts were many hundreds of miles from our own. The close of the Crimean war had left her free to subdue the Caucasus and its tribes, and to prepare for the forward movement from this base along her natural ‘slope’ to Merv and the Afghan border, but the movement had not begun. It seemed possible that the distance between us might not be sensibly diminished for many years, if ever. Finally, it should be observed that our obligations towards Afghanistan were not of an embarrassing kind.

Let us now see how far the circumstances of to-day resemble or differ from those of thirty years ago. Almost immediately after the affirmation of the Lawrence policy Russia began her advance along her main line from the Caspian. Krasnovodsk was occupied, and before long the Russian columns pushed out across the Turkoman country. They met with some reverses at first, but the undisciplined and ill-armed nomads could do little against regular troops, and from the first the end was certain. Before fifteen years had elapsed the great Turkoman desert had been pierced, and the one serious obstacle in the way of a Russian advance to the Afghan border had fallen before the fiery energy of Skobelev.

‘From Merv, last home of the free lance, the clansmen were scattering far,
And the Turkoman horses were harnessed to the guns of the Russian Czar.’

Just as he had advanced twenty years before from Orenburg and Siberia, and closing on Chamkand had englobed, to use her own word, the northern desert which lay between her and the Khanates, so now her two great wings were advancing to englobe the southern desert which lay between her and Afghanistan. To-day her advance has been completed. A Russian railway joins the Caspian with Samarkand. Russian and British officers, escorted by regular troops from each side, have met and delimited the Russian and British spheres of influence in Asia.

There is nothing between our outposts but Afghanistan, and for many years past we have been pledged to support Afghanistan against unprovoked aggression. Russian troops have more than once been in conflict with the Afghans, and one such conflict in 1885 brought us to the very verge of war. Both with regard to the position of the Russians upon our political frontier and with regard to our obligations towards Afghanistan, the circumstances have completely changed since 1867. They have changed as completely with regard to our own position in the tribal country. Instead of having that country in our front, with the Lawrence policy in full possession from end to end of the line, we are now in Quetta and Chitral and many intervening points, and the Lawrence policy has been replaced almost entirely by the Forward policy. But it is necessary for a clear understanding of the case to explain the causes and extent of this last change in greater detail.

The tribal belt may be divided into three great sections or groups of tribes. These are, first, the southern or Beluch section, comprising the Khanate of Kelat and the neighbouring tribes, from the sea to the borders of Afghanistan and Persia; secondly, the Pathan section, comprising the Pathan tribes between the Punjab and Afghanistan; and, thirdly, the northern or so-called Dard section, comprising Chitral and the other non-Pathan tribes which occupy the country under the Hindu Kush and the western Himalayas. Adjacent to the Dard section, and having some slight connexion with it, is the non-Mahometan country of Kafiristan, which pushes out westward into the Amir's dominions. The three sections or groups of tribes spring from distinct races and have little in common.

The southern group occupies a great tract of country, said to be about ten times the size of Switzerland, and containing perhaps half a million of inhabitants, divided into numerous tribes. These have for some time paid a fluctuating allegiance to the Khan of Kelat, but used nevertheless to be constantly fighting among themselves and harrying the plains of Sind. Their country is 'a region of arid mountain ridges, long sterile valleys, dry watercourses, and bare plateaus.' The principal range rises to a height of over ten thousand feet. A large part of the country is desert. The Beluch tribesmen are described as 'frank and open in their manner . . . brave and enduring, predatory but not pilferers, vindictive but not treacherous.' A full account of Beluchistan and its people will be found in

the very interesting book from which these words are quoted, Thornton's memoir of Sir Robert Sandeman.

The centre or Pathan group is said to contain a considerably larger population than the Beluch group. Its territory is much smaller than that of the Beluch tribes, perhaps not more than a fifth of the area, but it is in parts exceedingly rugged and strong, and the Pathan is fiercer and more fanatical than the Beluch. As someone has said, he has 'more of God' in his mouth and more of the devil in his nature.' He is also more difficult to manage, because he is for the most part a thorough republican, and if he obeys anyone at all, obeys only the 'Jirgah' or council of the dominant faction of his tribe, while the Beluch is generally amenable to the control of a tribal chief. The difficulty of dealing with the Pathan tribes is increased by the fact that behind them lies Afghanistan, the people of which are akin in race, and have some sympathy with them.

The northern or Dard section of the frontier belt is the smallest of the three. It is a region of stupendous mountains, some of them over 25,000 feet in height, and of narrow valleys which support only a scanty population. The tribes are wild, and some of them have been from time immemorial the terror of the surrounding countries, parts of which were depopulated by their slave-hunting raids. But they are ill armed, and not as formidable fighting-men as the Pathans. Some interesting information with regard to this country is to be found in Knight's well-known work 'Where Three Empires Meet.' It is difficult to estimate the strength of these Dard tribes. In 1880 Major Biddulph thought the population of Chitral was probably less than 200,000. If so, the population of the whole tract should not exceed 300,000.

With regard to this question of numbers in the case of uncivilised countries like the Indian frontier tract, it is really impossible to speak with any confidence. But we think, after comparing numerous estimates, that we shall not go seriously wrong if for present purposes we regard the central or Pathan section of the frontier as nearly equal in numbers to the other two sections.

It has been said that the mountain belt is pierced here and there by passes. On the southern section the Kojak, Bolan, and other passes lead from the highlands of Afghanistan towards the plains of Sind. The centre section is pierced by the Khyber, Tochi, and Gumal, all specially important passes. In the northern section the Dora,

Nuksan, Baroghil, Shimshal, and other passes cross the Hindu Kush and western Himalayas, and give access by very difficult roads to Kashmir and the Punjab frontier.

For about seven years after the declaration of policy in 1867 we had comparatively little to do with the tribes at any portion of the line. Non-intervention under slightly different forms prevailed throughout. Then a new departure took place. At this time the southern or Beluch section of the frontier was in a very disturbed condition. The Khan of Kelat had for years been on bad terms with some of the great tribal chiefs, a British political agent who used to reside at Kelat had been withdrawn, and matters had gone from bad to worse, until at last the whole of Beluchistan had fallen into a state of complete anarchy. The tribes had risen in all directions, trade was at a standstill, and our own border had become unsafe. It seemed necessary to take some decided action, and the Sind authorities proposed a military expedition across the frontier. It was recommended that we should forcibly depose the Khan of Kelat and replace him by a more competent successor, and that the offending border tribes should at the same time be coerced by a blockade.

Lord Northbrook, who was then Viceroy of India, was reluctant to accept the Sind proposals, and at this juncture a Punjab frontier officer, Captain Sandeman, came forward with an alternative suggestion. He recommended that before resorting to a military expedition an effort should be made to effect an amicable settlement by the despatch of a mission empowered to inquire into tribal disputes and grievances. Captain Sandeman's views were supported by the Punjab Government and approved by Lord Northbrook, and he was selected for the charge of the mission. He was successful in bringing about a partial reconciliation between the Khan and the chiefs; but trouble broke out again, and in 1876 Major Sandeman, as he had then become, was sent back to finish his work. A few days after he started Lord Northbrook was succeeded by Lord Lytton, who was greatly annoyed at the despatch of the Kelat mission and very nearly issued orders for Sandeman's recall. However, the orders were not issued; Sandeman was completely successful, and by a treaty concluded at the end of the year our relations with the Khan and the Beluch chiefs were reorganised. Soon afterwards Sandeman was sent to their country as agent to the Governor-General for Beluchistan.

This was the turning-point in the history of the North-

West frontier policy. Freed from the control of the Punjab Government, Sandeman rapidly developed the method of tribal management which now bears his name, and established himself as the dominant influence from Sind to the borders of Persia. He was helped in this work by the military occupation of Quetta, and his position was thoroughly solidified by the Afghan war of 1879, during which he did remarkable service. At the end of that war the Afghan districts of Peshin and Sibi were taken away from the Amir and added to Sandeman's charge. Now our officers go everywhere throughout the length and breadth of that great tract of country, and deal directly with the local chiefs. The tribal territory has for the most part not been annexed, and the tribes manage their own internal affairs, but we exercise over them a large measure of control. Quetta has been fortified and a strong garrison is maintained there, above the Bolan Pass. Lines of railway have been constructed up to this point, and the Kojak range beyond it has been tunnelled, so that trains can run to the actual Afghan border. Thus it will be seen that upon the southern or Beluch section of the frontier line, for good or for evil, the 'Forward policy' has prevailed over the Lawrence policy, and is now fully established.

Not long after Sandeman entered upon his remarkable career in Beluchistan Lord Lytton turned his attention to the northern section of the frontier line. Till then there had been practically no dealings between us and the Dard tribes, but ever since 1842 the Sikhs, and after them our feudatory State of Kashmir, which holds the northern end of the Imperial frontier, had stationed at Gilgit, the capital of the old Dard kingdom, a body of troops which kept the tribes under some sort of control, and checked their raids upon settled Kashmir territory. Gilgit is a valley of considerable extent, once populous and well cultivated, and has a central position, mountain roads radiating from it in all directions into the surrounding States. The Indian Government recognised the importance 'in the general scheme for the 'protection of the North-West frontier' of securing an effective control over the northern passes, and it was determined that this should be done, if possible, through the Maharaja of Kashmir. His Highness was accordingly encouraged to tighten his hold over the Dard country, and was assured that, 'in the event of his action involving him 'unexpectedly in military operations, the British Government 'would, if necessary, afford him countenance and material

'aid.' It was agreed that a British officer should be appointed to reside permanently at Gilgit for the purpose of obtaining information as to the progress of events beyond the Kashmir frontier. The chief of Chitral, who was in great fear of aggression on the part of the Afghans, was instructed to resist their claims, and the Amir was warned against attempting to assume sovereignty over that State. In 1881 the first political agent, Major Biddulph, was withdrawn by Lord Ripon's Government, as neither we nor, apparently, the Maharaja of Kashmir could ensure his safety under the conditions then existing, and the expectations formed from the establishment of the agency had not been fulfilled. But the Government of India reserved full discretion to send back an officer to Gilgit if this should hereafter seem desirable. Mr. Gladstone's Government approved the withdrawal of the agency, but pointed out to Lord Ripon that the effect might be practically to close a valuable channel of information as to the course of events in the countries between Kashmir and Russian Turkestan,* and 'to diminish in some degree 'your knowledge of the intrigues to which that part of the 'frontier is specially exposed.' It was suggested that under certain contingencies 'it might be necessary to reconsider the 'expediency of deputing an officer to Gilgit—at all events 'during the summer months.' As regards the relations between Kashmir and Chitral, Her Majesty's Government observed that it was desirable that the dependence of the Chitral ruler on the Maharaja, which had been recognised by treaty between them, 'should be maintained and confirmed.' The Indian Government therefore continued to devote attention to this part of the frontier. Colonel Lockhart, now Sir William Lockhart, was sent up to Chitral in 1885, and thoroughly examined the country with a view to defensive measures; and, finally, in 1889, the Russians having approached very near to the Hindu Kush, and their officers having even visited some of the Dard States, Captain Durand was sent to re-establish an agency at Gilgit under new and improved conditions. The army of the Kashmir State, which had been very inefficient, was armed and disciplined, and arrangements were made for the control of the Dard tribes, and the exclusion of all foreign influence from among them. In the course of the next few years there was some sharp fighting in Hunza and Chilas, and

* Correspondence relating to Chitral, 1895, No. 6

finally in Chitral. Our officers are now established throughout these States, and not long ago Her Majesty's Government decided to maintain a British garrison in Chitral territory. Therefore, in the northern or Dard section of the frontier the Forward policy, for good or for evil, has prevailed over the Lawrence policy, and is now fully established. The adjacent country of Kafiristan, which was mentioned above in connexion with the Dard section, now forms part of the dominions of the Amir, as will be explained hereafter.

There remains the central or Pathan section. This has to a considerable extent been left in the hands of the Punjab Government, and in so far as the Punjab Government has been able it has adhered to the 'close border' system. But even here the Forward policy has made great inroads. From the time that he entered Beluchistan and escaped from the control of the Punjab Government, Sir Robert Sandeman waged unceasing war upon that Government, and he would, if he could, have seized the whole of their trans-frontier tribes, which he considered them incompetent to manage. His untiring energy and his singular tenacity of purpose brought him at last up to the Gumal Pass, which he turned and opened, absorbing on his way a tract of Pathan country 'as large as Switzerland,' and perhaps equal in area, though not in population, to the rest of the Pathan tribal section. The Forward policy thus came into contact with the great Waziri tribe, with whom Sandeman made arrangements for the control of the pass. Since that time troops have been pushed into the Tochi Pass, in the north of the Waziri country, and arrangements have been made to control that route also. Further north again the Turis of Kurram have long been under British protection, and we have British officers and troops in the valley. Then, to control the Orakzais, we have established posts on the Samana ridge. The Khyber Pass, to the north of the Orakzai country, has ever since the Afghan war been kept open by arrangement with the Afridis and other tribes concerned, and we have had British officers in it. Finally, Her Majesty's Government has decided to keep open a road to Chitral through the Pathan countries of Swat and Bajaur, and here again the old close-border system has given way. Therefore, though the Forward policy has not yet established itself in full possession of the central or Pathan section of the frontier, it has, for good or for evil, overrun the southern half of the section, and broken in at many points along the northern half.

In short, during the last thirty years the Forward policy has steadily made way, until at the present time it is completely established in two out of the three great sections of the frontier belt, and has occupied a very large part of the third. Rightly or wrongly, the old Lawrence policy, which, in 1867, had possession of the frontier from end to end, has now been ousted almost from end to end, and the opposite policy is in possession of the field.

Before considering whether this state of things is satisfactory or not, and what policy we should now adopt, there is one other point which should be noticed, the attitude of neighbouring Asiatic States. The three States concerned are China, Afghanistan, and Persia. Of these China was concerned only with one or two of the Dard principalities. She had had some dealings with Hunza, and when Hunza was subdued by our troops she put forward claims to suzerainty over the chiefship; but the matter was satisfactorily settled, and no practical attempt was made to dispute the establishment of our effective supremacy within this portion of the frontier belt. Persia once laid claim to great portions, if not the whole, of what we call Beluchistan; but this claim has been waived, and a year or two ago a Boundary Commission laid down on the spot the precise line of demarcation upon the only disputed portion of the Perso-Beluch frontier.

The Amir of Afghanistan, the State chiefly concerned, has also come to an understanding with us upon the whole question. For a long time both the Afghans and the Indian Government claimed the right to exercise control or influence over some of the border tribes, and this gave rise to considerable friction. For example, the Indian Government had to remind the Amir Sher Ali in 1877 that they had never recognised his claim to allegiance from Chitral, Dir, Bajaur, or Swat, and he was warned that any endeavour to enforce such a claim would be regarded as an unfriendly act.* During the time of the present Amir there was incessant correspondence about the Afridis, the Turis of Kurram, and the Waziris, and at times some very sharp letters were written. The general contention of the Indian Government was that they must maintain their right to deal direct with the tribes upon their border, and that they could not admit the supremacy of the Amir

* Correspondence relating to Chitral, 1895.

In 1893, both the Indian Government and the Amir being weary of this perpetual friction, and anxious to put an end to it, they came to an amicable agreement on the subject, and defined their respective 'spheres of influence' within the tribal belt. The Indian Government then undertook to exercise for the future no interference on the Afghan side of the line laid down, and the Amir undertook to exercise no interference on the Indian side.* This agreement committed us to no particular line of action within the tribal belt, but it was a clear recognition by the Amir of the position which the Government of India had claimed, and it left us free, so far as the Amir was concerned, to do whatever we pleased within our own side of the line. The Amir obtained a free hand in Kafiristan, which he had nearly surrounded and a large part of which he had conquered. He also obtained some minor concessions. The tribes over which the Indian Government had consistently refused to admit his supremacy remained with us. This arrangement the Government of India and the Amir declared to be 'a full and satisfactory settlement of all the principal differences of opinion which have arisen between them in regard to the frontier.' Since that time the Amir has formally refused to countenance any tribal risings, and he has admitted our right to occupy Chitral and to chastise the Afridis for their recent action.

It may be asserted, therefore, that whether the Forward policy towards the border tribes be in itself a wise or an unwise policy, it has been accepted by the Asiatic Powers concerned.

And here we would draw attention to the fact that, according to a very high authority, the Forward policy in the frontier belt was deliberately adopted at the close of the Afghan war by Her Majesty's Government, and has been steadily followed up ever since. In his work 'Problems of Greater Britain' Sir Charles Dilke writes as follows :—

'The policy of the second administration of Mr. Gladstone in the Afghan matter is of some historical and of some present importance. Mr. Gladstone recommended the removal of Lord Lytton and reversed Lord Lytton's policy, but not to revert to the Lawrence policy. On the contrary, while he wisely evacuated Kandahar, following largely the advice of that most skilled of all observers of the Afghan question, Sir Robert Sandeman, Mr. Gladstone gave those strong pledges to the Amir of Afghanistan to which I have alluded, and pro-

* Correspondence relating to the occupation of Chitral, 1896.

posed the delimitation of the Afghan frontier. The arrangement declared to be binding by the Russian Emperor in 1888 was the outcome of these proposals. The Amir of Afghanistan was subsidised and supplied with arms, and was told by Lord Dufferin, by direction of the Government, that so long as he conformed to our advice his enemies would be ours. After some hesitation the Quetta frontier was advanced, the loop strategical railway made, and the Bori valley brought under British rule. This policy of Mr. Gladstone's second administration, followed as it has been since that time by Mr. Gladstone's third administration, and by two Conservative administrations, was wise and necessary. The policy which I have described was then a policy of influence at the Court of Kabul, combined with non-interference in the domestic affairs of Afghanistan, *and it was a portion of this policy that we should extend either our frontiers or our authority up to the Afghan border.* This indeed was the ground for that occupation of the Bori valley under Mr. Gladstone's second administration to which I have just referred.'

The whole of this passage is worthy of careful consideration, and if the words which we have italicised are accurate, as they presumably are, then 'cedit quæstio.' There can be no further doubt that the Forward policy represents the deliberate policy of Her Majesty's Government, steadily carried on since the Afghan war. This view is borne out by several circumstances. We know what were Sandeman's opinions on the subject, and what he was likely to advise. We know also that in later passages of the same work Sir Charles Dilke commented upon the evils of the Punjab system, and advocated the transfer of the whole frontier to Sandeman's charge. And we know that the successive advances of the Forward policy have been approved, if not suggested, by Her Majesty's Government. It has already been shown, for example, that in 1881 Mr. Gladstone's Government suggested the re-establishment, under certain contingencies, of the Gilgit Agency. In the same year an agreement was made with the Afridis for the security of the Khyber Pass. A letter to the Punjab Government from the Indian Foreign Secretary defines the objects of the Government of India in making this agreement. They are, he says, 'to keep the Khyber Pass secure and open, to encourage traffic and intercourse with Afghanistan, to establish our political influence over the Afridis, and to exclude the authority of Kabul from the independent border lands.' The words we have italicised are repeated in a despatch to the Secretary of State for India.* The

* Afghanistan, 1881, No. 5, pp. 85, 74, 76, 77, 79.

agreement received the full approval of Her Majesty's Government, who observed that it conceded to the tribes 'a proper independence within recognised limits,' and admitted 'the exercise of our own influence over them, to the exclusion of that of any other Power.' Now the Afridis are, so to speak, the champion tribe of the frontier. As Sir Richard Temple puts it, in a letter advocating the abandonment of the Khyber, 'This is *the* tribe—the other tribes are of less consequence.' The agreement therefore is very important. We cannot find, however, that Her Majesty's Government ever formally enunciated as a general principle of our frontier policy that the tribal belt was to be either annexed or brought under our authority, and it may be argued that, if they had done so, the establishment of the Forward policy would probably have been more rapid and systematic. Nevertheless, Sir Charles Dilke's statement cannot be disregarded, and it would be extremely interesting to know precisely what meaning should be attached to it. He is a statesman with special means of knowing the truth, and he says clearly that when we undertook, seventeen years ago, to respect the independence of Afghanistan, and to support the Amir against unprovoked aggression, it 'was a portion of this policy that we should extend either our frontiers or our authority up to the Afghan border.'

Having regard to all the facts brought forward in the preceding paragraphs, it is evident that the difference between the circumstances of 1867 and the circumstances of the present day is very great indeed. In 1867 our frontier lay along the eastern side of the tribal mountains, and we were free from all entanglements with the tribes. The Lawrence policy of non-intervention was in possession of the line from end to end. In 1897 our frontier has been advanced; we have troops in Quetta, and Zhob, and the Tochi, and Kurram, and Bajaur and Chitral, and Gilgit; and the Forward policy is in possession on almost every part of the line from Kashmir to the sea. In 1867 we were under no obligations of an embarrassing nature with regard to Afghanistan. Now we are pledged to support the Afghans against unprovoked aggression. In 1867 Russia was far distant, and her strength in Central Asia was inconsiderable. Now Russia has occupied the whole country up to our political frontier; her strength is steadily increasing; and her movements are carefully watched by the natives of India. Already, and as long ago as 1885, a conflict between Russian and Afghan troops has brought England and Russia to the verge of war,

and other such conflicts have occurred. It would be difficult to imagine a change in the state of affairs more complete than that which has taken place since the Lawrence policy was formally enunciated thirty years ago.

Before going on to consider whether the change is such as to justify a reversal of that policy, or rather to justify us in adhering to the policy now in possession, it is desirable to examine the actual pronouncement of 1867, and to ascertain, if possible, whether those who were responsible for it meant to lay down a general principle which should be applicable to future times and future circumstances. We have quoted in an earlier paragraph a passage which might be held to bear out this view:—‘His Excellency in Council,’ they wrote, ‘believes that if the course of events should ever ‘bring us to a struggle with the Northern Power on our ‘Indus frontier, the winning side will be the one which ‘refrains from entangling itself in the barren mountains ‘which now separate the two empires.’ But if the correspondence be further examined, it will be seen that this assertion of the general principle is considerably qualified, and it seems clear that underlying the whole question in the minds of Sir John Lawrence and his advisers was the feeling that Russia was too far away to necessitate any immediate defensive measures. The letter from which the above passage has been quoted contained another which ran as follows:—‘I am to point out, moreover, that it will ‘be open to the British Government to occupy Quetta and ‘subsidise the Beluchis at any future period when the ‘imminence of a real danger to the Indian Empire may ‘render such a step expedient. In the meantime the ‘Governor-General in Council is absolutely opposed to the ‘scheme.’ And the thirteenth paragraph of the letter sums up the position as follows:—‘In fine, the present ‘state of affairs in Central Asia offers no feature which the ‘Governor-General in Council can recognise as any sufficient ground for regarding the occupation of Quetta as a ‘question open to consideration.’ This is somewhat different in tone from the first passage quoted, and there is more of the same kind. Minutes recorded by Sir William Mansfield and Sir Henry Durand were forwarded to England with the correspondence. Sir William Mansfield’s minute opens with a detailed examination of the features of the country between our border and Quetta, and of the number of troops required for a safe and effective occupation. He goes on to express his doubts whether it would be worth

while to incur the expense even if the Russians were at Kabul and Kandahar.

‘I should think not myself. . . . But it is surely premature to rush into the expense of military occupation of such a country as that described in the foregoing extracts, because the Russians are now involved in the troubles of political extension in Central Asia, which is probably forced on them in spite of themselves.’

And after expressing the opinion that it would be preferable to meet an enemy at the eastern end of the Bolan rather than above the Pass, Sir William Mansfield proceeds to ‘dismiss the Russians and turn our attention to what has ‘some reality.’

Sir Henry Durand used similar language. After expressing his concurrence ‘as a general rule’ with Sir William Mansfield’s opinion as to the defence of the Bolan, he observed that a variety of contingencies might be quoted ‘as ‘possible inducements to an advance beyond the Indus ‘frontier,’ and he pressed for the completion of our lines of rail and river communication, ‘so that without our at present ‘incurring the risk of complications with Afghan or Beluch ‘tribes or politics, it may yet be in our power rapidly to ‘mass and securely to feed and support our forces, whether ‘intended for operations above or below the passes.’ A later paragraph of Sir Henry Durand’s minute runs as follows :—

‘If our position on the Indus frontier be one of unmistakable strength, it will long paralyse aggressive presumption. I know that we could again seize Afghanistan if it were advisable or necessary, and that, with our Indus frontier complete in its communications, parallel and perpendicular, no power on earth could shake us out of that country. I know, too, that, with the Afghans friendly and cordial, we could, without the actual seizure of the country for ourselves, organise its defence in a most destructive manner against hostile invasions; but neither alternative is at present imposed upon us as of the smallest necessity, and I am absolutely opposed to precipitating complications and plunging into certain difficulties out of respect for nervous apprehensions, the realisation of which is, if it ever take place, remote.’

It seems clear from all these extracts that Sir John Lawrence and his military advisers did not intend to lay down the doctrine that a ‘Forward policy’ on the frontier could never, under any circumstances, be a proper one. It would have been strange, indeed, if men of their ability and experience had committed themselves to such a position. Far from doing so, they expressly contemplated the possibility that some day, under altered circumstances, an

advance might be expedient. They thought it inexpedient in 1867, and it would be very difficult to show that they were wrong,* but that is no proof that they would hold the same view now. It is open to us, therefore, and incumbent upon us, to consider the question on its merits, with due regard to the circumstances of the day.

The first step which seems desirable is a careful examination of the 'Forward policy.' This has been described as a combination of the military policy of holding the mountain passes with the Sandeman system of tribal management. It is important to ascertain precisely what that system is.

The Sandeman system has been described by its opponents as a system of annexation. It has been described from the opposite point of view as a system of blackmail. Others have said that Sandeman had no special system. He himself described it as a system of 'conciliatory intervention,' and we have seen that this precisely expresses what it was at the beginning of his career, when he crossed the frontier to reconcile the Khan of Kelat and the tribal chiefs. But it was something more than this. His disciple and successor in Beluchistan, Mr. Barnes, describes it as a system of tribal service.† Sandeman's view was that in every tribe, whether Pathan or Beluch, there existed headmen of more or less influence, and a system of tribal authority, which, if effectually supported, could compel obedience. He therefore gave allowances and other support to the headmen, and expected them to maintain a certain number of armed retainers, and to keep order in their tribe. He went freely about among the tribesmen and encouraged his officers to make friends with them and secure their confidence. He also, we believe, attached importance to the payment of some revenue by the tribe to the British Government, as an acknowledgement of suzerainty. In case outrages occurred, the offenders were tried by their own people in tribal Jirgah or council, and punished in accordance with tribal custom. The system was certainly neither one of annexation nor one of blackmail. Its main characteristics seem to have been boldness and sympathy. Let us see how it impressed those who had to do with Sandeman and his work.

Sir Alfred Lyall, who was Foreign Secretary in India

* Even Sir Robert Sandeman said that he would not advocate interference with the tribes but for the approach of Russia.

† Thornton, p. 301.

during the Afghan war, wrote of 'his extraordinary aptitude for the management of the tribes,' and testified to the great value of his services throughout the period of our occupation of Kandahar, when 'it was an immense advantage to the Government of India that so able and experienced an officer, who was so thoroughly versed in frontier affairs, remained in charge of the lines of communication with India.'

Sir Charles Aitchison, who had also been an Indian Foreign Secretary, and was at the time Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and an uncompromising adherent of the Lawrence policy, wrote in 1885:—

'Sandeman is doing noble work at Quetta; he knows personally all the heads of the tribes and all the leading men, and has great influence over them. The people are rapidly settling down and learning respect for law and order. . . . For this we have mainly to thank Sandeman, whose personal influence in the country is something marvellous.'

Sir Charles Dilke, who studied the question on the spot, writes in his 'Problems of Greater Britain' that Sandeman 'is looked upon as the best friend both of chiefs and people, and as justice incarnate.' He goes on to recommend that the control of the whole frontier should be placed in Sandeman's hands, and adds that he 'would be cheap at a peerage and the salary of Madras or Bombay.'

Mr. Curzon wrote in 1894:—

'His policy he constantly described to me in letters as a "peace and goodwill policy," and certainly no words could better indicate the temper in which he fought, and the bloodless victories which he gained.

'Beluchistan and the frontier fringe, as far as the Zhob Valley and Gumal Pass, are a standing monument to his system. This consisted in reconciling conflicting local interests under the common ægis of Great Britain; in employing the tribes as custodians of the highways and guardians of the peace in their own districts; in paying them for what they did well (and conversely in fining them for transgression); in encouraging commerce and traffic by the lightening or abolition of tolls and the security of means of communication; in the protection rather than diminution of tribal and clan independence, subject only to the overlordship of the British Raj; in a word, in a policy not of spasmodic and retributive interference, but of steady and unfaltering conciliation. If I may quote Virgil, "*parcere subjectis, pacisque imponere morem*," far more than "*debellare superbos*," was his motto.'

No doubt Sandeman's system required a backing of force. The maintenance of a garrison at Quetta was a great help to him. The pacification of the powerful Marri tribe was

not effected until after the march through their country of MacGregor's brigade. The Zhob Valley was brought within the pale after a military expedition. 'Conciliatory intervention,' wholly unbacked by force, cannot be expected to succeed everywhere, or indeed anywhere, as a system of permanent control and pacification. And it is true that wherever troops were stationed in the tribal country a circle of administrative arrangement was sure to follow. It was necessary to exercise full powers of administration in their immediate neighbourhood. Nevertheless it is correct to say that one of the main features of the Sandeman system was 'the protection rather than diminution of tribal and clan independence, subject only to the overlordship of the 'British Raj.'

Such, as described by a variety of observers, were the characteristics and effects of Sandeman's method of tribal management. The Indian Government, seeing the two systems—the Punjab system and the Sandeman system—working side by side, was impressed, as all impartial observers were impressed, by the surprising success of the latter. They saw, as all did not see, that there were objections to both, and they endeavoured to restrain Sandeman from pushing his operations too rapidly and too widely. Thornton's memoir shows that they declined to the end to let him absorb certain tribes on the Punjab border which the Punjab authorities desired to retain, and that the last months of his life were troubled by their refusal to fall in with his views about South-Western Beluchistan. But gradually the Indian authorities came to see in Sandeman's system the solution to the problem of defence against foreign aggression. If the tribes, Pathan and Dard no less than Beluch, could be brought to fall into line all along the frontier, as he steadily maintained; and if we could thus, without incurring the expense and difficulty of annexation, organise them for the defence of the tribal belt, holding a few obligatory points with our own troops, the question would be settled in the most satisfactory manner possible. In this way the Forward policy established itself along the frontier.

But it should be clearly understood that the Forward policy aims at the conciliation of the tribes, not at their subjugation, at the establishment of our political influence, not at annexation, and that it is a portion of a larger policy of which a fundamental principle is the maintenance of a 'strong, friendly, and united Afghanistan.' Thus, when carrying to

their logical conclusion, by the Durand agreement of 1893,* the measures upon which they had entered, the Government of India undertook that they would 'at no time exercise 'interference' in the territories lying on the Afghan side of the line then laid down; and it was declared that the Government of India wished 'to see Afghanistan independent 'and strong.' The line was not described as the boundary of India, but as the eastern and southern frontier of the Amir's dominions, and as the 'limit of the respective 'spheres of influence' of the two Governments. At one point the boundary of 'British territory' is mentioned, but this was actual British territory, not tribal territory. With regard to the latter, the extension of our authority, not the extension of our frontiers, was evidently the course of action contemplated.

We have endeavoured hitherto to avoid argument and to confine ourselves as far as possible to a statement of facts. It remains to examine in the light of those facts the objections brought against the policy in possession, and to inquire what alternative policy can be suggested as practicable and expedient.

The objections brought against the Forward policy appear to be: that it is immoral and unjustifiable, the tribes having a natural right to be free; that it is a reversal of the policy laid down in 1880; that the tribes were not a party to the agreement which brought them into our sphere of influence, and are therefore not bound by it; that the policy is one dictated by ambitious soldiers, into whose hands the Government of India has fallen; that the policy is unsound from a military point of view, the arguments against an advance beyond the Indus frontier being as strong as ever; that frontier service and residence out of India are unpopular with our native troops; that the policy, or the Sandeman system, is unsuited to Pathans, though suitable enough for Beluchis; that the policy should not have been extended to Dardistan, through which no invader could advance; that it has broken down in practice; that it makes the tribes hostile, and loses us one of our best recruiting grounds; that it arouses the suspicions and resentment of the Afghans, and is therefore politically unwise; that it tends to excite against us Mahometan feeling generally within and without India; that, judging by experience, the extension of our authority up to the Afghan border will

* Correspondence relating to the Occupation of Chitral, 1896.

be followed by a farther advance hereafter; that the Forward policy is so expensive as to make it altogether impossible, unless we are prepared to face bankruptcy or such increase of taxation as will cause grave and perhaps dangerous discontent in India.

This is a formidable list of objections, and there is no denying the force of some of them.

With regard to the first objection, it may be answered that the tribes have been bad neighbours, that they have made war upon us after their fashion times without number, and that they will continue to do so if not controlled. As Aitchison honestly says, when defending the Punjab system, 'Punitive expeditions are a necessity of the situation. They will not cease till the other side of the line is held by civilised governments.' This would seem to justify us in putting an end to the political existence of the tribes, much more in controlling them according to Sandeman's method. It may also be argued that what was proper with the Marris and Kakars can hardly be immoral and indefensible elsewhere.

As to the objection that we are reversing the policy of 1880, it seems sufficient to cite the contrary view of Sir Charles Dilke, and the observations which we have made in an earlier part of this article.

As to the third objection, that the tribes were not parties to the agreement, it is to be observed, in the first place, that some of the tribes had appealed to us for protection against Kabul. And, as we have shown, the Afridis, the most important tribe of all, had bound themselves in 1881 to exclude all influence other than that of the British Government. But the real answer is that the agreement was merely a formal recognition by the Amir of existing conditions, which we were determined to maintain, and it would have been not only impracticable, but altogether superfluous, to have associated with us and the Amir in such an agreement a great number of tribes within whose territory we had steadily refused to admit Afghan interference. As Lord Kimberley observed in 1893, with regard to Chitral, 'it has been the consistent policy of the Government of India to exclude from that country, not merely the control, but even the influence, so far as possible, of the Amir of Afghanistan.' And the same words would be applicable, almost without exception, to all the tribes on our border between Chitral and the Gumal Pass, while the tribes to the south of the Pass were actually under one management. To have asked

the border tribes for their views about the agreement would have been to set aside or throw doubt upon our 'consistent policy.'

As to the statement that the Indian Government has fallen into the hands of ambitious soldiers, it seems to us that in a country like India it is necessary and proper that the opinion of the leading soldiers should have very great weight, especially with regard to the question of frontier defence. But no one who knows the character of the present Viceroy, Lord Elgin, will believe it to be likely that a man so steady and self-contained, and so singularly free from any inclination towards a showy policy, should have allowed himself to be led away by an aggressive military school. If the Viceroy inherits to any extent the views of his distinguished father, such a school is the very last which would gain a hold upon his mind; and we believe that Lord Elgin may be trusted as confidently to refrain from a policy of military adventure, as he may be trusted to refrain from anything approaching a breach of faith.

As to the strategical objection, our action in Beluchistan would seem to be a very strong argument in favour of the Forward policy. If it was right from a military point of view to overrule the decision of 1867 and occupy Quetta, there seems to be strong reason for the contention that the same principle applies elsewhere, and that we should hold both ends of the passes whenever an enemy is likely to approach our frontier. Sir Donald Stewart wrote in 1881: 'No one can doubt that the possession of the Amran range is a very important acquisition to our frontier, and it will not be easy to justify to the country any sacrifice of the advantages which accrue to us from the possession of that mountain barrier.' This is what the Forward school say of other parts of the tribal belt.

The argument that frontier service and transfrontier cantonments are disliked by the native army is one to be well considered. Our troops are likely to get very tired of a harassing guerrilla warfare, and using Mahometans, especially Pathans, to fight Pathan tribesmen is putting some strain upon them. But we have always done it, and with marked success. There is no frontier regiment with a better record for this work than the famous Guides, 'God's own Guides.' And as to the Ghoorka and the Sikh, there is nothing either of them loves as much as fighting Mahometans. Both have many old scores to wipe out, and the killing of Mahometans is the very foundation of the Sikh religion. That continued

residence in the Pathan and Beluch mountains is disliked by the natives of India is doubtless true, but the difficulty tends to solve itself in time. The opening up of good communications and the introduction of the amenities of civilised life soon work a great change in a dreary and unpopular station, especially if the troops are kept in considerable bodies. It is also to be remembered that the natural love of a soldier's life does much with men like the Sikhs and Ghoorkas. The brave little Ghoorkas, mountaineers by birth, have always enlisted in the Kashmir army for service in Gilgit, and the Sikhs go all over the world in search of 'brave employment.' The question was discussed in 1880, and references to it will be found in the *Afghan Blue Book*, No. 2, of 1881. We observe that so high an authority as Lord Napier of Magdala was not inclined to attach much weight to the objection.

Then we have the argument that the Sandeman system of border management is not suited to Pathans. But the Sandeman system has been applied, and successfully applied, to several Pathan tribes. Sandeman maintained that it was applicable to all, and he had experience of all. He went very near to proving his case by bringing under control the Achakzais, Kakars and others, holding about half the Pathan tribal territory, and by inducing the great Waziri tribe to open the Gumal. It is at least doubtful whether, if he had lived, and if the Indian Government had given him the whole frontier to manage, he would not by this time have had Waziris and Afridis and the rest of the tribes thoroughly in hand. No doubt the Waziri and Afridi hold a more difficult country than the Achakzai and Kakar, and are stronger, though the Kakars are said to number 40,000 fighting men: but the difference is one of degree rather than of kind, and it seems reasonable to suppose that these tribesmen are amenable to the same influences as others.

As to the contention that the policy should not have been introduced into Dardistan, it is doubtless true that no serious invasion would be attempted by this route. But, as Mr. Gladstone's Government observed in 1881, that part of the frontier is specially exposed to intrigues, and Russian officers had actually penetrated into the Dard States. The Hunza chief openly declared in 1891 that he was under Russian protection. The fact is that the open gap between Afghanistan and China had always been a temptation, and when the Russians began to push through it and over the Hindu Kush, the Indian Government was obliged to make

arrangements for strengthening our hold on Gilgit and excluding foreign influence from these tracts. It would have been very discreditable if they had failed to do so. Their action had the best effect in Kashinir and elsewhere, and the frank comment of the Russians was: 'Ils nous ont fermé la porte au nez.'

The argument that the Forward policy has broken down in practice does not seem to be well founded. It is a striking fact that all the recent fighting in the northern half of the Pathan section has failed to disturb not only the Beluch and Dard sections, but even the southern Pathans from the Gumal to Peshin. This seems to be a strong argument in favour of the policy prevailing in those tracts. It is also to be observed that in the northern half of the Pathan section the policy has been in force for a few years only, and that it has been worked through the Punjab Government, who, though doubtless loyal, were thoroughly opposed to it, and did not understand its methods. During the first few years after the annexation of the Punjab, under the old policy, the frontier fighting was incessant.

The argument that the Forward policy is arousing the hostility of the tribes, and losing us a good recruiting ground, is one which certainly gathers weight from the recent disturbances. But it is to be hoped that the feeling shown has arisen, in part at least, from other causes, and that it will subside. It is interesting to note that the Hunza tribesmen, who fought against us in 1891, volunteered for the relief of Chitral three or four years later, and did excellent service.

The objection that the Forward policy arouses the suspicion and resentment of the Afghans does not seem to be strong. The Amir has come to a clear understanding with us on the subject, and is bound by it. If we treat him with scrupulous justice, and at the same time with firmness, we may hope that in essentials he will abide by his word. He seems to have done so in the case of the Afridis. It is no doubt possible that, agreement or no agreement, he may resent his exclusion from the tribal belt, but we would again point out that his exclusion from the tribal belt is a matter wholly independent of the Forward policy. As to the Afghans, it is possible that they may feel some sympathy for the tribes; but it seems unlikely that their sympathy will take any serious form.

This objection, however, is part of a larger argument against the Forward policy, which deserves very careful con-

sideration. England is the greatest Mahometan Power in the world, for her Indian Empire contains sixty millions of Mussulmans. Beyond her frontier, from the Punjab to the Bosphorus, stretches an unbroken tract of independent Mahometan country. And there can be no doubt that the dormant spirit of Islam has been stirred by the recent victories of the Turks, which have been greatly exaggerated and misunderstood.

In a remarkable article on the Pan-Islamic revival from a Moslem point of view, Maulvi Rafiuddin puts this point very clearly.*

'Very few Moslems,' he writes, 'knew, or indeed cared to know, the extent or strength of the State of Greece. All they knew and repeated everywhere was that the Caliph's army defeated and destroyed Christian forces in Europe itself, . . . and every Islamic sect, be it Shia or Sunnee, felt as much pleasure at the victory as if it had been won by them and for them.'

It would be very unfortunate if our frontier tribes came also to be regarded, especially by our Indian Mussulmans, as the champions of Islam against Christianity. Even the Punjab, the cradle of the Sikhs, is more Mussulman than Hindu. But the Indian Mussulman after all knows that, in trying to control these tribes of Yaghistan, the 'Rebel land,' we are not aiming any blow at the faith, and he is not unreasonable or blind to his material interests. These very Afridis and Mohmands with whom we have lately been fighting joined us freely in 1857 when a Mahometan emperor was enthroned at Delhi. 'It is remarkable,' says Aitchison, 'that the Mahometans, especially the border Pathans, 'Edwardes' old men, were the first to flock to our standard. 'They were rigid Mussulmans "who never missed a prayer, "and many of whom rode with the Koran at their saddle-bow."' No doubt the spirit of Islam is one to be watched; but if we maintain an attitude of strict religious tolerance, it may be hoped that the Mahometans in India and elsewhere will not see in a policy which aims at organising the frontier tribes for the defence of the Empire any serious cause of discontent.

Then there is the argument that the Forward policy on the frontier means a farther advance hereafter. The force of this argument cannot be denied. Those who advance it can point with effect to the history of the past sixty years. And if we are to be led on in the future, as some apprehend,

across Afghanistan, then it is impossible not to sympathise with those who advocate making a stand now. It should, however, be observed that we have now a clear and definite line of defence—the tribal belt and its passes. We are pledged to the maintenance of an independent Afghanistan. If forced at any time to move out from behind our great natural rampart and meet an enemy in the open, this need not involve the advance of our frontier. It seems to be one of the strongest arguments of those who favour the policy now in possession that it is essentially not a Forward policy at all, but rather one of concentration upon our own border. We have abandoned the real Forward policy, and fallen back upon our natural line of defence. If we thoroughly secure that line, we shall be able to look with comparative indifference upon all beyond.

The most serious objection to the Forward policy is the last—the objection that it involves ruinous expense. Under the old policy money had to be spent in expeditions against the tribes, and these were never final. The policy, as Sir Lepel Griffin says, was not ‘thorough.’ The Forward school claim that their policy is thorough, and that their expeditions are final. There is force in this argument, and it may be that in the end the Forward policy might even prove to be the cheaper of the two. But this is doubtful, and for a time at least it seems likely that the expenditure, in the maintenance of extra troops and in other ways, will be greater than under a policy of non-interference.

It is argued that the cost of our present military operations is not to be debited to the Forward policy. The Afridis and other tribes are said to have been treated by the Punjab Government with such exaggerated deference that they believed we were afraid of them and became intolerably aggressive and defiant. It is to this timidity of action that many attribute the recent risings, and certainly nothing could have been better calculated to foster the conceit of the ever-conceited Pathan than the condition in which the Kohat Pass, between two important military stations, has been allowed to remain for so many years. We did not even remove the stones and boulders which covered the track, and the tribesmen openly jeered about it. The system in the Khyber could hardly fail to have the same effect. ‘That ‘immortal demon, the Khyberree,’ as Alexander Burnes quaintly calls him, was paid a large yearly sum for keeping open the pass, but we had no control over the tribe, our officers being forbidden to go off the road; and the arrange-

ments, though kept from breaking down for some years by the exertions of Colonel Warburton, loyally working on a system he knew to be wrong, ended at last in a sudden collapse under the circumstances described by Sir Lepel Griffin.* In connexion with this point we would again draw attention to the agreement of 1881 with the Afridis, and to the correspondence which preceded it. It will be seen that the Afridi headmen then pressed us to exercise a larger measure of interference than we were disposed to exercise, and that the local officers were inclined to some extent to meet their wishes. The Afridis were, in fact, ripe for the application of the Sandeman system, and if it had been applied our hold on the Pass would, no doubt, have been much stronger than it was. There is, therefore, some ground for thinking that the loss and expense which we have lately incurred were due rather to a want of boldness in our treatment of the tribes than to the Forward policy.

Nevertheless, it seems probable, that the result of that policy may be, for a time at least, a considerable increase of cost, and this is a strong argument in the hands of its opponents, the stronger because of the extreme vagueness of the data on both sides. Whether it is so strong as to necessitate or justify a reversal of the existing policy is another matter. India has lately suffered from a complication of evils, and it is specially unfortunate that a heavy war bill should be incurred at this moment. It is said that the people are already fully taxed. India is, however, a great and wealthy empire. Its population now probably exceeds three hundred millions, and is increasing by nearly three millions a year. If its Government is not deceived, its long-continued currency difficulties are now practically at an end. Its revenue is about sixty millions. We cannot easily believe that an Empire of this magnitude will become bankrupt, or be involved in such pecuniary difficulties as are likely to result in widespread discontent and political danger, if called upon to make the effort necessary to establish its political influence over the remaining portion of the frontier belt, a tract very rough and rugged, no doubt, but containing perhaps half a million inhabitants.

If the Forward policy will really secure a safe and permanent frontier, it is worth many millions of pounds. If England is willing to help India in paying for it, her action will no doubt be greatly appreciated. If not, and such

* *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1897.

action may certainly prove embarrassing, it does not seem to us that we should shrink from imposing the burden upon the Indian taxpayer of the future. Doubtless, as some have urged, it would be absurd to pretend that the Indian populations are as resolved to remain at all costs under British rule as the people of these islands are determined to retain them there. All they desire is to be let alone. But this does not seem to be a good reason for absolving them from the elementary obligation of defending the frontier of their country. We believe it is of incalculable advantage to them to avoid the calamities which an invasion would entail, and that being the case, it is surely our right and our duty to call upon them to adopt such measures as may be necessary to avert it. 'In doing the best we can for 'the people,' said John Lawrence in a passage quoted by Aitchison, 'we are bound by our consciences, not by theirs.' The Indian masses, *sua si bona norint*, would be willing to pay for the maintenance of our rule. To the extent of their power it seems right to let them do so.

We have not space to consider fully here the connected question whether we are now maintaining in India a due proportion of British troops. Some opponents of the Forward policy urge that we have raised an excessive number of frontier levies and Native State troops, and thereby disturbed the balance. There seems to be much misconception about this. In the last resort our power will always depend upon our British soldiery, and everyone agrees that we must keep them at a proper strength. But the frontier levies and Imperial service troops are raised from men already in arms, and the training given to them does not sensibly affect their weight as against ourselves. Moreover the tendency of the movement is to reduce the numbers of armed men kept up by the States. Thus the Kashmir army has been cut down to half its former strength, and a comparatively small force, well disciplined and regularly paid, is likely to be more trustworthy in time of trouble than a large body of unpaid and undisciplined irregulars. Even with regard to breech-loading rifles there is something to be said on both sides.

And surely it is higher statesmanship to trust our feudatories, most of whom stood by us loyally in 1857, and to take advantage of their eager offers of help, than to treat them with ungracious coldness and show we have no confidence in them. The Moguls, white foreigners like ourselves, were not afraid to trust the chiefs and make use of their services. We

are stronger than the Moguls ever were. In satisfying to some extent the legitimate aspirations of the Indian princes for a share of work and honour, and in fostering between their people and ours the camaraderie which comes of active service together, we are taking the safer as well as the bolder course. Boldness and sympathy were the secrets of Sandeman's success with the frontier tribes. We must show boldness and sympathy if we are to carry with us the Native States of India. Lord Canning and Lord Dufferin understood this well.

And, finally, if the existing Forward policy is to be condemned and reversed, it is very desirable to know what its opponents would propose to substitute for it. Mere destructive criticism is easy. Every policy which the wit of man can devise is open to objections, and, doubtless, the Indian frontier policy is open to many. But the question is whether any better policy can be suggested under existing circumstances. With Russia on the Oxus and all Asia watching our movements, are we to come back to the Indus Valley, abandoning Quetta and tearing up our treaties and our railways? To believe this possible would be to despair of the republic. Are we to keep our position in Beluchistan and up to the Gumal Pass, but revert to a non-intervention policy to the north of this point? But even this means withdrawal from numerous engagements, and the blackening of our face with our great feudatory Kashmir, and the States of Dardistan, and the northern Pathans, with whom we have lately had dealings. Are we to adhere to our position south of the Gumal and in the Dard country, and revert to the policy of non-intervention with the northern Pathans only? But in their part of the frontier lies the Khyber, which, as all admit, 'must be kept 'open and under Imperial control,' besides other important passes, and we are pledged to protect Kurram.

This is the real difficulty, that no satisfactory substitute for the existing policy, under present circumstances, can apparently be brought forward. Most of its opponents confine themselves to vague generalities. One writer, Sir Lepel Griffin, who has practical knowledge of the question, brings forward proposals of a different character, and these should be examined. But they appear to give a large measure of support to the existing policy. Sir Lepel Griffin writes that Sir Robert Sandeman's system has been 'generally successful 'in the South,' and he further observes, 'those opponents of

‘the Forward policy who urge that the system of administration which is associated with the name of Sir Robert Sandeman is inapplicable to districts like Swat, Bajaur, Dir, and Chitral, seem to me hardly reasonable; for there is no part of the Afghan border where there is so plentiful a crop of powerful khans, who can generally be bribed or persuaded to keep on friendly terms with the Government, if we scrupulously abstain from interference with their internal affairs. It is tribes like the Afridis, Orakzais, and Waziris, the most powerful and turbulent on the border, who cannot be controlled through tribal leaders who do not exist, and it is wise to have as little to do with them and their territory as possible.’ Therefore, in the opinion of the most prominent upholder of the Punjab policy, the only portion of the frontier to which the Sandeman system is inapplicable is the comparatively short and narrow central portion between Swat and the Gumal Pass. And even here Sir Lepel Griffin points out that ‘the Khyber and the Kohat Passes, both of which lie in Afridi country, are important military and commercial roads, which the Afridis understand must be kept open and under Imperial control.’ Finally, recognising the force of accomplished facts, Sir Lepel Griffin goes on to recommend the transfer of all the frontier districts from the charge of the Punjab Government. Such conclusions as these will probably give more satisfaction to the Forward party than to the Punjab school.

These remarks are made in no spirit of hostility to the Lawrence policy. We believe that policy was the right policy in 1867, and we confess to having grave doubts whether we were wise in not returning to the Indus frontier after the Afghan war, if we could have done so without a breach of our engagements. Of all the papers written on the subject when our policy was being discussed in 1880, those which carry most conviction, to our mind, are the minutes in which Sir Henry Norman advocated a complete withdrawal within our old frontier. But this is not the question now. What practical men have to consider is the existing situation, and how we are to deal with it.

It seems to us that, looking at the question of policy as a whole, there is really no choice, and that the course to be followed for the future is one upon which all men of mark on both sides are practically agreed. It is too late to go back now. For good or for evil we have abandoned the Lawrence policy on the frontier, and adopted another policy, all of us alike, whatever our political creed.

The fundamental principles of that policy are to respect and support the independence of Afghanistan, and to organise for defence the tribal belt. To those principles we must adhere.

There is no need for haste or alarm. Russia is not strong enough to attack us at present, even if she wished to do so. And she is more profitably employed elsewhere, and seems to have no designs upon the peace of India. We should do well to show more confidence in our own power, which, so long as the people of India have faith in us, is immense.

Nothing is more unwise in our own interests than an appearance of fear. We should do well also to show less distrust of the intentions of the Russians. It is seventy years now since Russia has made any serious encroachment on the frontiers of Persia; and this is a fact worth remembering when we are considering the probability of her violating the frontiers of Afghanistan. Let us, therefore, act deliberately and carefully, avoiding unnecessary expense and unnecessary interference with the internal affairs of the tribes, especially those tribes whose country leads nowhere. Let us, in the words of Lord George Hamilton, 'concentrate our strength and attention on those routes and positions only which are essential to the fulfilment of our obligations, and thus avoid dispersion of force and annexation of territory.' But let us keep our objects clearly in view, and hold to our course with that steadfastness of purpose which should characterise the policy of a great nation.

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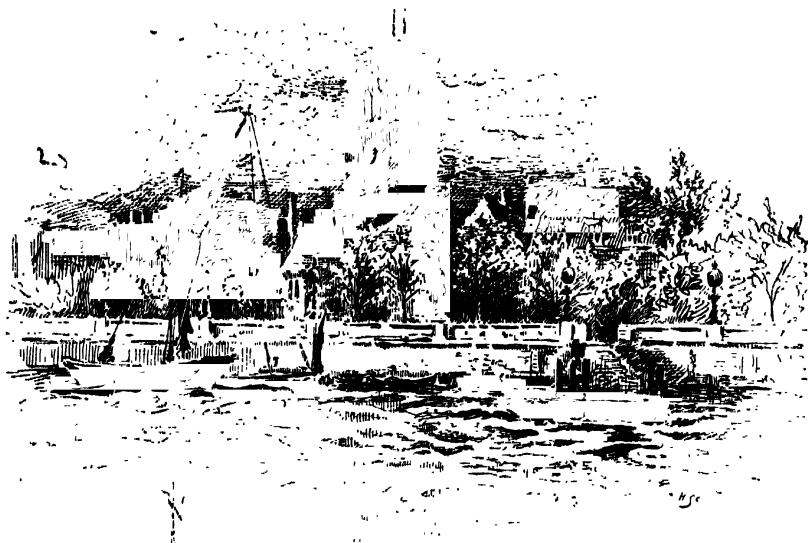
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SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES FOR 1898.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Mr. HOWARD PYLE will make a full-page composition for each number—a sort of frontispiece for the various instalments of the story. (The story will run throughout 1898, and will be one of the leading features.)

THE AMERICAN NAVY IN THE REVOLUTION. By Captain A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

The articles which Captain MAHAN, author of 'The Sea Power in History,' is preparing for the Magazine will deal largely with the romantic side of our sea-fighting. In one paper he will write of Paul Jones, the Bon Homme Richard, &c. Another paper will tell about what Captain MAHAN considers an unknown and unappreciated campaign on Lake Champlain in 1776. For the latter he has some curious data.

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RED ROCK.—'A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION' is the title of the novel upon which THOMAS NELSON PAGE has been at work for the past four years. Mr. Page has hitherto written of the Old South or the New South: he now writes the novel of the era when the Old South was lost for ever and the New South had not yet found itself. It is his first long novel, and he considers it his best work.

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The Princeton graduate who became a day labourer in order to learn the truth about the working classes will continue the singular narrative of his two years' actual experience.

The second instalment, which will come out in 1898, will deal with the time when he had a part in the strike of the army of the meetings, &c.

'The Workers' will be more extensively illustrated during '98, with from eight to ten drawings for each instalment. Mr. W. L. LEIGH is now sketching for it in Chicago.

SENATOR HOAR'S POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

Senator HOAR is one of the fathers of the Senate. He has been continuously in public life for over forty-five years, from the days of Sumner to the Dingley Tariff. (There will be three of these papers.)

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During the coming year the series will be continued with papers on 'The Mine,' 'The Theatre,' &c.

Each article will be illustrated with a series of drawings made from actual scenes by well-known artists.

LIFE AT GIRLS' COLLEGES.

There will be three articles, 'Life at Wellesley,' by ABRAHAM CARTER GOODLOE; 'Life at Smith and Life at Vassar,' by Graduates whose names will be announced later.

Each of these will be illustrated by a score or more drawings made from life and actual scenes by artists who will spend a term or so at each college for the purpose.

BITS OF EUROPE IN AMERICA.

'THE AMANA SOCIETY,' or, The Community of True Inspiration,' by OCTAVE THANET.

'THE SWEDISH COLONIES IN MINNESOTA,' by CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

'ICELAND IN DAKOTA,' by ELIA W. PRATT.

They are to be fully illustrated with artistic drawings from photographs taken under the supervision of the authors.

SHORT FICTION.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING, whose best work, both in fiction and poetry, has been represented in the pages of *Scribner's*, will, as already been announced, again be a contributor during 1898.

Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME, whose further stories of 'The Golden Age,' appearing in the Magazine during the past year, won such high praise, will also be a contributor during 1898.

Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, who has written almost no short fiction in a number of years, will contribute a group of three stories; and others of the Magazine's old and new contributors have already in its safe stories which will score success during the coming year.

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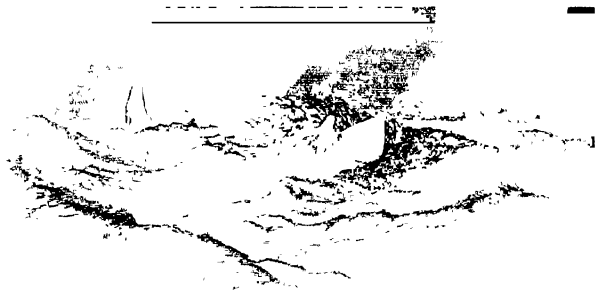
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APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 296 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends are quite inadequate for the purpose. The Committee are confident that in their endeavour to provide the brave Lifeboatmen, who nobly hazard their lives in order that they may save others, with the best possible means for carrying on their great work, they will meet with the entire approval of the people of this the greatest maritime country in the world, and that their appeal will not be made in vain, so that the scope and efficiency of our great life-saving service, of which the Nation has always been so proud, may not have to be curtailed.

The Institution granted rewards for the saving of 312 lives by the Life-Boats in 1896, and of 149 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards, in 1896 being 461. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 30th September, 1897, 40,541.

The approximate cost of a Life-Boat Station is £1,050, which includes £700 for the Life-Boat and her equipment, including Life-Belts for the crew, and Transporting Carriage for the Life-Boat, and £350 minimum cost of Boat-house (Slipway extra). The annual expense of maintaining a Life-Boat Station is about £100.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts and Co., 69 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

[P.T.O.]

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.

THE PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY.

THE MANAGEMENT VINDICATED AND JUSTIFIED.

FOR several years past the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION has been subjected, through the medium of the Press and other means, to the most serious and unfounded charges by a few irresponsible but perhaps interested parties. Attacks of a very virulent description, supported by altogether false or misleading statements, have been systematically levelled and widely circulated, not only against the Administration of the Institution as conducted by the Committee of Management and their Officers, but against the Branch and Life-Boat Saturday Committees and their Honorary Officials, the Life-Boats, and the Life-Boat Crews, which latter have practically been described as pirates.

The Institution being entirely dependent for its existence and for the means to work the Life-Boat service on the voluntary contributions of the British public, it is manifest that the great life-saving work of the Institution, which has been carried on since 1824, and has resulted in the saving of 40,000 lives from shipwreck on our shores, has, as a necessary result, suffered very seriously financially, public confidence having been in a measure shaken. The Committee of Management, being thus persistently impeached, felt they had no alternative but to apply to the House of Commons to appoint a Select Committee, to inquire fully into the administration of the Institution and into the adequacy of its organisation for saving life on our coasts.

The Government having been communicated with, a motion for the appointment of a Select Committee was brought before the House on behalf of the Institution on the 8th March, 1897, and notwithstanding the motion was on several occasions blocked by members of the Opposition, it was finally agreed to, and the Select Committee having been appointed on the 17th March, held its first sitting on the 6th April. It subsequently sat to take evidence twenty-four times, and on each occasion for many hours, besides holding five private sittings. It examined on oath witnesses from all parts of the country, and went most fully, carefully and exhaustively into every detail connected with the management of the Institution and the working of its life-saving service. Thus a series of questions dealing with the subject-matter of the charges was sent to the honorary secretaries and coxswains of the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, to Lloyd's agents, to the coast-guard officers, and to receivers of wrecks at all stations round the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. The Committee received 846 replies to these questions from persons to whom the facts must have been known, and who could have no ground for concealing or misrepresenting them, and it was a source of pleasure to the Committee that these answers contained so wide a testimony to the general efficiency of management and usefulness of the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION. The Chairman of the Select Committee (Mr. C. J. DARLING, Q.C.) presented his Committee's Report to the House of Commons on the 15th July. It fully vindicated and justified the Institution, and entirely cleared the management of the serious charges made against it. The verdict was clear and unmistakable, and the Institution emerged from the serious ordeal of a Parliamentary Inquiry with—as the *Times* said—"unsullied reputation."

The Report concluded with the opinion that "the thanks of the whole community are due to the Committee of Management of the Institution for their energy and good management (often in very difficult circumstances) in successfully carrying on the national work of life-saving."

THIRD YEAR.

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THE appreciative welcome given to **COSMOPOLIS** in the course of its two first years by the press and the educated public in all countries has satisfied the Editor that this new Review meets a real want on the part of all educated readers who would follow closely the development of foreign politics and literature.

STANDING FEATURES.

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In each of the three languages, monthly *chroniques* or summaries, by Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M. F. DE PERMÈNE, and "LENOTUS" discuss, from the often divergent English, French, and German points of view, the principal events of current international politics.

In trimestrial articles, Mr. ANDREW LANG, Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, M. EMILE FAGUET, M. JULES LEMAITRE, and Herren ANTON BETTELHEIM and PAUL SCHLENTHER discuss, for the use of foreign readers, the most important literary and dramatic productions of their own countries. In addition to these *chroniques*, annual or bi-annual articles by competent English, French, and German critics review (from the outsider's standpoint) the various phases of current foreign literature. Thus Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Dr. JOHN G. ROBERTSON, Miss HELEN ZIMMERN, and Mr. NISBET BAIN have criticised respectively the year's literary output in France, Germany, Italy, Norway and Sweden. Among the foreign critics in this series we may mention MM. AUGUSTIN FILON, E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, GEORGE BRANDÈS, and ALOIS BRANDL.

COSMOPOLIS, in accordance with the persistent demand for good fiction, publishes every month a short Story in each of the three languages, obtained from the pens of the best writers of fiction. These stories not only serve as recreative reading, but as the best models also for the study of modern languages.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE PAST.

We have not space to mention more than a few of the distinguished English, American, and Continental Novelists who have contributed to **COSMOPOLIS** in the course of 1896-97—viz., Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Mr. HENRY JAMES, MAARTEN-MAARTENS, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," Mr. I. ZANGWILL, Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, Mrs. A. F. STEEL, M^r. GEORGE GISSING; MM. PAUL ADAM, JEAN AICARD, PAUL BOURGET, ANATOLE FRANCE, PIERRE LOTI, ÉDOUARD ROD, J. H. ROSNY, HENRI LAVEDAN, and "GYP"; Herren FULDA, PAUL HEYSE, PETER ROSEGGER, HERMANN SUDERMANN, FERDINAND VON SAAR, SPIELHAGEN, A. SCHNITZLER, E. VON WILDENBRUCH, and Mme. VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

Passing to Memoirs and Letters, we may recall to mind the Letters of JOHN STUART MILL, of which a second series will shortly be published; the *Correspondence of Tourguéneff*; the Posthumous Papers of P.-J. PROUDHON on Napoleon and Wellington; the Letters of GEORGE SAND, of RICHARD WAGNER, of LAZARE CARNOT, when in exile; and, in English, the widely appreciated Recollections of Professor MAX MÜLLER.

"In order to give an idea of the interest and variety of the general articles on literature, politics, art, science, and travel which have appeared in the first twenty-four numbers (containing altogether more than five hundred contributions), we regret that we have not space to do more than draw up the following list of some of their Authors:—Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, Professor SIDNEY COLVIN, Mme. DARMESTETER (MARY ROBINSON), Mr. EDWARD DICEY, Sir CHARLES DILKE, Lady DILKE, Professor DOWDEN, Mr. T. H. & ESCOTT, Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD, Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, "VERNON LEE," Mr. D. S. MACCOLL, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Professor J. P. MAHAFFY, Professor MAX MÜLLER, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Mr. ARTHUR

M. GEORGE STRECHT, M. GUSTAVE BÉLIER (who writes in
 French), P. GONNAY-BERT, ARTHUR CHUQUET, J. J. JUMERAND, GUSTAVE
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ITS FUTURE.

It is not possible to give a detailed programme for the whole year, but our readers already know that all important events arising in politics, literature, art, or science will receive immediate attention in **COSMOPOLIS**. No efforts will be spared to procure interesting unpublished papers, especially letters. In this respect we are glad to announce a second series of Letters of JOHN STUART MILL, some Notes of S. T. COLERIDGE on a German History of Comic Literature; in French the Letters of EMILE OLLIVIER to RICHARD WAGNER, the Correspondence of Marshal MAGNAN, the Memoirs of INGRES; in German, the Correspondence of TOURGUÈNEFF. We have not forgotten the success obtained by the simultaneous discussion in three sections of the Review of one question. Our readers will remember the three articles on DUMAS-FILS by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, and M. KARL FRENZEL, respectively; or those on the Cobden Jubilee by the late Mr. HENRY DUNCKLEY ("Verax"), M. PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU, and Dr. THEODOR BARTH; and those on the Queen's Jubilee by Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, M. FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ, and Dr. THEODOR BARTH. As it is our intention to continue these discussions, we have much pleasure in announcing for January, 1898, a symposium on "Society of the Future." The English article will be by Mr. HYNDMAN, the French by M. JAURÈS, the German by M. LIEBKNECHT. The February number will contain answers by the most eminent authorities on the Conservative side; while in the March number some noted personalities in the three countries will contribute letters containing their opinion and judgment of the two social doctrines as exposed in these articles. Many other important questions will be treated in the same way—the Colonial expansion of European nations, the question of Women's Rights, &c.

Lastly, the Editor is glad to inform the readers of **COSMOPOLIS** of the considerable extension the Review will take in 1898 by means of supplements. A Russian Supplement has already had one year's existence; it is added (gratuitously) to the ordinary edition of **COSMOPOLIS**, in Russia, and may be had *separately* in all other countries. This development met with such success that next year will see the establishment of Scandinavian, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and even Greek Supplements. Thus, in Italy, for instance, **COSMOPOLIS** will contain, at the same price, four sections—namely, English, French, German, and Italian; out of Italy the latter can only be obtained separately. In this way **COSMOPOLIS** will really deserve its title of an "International" Review, and the Editor is confident that its influence will spread rapidly throughout the world.

UTILITY OF THE REVIEW.

In conclusion, it is not without satisfaction that the Editor looks back upon the result achieved in the course of two years, and, with the aid of his able contributors and cultured readers, he confidently hopes to raise still higher the standard, the utility, and the influence of **COSMOPOLIS**. The practical purpose of **COSMOPOLIS** is to inform its readers of the characteristic movements of intellectual and social activity abroad, and to show them, at the same time, the glass in which foreign nations see one another.

ITS AMBITION.

The ambition of **COSMOPOLIS** is to become, in so far as is possible, a true exponent of enlightened public opinion in civilised countries, and, by placing these countries on terms of closer and more indulgent acquaintance with each other—by concentrating in its pages the opinions of impartial thinkers—to assist in the promotion of international amenities and concord.

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1. Articles.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF BABYLONIA.—I. THE RULERS OF KENGI AND KISH. By Sir HENRY H. HOWORTH, K.C.I.E., M.P.

THE CONQUEROR'S FOOTPRINTS IN DOMESDAY. By F. BARING.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE NAVY FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION.—Part II. continued. By J. R. TANNER.

JOHN DE ROBETHON AND THE ROBETHON PAPERS. By J. F. CHANCE.

2. Notes and Documents.—The Date of King Alfred's Death: by W. H. STEVENSON. **The Revenue of Henry III.:** by J. H. ROUND. **Note on a Manuscript of Year-books, Edward II. and III., in the Bibliothèque Nationale:** by J. A. TWEMLOW. **Bishop de Quadra's Letter and the Death of Amy Robsart:** by JAMES GAIRDNER, LL.D. **The Relief of the Poor by the State Regulation of Wages:** by Miss E. M. LEONARD. **Correspondence of Richard Cromwell:** by Mrs. R. BURN. **A Jacobite Letter, 1749:** by ROBERT S. RAIT.

3. Reviews of Books. **4. Correspondence.** **5. Notices of Periodicals.**

6. List of Recent Historical Publications.

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